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Hearst's International

MAR 10 1935

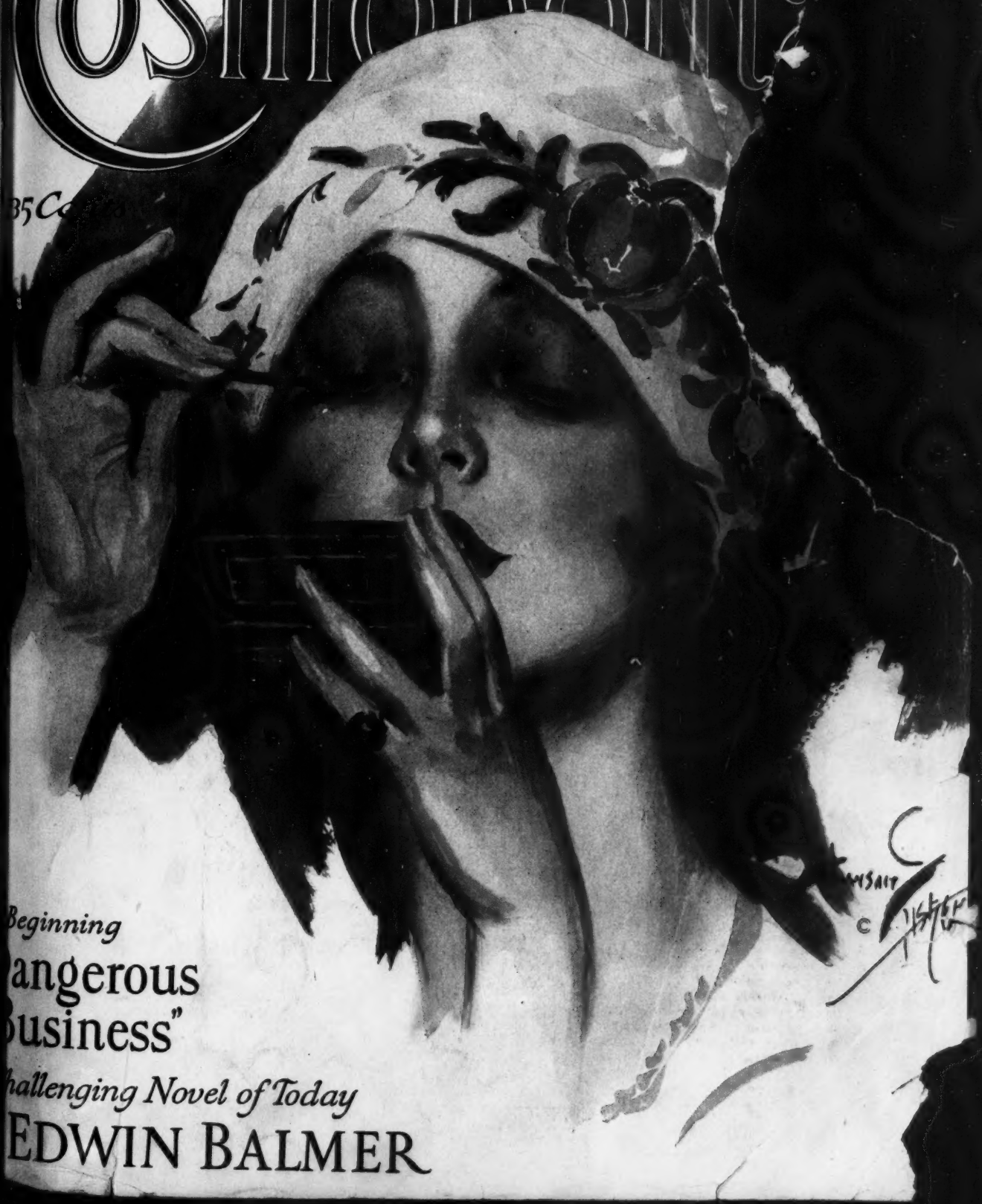
Combining with

Cosmopolitan

35 Cents

Beginning  
"Dangerous  
Business"

Challenging Novel of Today  
EDWIN BALMER



# THE NEW Lucile, Paris—Holeproof STOCKING

A clinging, filmy chiffon of pure thread silk... coloured by Lucile in chic and tantalizing hues for spring and summer modes



A famous doorway in the world of fashion—  
11 Rue de Penthièvre—through which step  
the world's most smartly dressed women to  
select Lucile-Paris costumes.



© H. H. Co.

These sketches are reproductions of originals from Lucile's studios in Paris. The one above is a chic afternoon model in rose crêpe de Chine, trimmed in soft-toned gold lace. With it Lucile suggests the shades: Fleur de lis, Celeste, Valerie.

**H**ERE is news for every woman in America. A new and "frenchy" stocking that, this season, we believe will be worn more than any other. A great hosiery maker and a celebrated couturière collaborated in its making.

## TO PARIS FOR COLOUR

The science of knitting flawless, cob-web chiffons is best known in this country. But the flair and inspiration for exquisite colour rests in Paris. So, for the first time, a world-famous maker of America joins with the master artist of le beau monde... Lucile.

Now there comes a new conception of the stocking mode. A new sense of correct colours, proper shades—and how to choose them. For Lucile forecasts the mode and then creates new Holeproof shades to correspond. Thus American women by the thousands, today, wear colours seen along the world's most fashionable promenades in Paris.

Pure thread silk

Silk to Top

Full Fashioned

Lucile-Paris Colour

**\$1.95**

This lovely stocking is offered you in every one of Lucile's new colours. In sheer chiffon it is extremely smart for evening wear as well as afternoon. In its heavier service weight it is chic as well as serviceable for daytime use.

**Holeproof Hosiery**

Milwaukee, and London, Canada

This dainty afternoon frock is distinctly different and its lines are proving immensely popular. It will be modeled from crêpe Georgette in a charming mole-grey shade. With it Lucile recommends one of the new shades: Delis, Petale, Fleur de lis.

**MANY COLOURS—FEW CORRECT**  
Ordinary shades may seem to match the mode, but Lucile asserts that in twenty nudes often one alone will be correct. That's why there is one Lucile pink, Fanchon; but one Lucile beige, Riviera. So in Lucile you have a colour authority that Holeproof, alone, of all fine hose can offer you.

**THIS STOCKING COSTS \$1.95**  
The Lucile-Holeproof stocking pictured here comes in transparent, sheer chiffon as well as heavier service weights. Free from imperfections. Free from streaks or shadows, as are all Holeproof styles. Dyed in new shades by a non-fading process. Invisibly reinforced at toe and heel for extra weeks of wear. Full-fashioned—slenderizing and delicately alluring.

See this number at your Holeproof store. Other styles range from \$1.00 to \$2.95. All are of the same flawless texture. All give the same long wear.

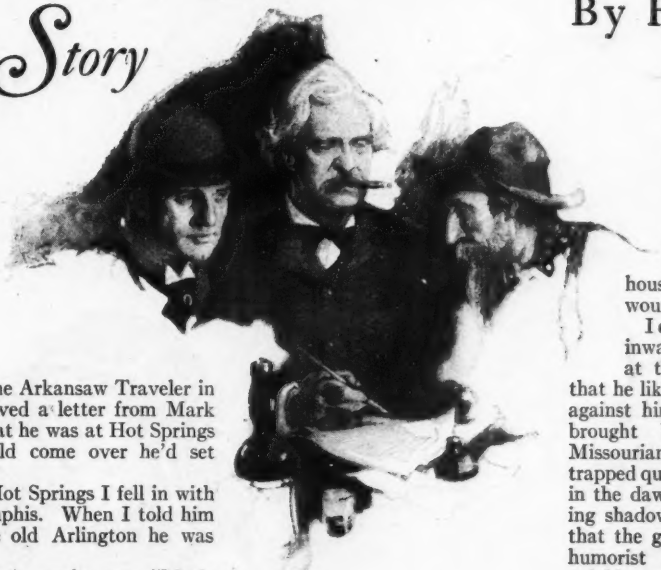


APRIL,  
1927

Hearst's International  
combined with  
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,  
Editor

# An Untold Story of MARK TWAIN



By His Friend,  
*Opie*  
Read

ONCE while editing the *Arkansaw Traveler* in Little Rock, I received a letter from Mark Twain telling me that he was at Hot Springs and that if I would come over he'd set up the hot water.

On the train going over to Hot Springs I fell in with Colonel Peter Trancy, of Memphis. When I told him that Mark Twain was at the old Arlington he was greatly elated.

When they met Colonel Peter spoke up: "Mark, yonder comes a fellow that I know you will be interested in. Hi, there, Mort, come up here."

I saw an oldish fellow gangling his way along the sidewalk. To look at him was to feel the bubbling of an inward laugh. He was a whimsied joke off on an aimless vacation. He was a rollick of human nature turned shiftless. In the presence of no fame stood he in awe, and his salutation was, "Hello, all han's, how they comin'?"

Colonel Peter introduced him, and when he had lazily shaken hands with Mark Twain, thus thought to add consequence to the ceremony: "Mort, you have just held the hand of one of the greatest writers in the world."

"Glad to hear it." He took a second look at Clemens. "But I bet I got a cousin that can trot with you. He is the best writer in all this part o' the country, writes in the county clerk's office; an' writin' jest trickles out'n his pen like it was glad. What do you write, Mister?"

Mark Twain roared with delight. He shook hands with Mort again, and taking him by the arm, led the way into the barroom to drink natural hot water and whisky, a volcanic toddy. He bought a dozen cigars and stuck them into Mort's pockets.

"They'll sarve fur me an' my wife to chaw on while the chillun air asleep," Mort said. Then he added: "I got a sort o' nat'ral curiosity up at my house. Yistidy I was out with my gun an' shot a chicken-hawk, jest hit the tip o' his wing an' broke it so as he can't fly."

In the company was an insurance man, Bill Gwinn, a sport. He looked at Mort. "By the way, I've got a rooster coming from Kansas City that I bet can whip him."

"Think so? Well, I got a house an' lot up on the hill what says out loud he can't."

"All right," said Gwinn, "and I've got a thousand dollars ready to swear he can. What's your house and lot worth?"

"Wall, leavin' out my wife an' chillun, the place ain't wuth that much, but ruther than be bothered with small change we'll say it is."

I thought that they were joking, but they entered seriously into an arrangement, drew up papers as careful in detail as a point in law. I knew that the rooster could whip the hawk, and I felt sorry for Mort and told him so.

Mort grinned: "But the fight mustn't take place till three days from now."

Gwinn objected. "What's the use in putting it off?"

"Why, it mout soun' foolish, but it's jest like this: three days from now will be my birthday, an' not long ago a nigger dwarf atter I had rubbed his hump lowed to me, he did, that I'd have luck on my next birthday."

"Let him have his way," someone remarked.

On the following day Mort came down and invited Mark Twain, Colonel Peter and me to break bread with him at his

house. The humorist said he would be delighted to come.

I could see Mark Twain laugh inwardly every time he looked at the old fellow. It seemed that he liked to walk near him, to rub against him; and I knew that Mort brought back to his mind the Missourian of the past, the native who trapped quails, who in the twilight and in the dawn had seen "ha'nts" lurking shadowy in the woods. I knew that the great and often melancholy humorist saw in him the tender neighbor who had given to him the

first ripe apple of the season, who had held him on a horse when he was too young to sit alone, and who had imitated the bark of the fox, away over in the depths of the forest.

Mort kept his hawk in a stable, and let us take a peep at him, a bedraggled thing not nearly so large as a rooster.

As we drew near the cabin we saw Mort's wife cutting wood. She threw down her ax and shook hands with us, a big woman with a grip that would have made John L. Sullivan squirm. She bade us come right in and make ourselves at home. I don't believe that I ever before saw so many children collected in so restricted a space. The floor was covered with them, and when their mother was not pulling them apart from a set-to over the disputed ownership of a spool or ball or rag doll, she busied herself with slapping a hound dog out of the way.

The meal was cooked in the big fireplace, and it was a marvel that a number of the children didn't fall a sacrifice to the flames. One of the hound dogs, slapped the wrong way, was somewhat scorched, but for the most part the baking of the bread and the frying of the chicken was without incident. I shall not forget the expression in Mark Twain's eyes as he bit into that corn pone.

"Ah, we have struck civilization," he declared himself. "Experiments have been often made but it is now settled that real corn bread can't be compounded north of the Ohio River."

He talked during the entire meal, falling into a strain so simple that the larger children gathered about his chair to listen. They understood his words, and shouted with laughter when he told that as a lad he was in the woods peeping about to get a shot at a squirrel, high in a tree when a shrewd rascal of the forest dropped a big hickory nut on his head and almost knocked him senseless.

THE day of the fight old Mort came down the hill to escort us to the scene of the battle. He looked tired and I fancied that he had not slept. Gwinn stepped briskly along, his rooster beneath his arm. As we entered the stable the hawk fluttered and drew back, his eyes glittering like glass.

"Turn loose!" Mort commanded, and Gwinn set his rooster on the ground. The game creature uttered a strange cry and leaped toward the hawk. But the hawk, instead of meeting him, fluttered up into the air, came down on the cock's back and began voraciously to eat his head off. Within a few moments all was over as a fight; the hungry hawk was gorging himself.

Mort looked at the thousand dollars, ten one-hundred-dollar notes, lying on the palm of his hand. He grinned. "I must find that hunchback nigger an' give him a pair o' shoes."

He invited Mark Twain and me to go with him to his house, and on the way Clemens remarked: "Mort, I think I know now why you put off the fight so long."

Mort laughed. "I reckon you do, Mr. Pilot. The hawk he war so hungry he didn't know it was a battle. No, Sah, with him it wa'n't a fight but a feast."

*B y C H A R L E S*



*Rich*

# S DANA GIBSON



h Relations





*C. Jay*

*Illustrations by  
R. F. Schabelitz*

*A Novel*  
*By Edwin*  
*who wrote "That*



# *D* *angerous*

**T**HE stop awakened Jay and he lay pleasantly drowsy, not remembering yesterday nor trying to recall it. Indeed, he vaguely was warned against any effort to deal further with that day. It had dealt with him. Here he was in a Pullman berth aboard the Century, west-bound. Well enough. But behind the train was New York.

In New York was Lida; so there he was again, alone with her in her mother's apartment on Park Avenue where she had told him, calmly at first and then crying, what had happened to her.

He stood staring at her, with fury flaming in him against Nucast and because of his accountability for Nucast. Then he had Lida in his arms, clinging to him and crying. She was soft and little and warm and so young and so frightened, not like

herself at all. Nineteen only, she was. So, never minding the cost to himself, he had offered to take Nucast's place.

"I won't let you. I won't think of it!"

"You have to let me," he pleaded with her.

"I haven't."

Finally he asked her, direct: "Then what are you going to do?"

That halted her heart. The straight question scared her and also brought to him, bluntly, the alternative. Yet she stuck to her refusal; he stuck by his proffer. So the matter remained between them when, at last, he left her.

How was it this morning with her?

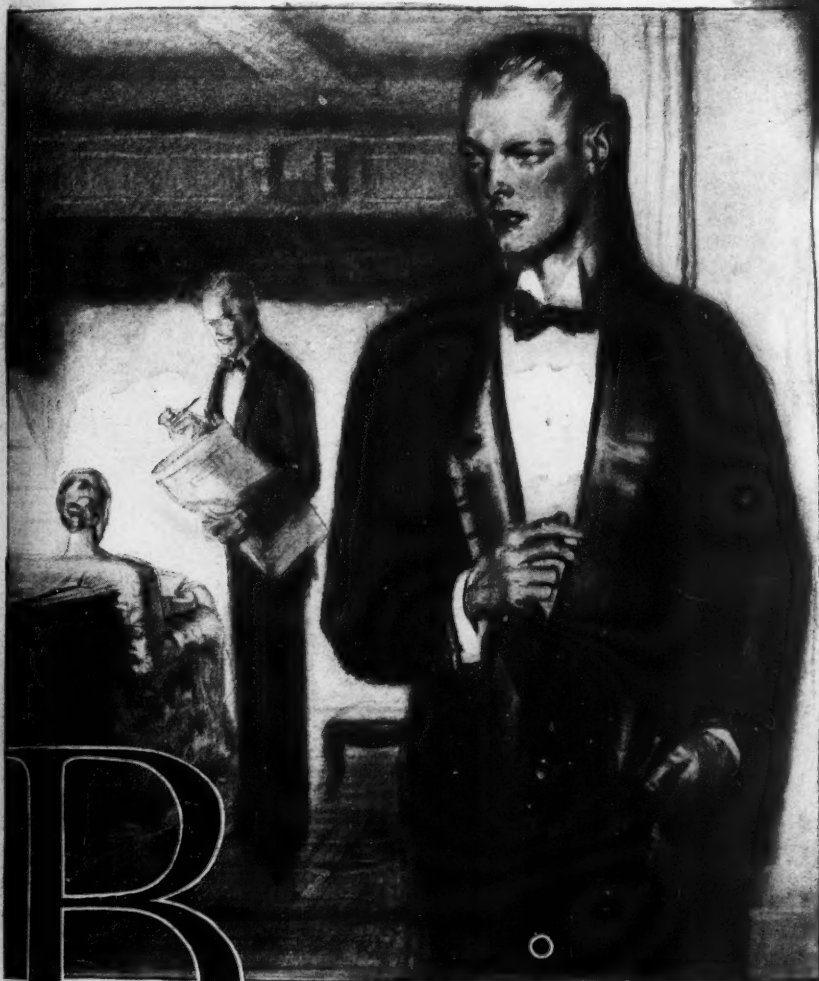
Jay turned upon his side and closed his eyes in an endeavor to out it out of his mind. No use. The train started and he

ovel  
in  
That

of Today

Balmer

Royle Girl"



**C**Lida

**C**Nucast invited Lida to drive over to another party with him. Jay had never seen Nucast before. Is he all right? he wondered.

# B u s i n e s s

lifted the window-blind which disclosed to him a station roof dimly etched before a gray dawn and a platform aswirl with snow which made big, gleaming balls of the street-lamps.

The city must be Elkhart, two hours east of Chicago. He drew down the blind, packed his pillow to his best position for sleeping and closed his eyes, only to hear his name repeated in the aisle: "Mr. Rountree. Mr. J. A. Rountree."

The man, speaking the name, went past. He was the stenographer who yesterday afternoon had asked Jay, as he had requested of other passengers, to give his name and berth number in case telegrams were expected. Jay had replied that no messages would come for him; but it must be that one had been handed aboard at Elkhart.

He looked between the curtains and saw the man with telegrams halt at the end of the car. Jay did not call because the idea had seized him that it was from Lida; and if it was, he wanted a minute or so to think before taking it. The morning on the train was not like yesterday forenoon with her in his arms. He required a bit of preparation.

The man disappeared; but he would return after a while or could be hunted up. Likely, Jay thought, the telegram was not from Lida at all. Probably it was from his father. Most telegrams were. The words of a recent one ran in Jay's mind as he let the curtains close. He repacked his pillow and shut his eyes. No hurry about that telegram and no use thinking what it meant for him, if it was from Lida.



C. Ellen

He lay very still, not sleeping, and he tried not to think.

"Jay!" Ben spoke to him from the aisle. "Jay; are y'wake?"

Ben was his nearest substitute for a brother. All his life he had known Ben; and through boarding-school and college they had been separated for but one year due to the fact that, when Ben went to Harvard, Jay had failed the entrance examinations and so had dropped back a class. But the next fall Jay had got in and they had been roommates at Cambridge for the last year and a half.

Until day before yesterday, there had never been an affair of any importance to Jay which Ben had not known.

Jay, pretending sleep, expected Ben to arouse him. Ben always was up early but he seldom was irritating because of this good habit. Qualities of regularity were inborn in him and Jay appreciated them and depended upon them. "Y'wake?" whispered Ben again; and went away.

He had the telegram and Jay did not think of that. Ben supposed that it was a dispatch from Jay's father and he had seen many of the sort. In fact, he had seen a few which Jay never had read because Ben had thrown them away. There simply had been no use in letting Jay have some of them; and this, likely, was another.

Accordingly Ben took it to his own place in the next car, and after thinking it over, he pulled out the message, which was folded so that it displayed, first, a date line at New York at three o'clock that morning and the address to Jay on the fourth section of the Twentieth Century train, then at Elkhart, Indiana.

Ben jerked up and reddened before the message. He knew the girl who signed it. That was, if Lida was Lida Haige of Miss Willett's School. Probably she was; for Lida was no usual name and it was unlikely to be repeated even among Jay's surprising acquaintance.

Ben did not hold against Jay either the number or the intimacy of this acquaintance. Ben, plain enough himself, yet had sufficient personal experience with girls in this age of unblushing pursuit of man by woman to appreciate Jay's extraordinary position.

Ben replaced the message in the envelop and returned to Jay's berth, where again he looked in.

Jay had fallen asleep with the serenity in which he always dreamed. What went on in his dream world, he never knew when he awoke. Ben often had asked him; for it so evidently was pleasant. Nearly always Jay smiled when touched; and he did so now.

"Hello," he said, smiling up at Ben.

"Hello," said Ben. "You lazy hat, we're past Elkhart. Telegram came on for you."

"Oh, yes," said Jay. "Heard it. Was awake then."



C. "What have you heard, Father?" asked Jay. "You want to know how

"Why didn't you ask for it?" asked Ben, blaming him. "Plenty of time. I guess it's just a welcome to our city from Father."

"That's what I figured," said Ben, grateful for this help. "So I took it; told the man I was you. Then I read it for you," he added, defending himself with another offensive. "The devil of a thing to have sent you aboard a train—I've read it."

"Why shouldn't you read it?" asked Jay.

Ben tossed it down and dropped the curtains, leaving Jay with his message. As with Ben, the date line and address first appeared; next, Jay read: "I had to tell them I guess I've got to ask you to go through with it sorry sorry Lida."

He held it steadily, without surprise, his eyes traveling from end to end of the double line. "Lyda," he repeated to himself; "Leeda," he tried the name with a pronunciation used by others. He looked up at the date line: three A. M.

She had sent it fifteen hours after yesterday noon when he had left her. What else had happened? When had she had to tell "them"? Just before three A. M.; or had that been merely the hour when she decided to telegraph him upon the train?

He considered the address to him on the fourth section of the Century and recollected how she had asked him not only the train but the section on which he would travel. Yet he had not expected a telegram from her; not on the train. She had said



she only wanted to know where he was. She had wanted, also, to know where he would go from the train; and he had promised to tell her where he would be every day.

Every day for how long? Throughout his life? Did this mean that now he must tell her every day throughout his whole life? Perspiration dampened his hands in spite of the cold draft blowing in the screen of the opened window. "Lyda; Leeda," he tried her name again. Which way would he like it best—throughout his whole life?

"I guess I've got to ask you to go through with it."

Jay forced his attention to the talk at his own table. The man beside him, pouring sirup over corn-cakes, talked business to a husband and wife, opposite. Mrs. Diblon was the wife and the husband was Diblon to the man beside Jay, who was, importantly, Mr. Polk to them both.

He was no more than thirty, rather younger than Diblon; but Diblon was playing up to him constantly, and so was Mrs. Diblon, who was hardly older than the college girls. There was not enough difference in the ages of these three, compared to the college people, to account for the difference in the feeling of this table.

It was because it was business here.

To say that, thought Jay as he ordered, was merely to make a name. What was it about business which made the air of this table so uneasy and unnatural and patronizing and patronized?

Diblon was a seller of something; and Mr. Polk purchased huge quantities of that same thing. This became plain; this was the trouble with the table. Mr. Polk held the fate—at least, the present prosperity—of the Diblons in his important hands; so they, husband and wife, yesed him, smiled, laughed, listened and agreed and praised to flatter him.

Last week, or even two days ago, Jay Rountree would never have bothered about this; or noticed it. It would have been nothing in his life; he would have ignored it to listen to the talk at the college tables and to cut in where no one bore with anyone else or laughed or agreed with or praised anyone unless he liked to, and where no one, man or girl, was afraid of anyone else. But Jay noticed it this morning; for today he was taking upon himself a consequence of business—a consequence of Nucast's having held the fate of others in his important hands.

"Cornell?" said Diblon to Mr. Polk. "Yes; I went there. My wife went to Wellesley."



"much I know?" "No, Father." Jay wondered why Ellen didn't leave.

He had not expected this on the train; nevertheless, he had expected it, he told himself. What else could she do? He had made his offer, meaning it; he had begged her to take him. Well, she had.

He shut the window and threw up the blind so that he could watch the storm while he dressed. He liked the swirl and violence of the wind; it met his mood this morning. Quarter to eight. So the Century, in spite of the snow, was on time. People talked about it as they passed in the aisle. On time!

Jay cared nothing at all about arriving on time except that, since his father was expecting him, he might borrow a bit of the virtue of promptness from the train which, in spite of the storm, was on time.

Of how little avail would be his bit of promptness this morning when he was to tell his father what was to be believed of him hereafter! That was the meaning of going "through with it"—to take it upon himself and tell no one, not even his father, the truth. Nor Ben.

Jay went to the next car and, not finding Ben, passed to the diner where Ben was at a table with a Yale man and a couple of girls from Vassar who had been in New York before starting for home. At other tables were college people homeward bound for the Christmas vacation. In contrast to them, business men breakfasted by two's and four's. Some had their wives along.

Jay looked for a seat at a college table but none was vacant. He dropped into a chair back of Ben, wondering what Ben must be thinking of him—Ben who knew him so well and knew a little about Lida and how well he had liked Lida, and who had read Lida's telegram.



C. Jay's father

"I'm from Dartmouth," announced Mr. Polk; and Jay almost shivered.

These had been college people and not so long ago had sat as these others at the next tables, laughing at what they liked, joshing and calling down each other and being called down, fairly and freely. Something got them quick in business; and Jay Rountree was to leave college where no one controlled his fate and enter—business.

That was sure; that was another meaning of going "through with it."

"Lyda; Leeda," he whispered to himself. Which way would he say it throughout his life? He must tell her, throughout his life, where he would be every day? Why, no; most days they would be together—throughout his life. No use thinking of that now. A mile nearer each minute, was his father; and he had better prepare exactly what he was to say to him.

Not that there would be difficulty in making his father believe that he had acted badly. It was the sort of thing which his father was ready to believe of him. No; convincing his father would not be the difficulty.

It lay within himself; it was his own rebellion, his own recoil from that which he had promised, for Lida's sake, to take upon himself; and which his father would believe.

And Ellen Powell would learn.

Suddenly he thought of her when she should be told it; and the shock to himself, as he imagined her, surprised him. And yet it was the first moment, since he had awakened, that he had thought of her at all.

Ellen Powell, from the moment of her awakening, had thought almost constantly of him. Already she had learned enough, from a message which had reached the office late yesterday afternoon, to know that he was in trouble; of

what sort, she had little idea; but the fact of it, together with his departure for home, had filled her heart.

No one can maintain even an overwhelming matter in mind, or in the heart, without any interludes. Passions have their pulses. So Ellen found intervals when, consciously, she considered nothing more personal to her than the storm. When she looked out her window, it surprised her, as a storm in Chicago is likely to do.

Someone had covered her in bed with a comforter and tucked her snugly in. Diana. Ellen turned to see Di's auburn head on Di's soft white pillow. Di liked silk against her skin and she hugged her silken comforter close to her cheek. Di slept, as always, curled up and clutching something and she slept very soundly. She looked even lovelier asleep than awake; for she



Di's duties, since she had been upon the pay-roll



Jello

never lost her clear rosiness. Her cheeks were like pink petals and her lips, relaxed, so red and soft; and her long, dark lashes lay in even ovals against her cheek.

The handful of silk which clothed Di at evening draped the back of a chair; Di's dress, green and very décolleté, a step-in, a pair of sheer stockings; satin slippers. These were familiar items to Ellen; not so the new leopard coat, with red fox collar, which depended from a hanger below the light-bracket beyond the bed. Whose coat was it? Ellen wondered. And had it been lent to Di or bestowed? Ellen gazed at Di, so innocently sleeping, and reconstructed a probable scene of the coat's acquirement.

Di shivering her soft white shoulders: "Weeping willows, who'd any time think it could turn this cold?"

Next the procurement of the coat, made the more a deed of devotion because of the hour of the night. Its bestowal and Di's protest: "Why, you got this for me? Why, I couldn't dream of wearing it! Why, it's the most mysterious fur I ever saw. So soft and warm and wonderful! But you know I can't dream of keeping it on. You know perfectly well I can perfectly well wind a lap-robe around me and be perfectly comfortable."

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Well, here was the coat; here was Di. At what hour had she returned? At what hour had it turned cold? Ellen arose and closed the window, purposely testing with her pink toes the tiny drift of snow on the rug below the sill.

A ship's signal blast beat upon the wind, summoning her mind momentarily to the vessels on the lake, whence it flew to a train west-bound through the snow, to Jay Rountree.

She looked about and seeing that Di slept, she slipped a hand into a drawer and to the back of it, where Di would never explore for handkerchiefs or compacts and where Ellen hid her treasure. She drew forth a little leather case protecting a picture clipped from a newspaper long ago. He had been arrested in a raid upon a dance club where several college boys and girls had been "picked up" along with couples of another sort. The boys had given false names



*of the Stengels, had developed variety as to hours, to say the very least.*

but Jay had been recognized, and when this picture had been taken he had known he was in for it and was trying to smile it away. Ellen knew how little wrong he had done and how much blame he got for it; and she loved this picture best of all.

In the opposite side of the case she had another, also cut from a newspaper. This showed him in an eight-oar shell on the Charles. She loved that, too; for it showed his strong, slender arms and straight, strong shoulders and his neck slightly astrain from the stroke.

Ellen bathed while the bedroom was becoming warm, and returned without disturbing Di. Before the pictures on her dresser she let down her hair, which fell in a bronze-chestnut shower. She had lovely hair, thick and lustrous. When it was down, it made her look younger; she looked like a girl of sixteen with her slim white legs, her smooth arms and large gray eyes. When she wore a dark skirt and a blouse with long sleeves and high in the neck, and when her hair was coiled about her head, she could look older than she was. She appeared at least twenty-five, she thought. She wanted to look older than



*Di*

twenty-three, not because it was actually her own age but because it was his. Only by seeming so much older, and therefore not to be suspected of loving him, was her situation bearable.

She was secretary to his father, who was one of those men who dictate correspondence upon even the most highly personal and intimate matter.

Ellen had been precipitated into his private affairs by the sudden illness of Miss Danforth, a much older woman. When Ellen was called into the president's office and seated herself in Miss Danforth's place, she had known of Jay Rountree only that he existed and was at Harvard and that he and his father were very different.

Immediately she was writing taunts and sarcasm to the boy which set her heart to thumping and her fingers to quivering in his defense as she hurried her scribbles to keep pace with the biting words.

Could a man mean to say such things to his son?

Mr. Rountree entirely ignored her. She was not to him a girl of twenty-one to feel for this boy, whatever he was and whatever he had done. She was not to Mr. Rountree a new individual at all. He called her Miss Danforth when he gave her a direction.

She typed the letter with her mind on the boy who would read it, if it was to be sent. She could not yet believe that. But when she brought it to Mr. Rountree, he merely underscored the most sarcastic sentences and signed it. So she folded it, sealed it and put it in the mail. That night she lay awake for a long time wondering about it; about Jay Rountree.

Miss Danforth never returned to the office. Ellen continued to take Mr. Rountree's letters. She found thirty-five instead of twenty-five dollars in her Saturday envelop; but Mr. Rountree never made any comment upon the nature of her services. He continued to confide to her, with complete detachment, his personal matters.

He was a tall, angular, handsome man of fifty with a strong,



spare body and black hair without a trace of gray; but his face was deeply lined with unhappiness. He was a widower, having lost his wife the year after Jay was born. A tradition of her loveliness and likableness lingered in the office, kept alive by Clancy, the white-haired usher.

"Faith, she was the beauty! Little—like that! And with the look in the eyes and the laugh on the lips. Like the boy has! And she had the high heart of him! And *him*"—this him was Mr. Rountree—"he loved her like he hates him."

This him was Jay.

"Why does he?" demanded Ellen.

"Sure, he niver got over the death of her. He holds it ag'in the boy."

"How can he?" asked Ellen.

"The boy was a baby."

"But by her bearing him, he lost her."

This explanation never satisfied Ellen; it was too purely sentimental and substanceless. Something far more adequate was required to account for what she witnessed in the deep lines of John Rountree's unhappiness and his stubborn antagonism against his son.

She was employed in January and it was not until after the boat races in June that she saw Jay. When first she heard his pleasant, lively voice in the outer office, she knew it was his. He pushed open his father's door.

He was tall and brown, tanned from long afternoons on the Charles River. She knew so much about him that at the moment she saw him she recognized how he had become so brown that his skin was darker than his hair. How white were his teeth as his lips parted in his pleasant, half-apologetic, let-by-gones-be-by-gones smile at his father. How blue and clear and lively were his eyes.

"Come in, Justin," said his father with the same tone of

challenge with which he dictated. Justin was Jay's given name which only his father used. "You received my letter of the seventh?"

"I think so," replied Jay.

"You think so!"

"You don't expect me to remember letters by dates, do you, Father? You don't suppose the date is the most impressive part of a letter from you? Now if you'd just mention a part



Now they were



Ellen's father

of your opinion of me at the time—" He gazed at Ellen and asked, "You're E. P., aren't you?"

"What?" his father inquired.

Of course Ellen knew he meant, was she the EP of the symbol JR-EP on the letters she typed.

"This is Miss Powell, Justin," said Mr. Rountree.

"Do you remember," Jay asked her, "was his favor to me of the seventh a sort of superspecial rip-snorter?"

"Rip-snorter!" ejaculated his father.

"If it was," said Jay, "I got it and sort of started to read it—but didn't finish it, Father. You know," he continued agreeably and equally to Ellen and his father, "a letter like that is great to get before a sprint race. You can pull mighty well for a mile, mad; but you can't stay mad—or I can't—for twenty minutes. You get sort of let down in your feelings after the first spurt and you're no good. You see, I was rowing four miles that afternoon."

Ellen left the office, looking back as she closed the door upon the boy she loved; she knew that, from that moment, she loved Jay Rountree.

It was time, she realized, for Di to be up; so she drew away Di's

silken comforter and shook, gently, Di's soft, smooth shoulder. Di was healthily warm and slightly moist.

"Hmhm," sighed Di contentedly.

"Nearly eight, Di."

"What's eight in my life?" inquired Di grandly, and Ellen hesitated about completing the wakening of her. A few weeks past, when Di was still employed in the Rountree offices, Ellen would have had no doubt; but Di's duties, since she had been

"On Jello's lap; there was lots of room. He liked me." "Who?"

"Jello; hasn't he shown it? Art Slengel threw the party. It was perfectly proper, Ellen. I was hardly alone with Jello even when I was on his lap. Mrs. Jello's South; so he had us up to his apartment toward the finish. That's where he located Leo for me. I certainly went big with Jello last night," observed Di with unaffected pride, and she curled more contentedly in bed.

"Not getting up?" persisted Ellen.

"Me?" asked Di, satisfied. "Why should I? Look in Leo's pocket—left."

Ellen explored and abstracted a thin, beautifully made cigaret case of gold banded with platinum in which tiny diamonds and sapphires were set.

"How do you like it?" demanded Di.

"Like?" asked Ellen.

"I mean, would you keep it? Of course, the initials ain't—aren't mine; but Jello gave it to me before he was zozzled much. He distinctly told me it was my personal present. He said that about Leo, too; but not so distinctly. I know, Ellen, I ought to give back Leo. I'll give back that too," Di made disposition of her difficulty, "but if he gives it to me again, I'll keep it—if Art says it's all right."

"Art?" repeated Ellen.

"Art Slengel."

"Oh."

Di procured her prospective property, opened it, obtained a cigaret, touched a hidden spring in the back which shot up a short blue flame from which she took a light. "Cute, I'd say," she commented and lay upon her pillow, reflectively smoking.

"Of course Art has really  
(Continued on page 169)



married . . . Jay, married, was bound; Lida, married, was freed.

upon the pay roll of the Slengels, had developed variety as to hours, to say the very least.

"There's a blizzard this morning," announced Ellen. "If you're going to the office, you've got to start early."

"B-r-r-r," shivered Di and sat up, blinking for her bearings. "Don't I know Mr. Blizzard? He sure whizzled me last night. B-r-r-r. I'd simply congealed if Jello hadn't loaned me Leo; isn't he sweet?"

Leo, obviously, was the leopard coat; Jello, by the magic of Di's nomenclature, emerged from the ranks of unknown persons likely to donate a Leo, as a male person of poundage to quiver, like a gelatin dessert, when agitated.

"Jello who?" inquired Ellen.

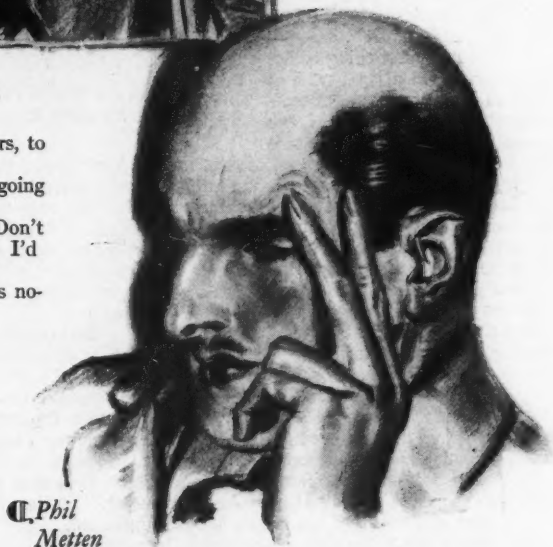
"Metten."

"Sam Metten?" asked Ellen and laughed, the two syllables set him off so perfectly.

Sam Metten was the junior partner of Metten Brothers, who were customers of the Rountrees.

"Uhuh," said Di easily. "You ought've been there, representing Rountree."

"Where?"



Phil Metten

# A Message of CHEER from Lorelei Lee But Gentlemen

**Q**UITE a few girls have sent me quite a few letters especially of the brunette coloring to say gentlemen do not prefer blondes. I mean, they practically all commence by saying that it is nothing but a falsehood. But then they all seem to finish by asking how blondes do it? So then I almost have to smile, because I have to wonder which falsehood seems to be untrue.

But I am the kind of a girl that wants to cheer up brunettes even if they do cast a doubt on a girl's verity. So that is why I always tell them that, after all, gentlemen marry brunettes. And that really ought to cheer up any girl, in the modern day when gentlemen hardly have anything left to get married for.

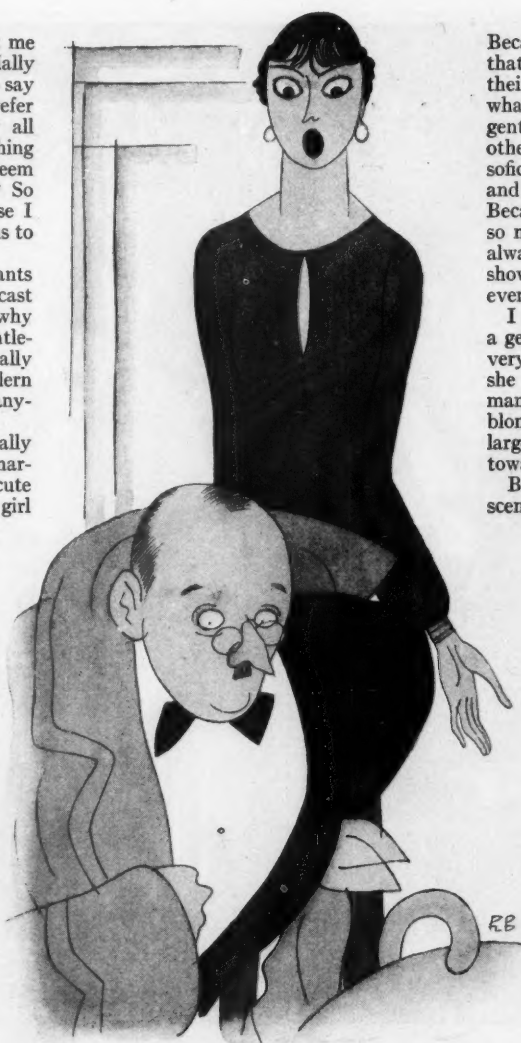
I mean, after all, there is practically nothing as sacred as a girl getting married. Because Romance is all very cute when a college boy has it towards a girl of his own set. But after a gentleman has reached the age of consent to get married, a girl really ought to be quite careful not to let all of her day dreams weave a Romance around him, until she is sure that something legal is going to come out of it.

But when it comes to the subject of a girl's best legality, the subject of being blondes or brunettes is, first of all, only secondary. Because the best legality that any girl can have on her side, is to be under-age, no matter what coloring she seems to come under. But the pathetic thing about being under-age is that most girls brains are to young to appreciate the legality of it, until it is too late. I mean, unless they have a Mother to guide them, like Mrs. Charles Chaplin and Mrs. Peaches Browning.

And the next best thing to being under-age in a legal way, is really to be of the brunette temperament. Because girls of the brunette temperament become very very serious on the subject of gentlemen. And when a girl gets her real feelings involved around a gentleman, she showers him with attentions that even occur during office hours over the telephone when his mind is on the subject of business. So a girl can not help but note that the tone of his voice does not seem to be on the subject a girl is speaking about. So then a brunette becomes a pray to her suspicions and she begins to wonder what a gentleman can be doing while he is attending to business.

And the result is, that when the gentleman pays his call in the evening, he seems to note that her mind is in a state of low depression. So then he asks why? So then she replies the reason. And it really begins to make him feel very very masterful to think that just his personal acquaintance can make a brunette miserable. And then he begins to feel very very sorry for a brunette, that his personal attraction did it to her. So then, he decides that he will feel even better than usual about himself if he becomes even more noble and proposes matrimony. So then he does it, and so a brunette has gotten herself a husband.

And that is where the girls of the blonde temperament come in.



**C**The brunette's real feelings get at steak and the scene turns out to be anything but cute.

Because blondes have the kind of feelings that do not worry. I mean, blondes use their Philosophy. And Philosophy is what teaches a girl that one kind of a gentleman is practically the same as the other kind. So it really is quite unphilosophical for a girl to select one gentleman and then put all of her feelings on him. Because when a girl does not seem to care so much one way or the other, she can always hold her own self possession, and show a gentleman a more enjoyable evening.

I mean, for instance, a blonde can give a gentleman a jealous scene that is very very cute, if she is only trumping it up as she goes along. And it makes a gentleman feel very very good to think that a blondes brains are quite worried over the large amount of his personal appeal towards the opposite sex besides herself.

But when a gentleman holds a jealous scene with the brunette wife that he married, her real feelings get at steak. And the scene turns out to be anything else but cute, because the Truth is likely to come out. And the Truth is what makes gentlemen feel small. And it is brunettes making gentlemen feel small that puts them in the mind of paying calls on blondes.

Because when gentlemen pay calls on blondes, they seem to know by instinct that they will spend an old fashioned evening. Because blondes do not seem to use their brains so much mentally as the modern girls of today. I mean the modern kind of girls that keep getting new kinds of ideas, almost always seem to be of the brunette coloring. And I always think that a girl has to become more old fashioned when she intreegs gentlemen in the old fashioned way.

I mean, for instance, I went to a tea where quite a famous Prince who explores was telling quite a few girls how he did it. But quite a few brunettes he was explaining to, seemed to know quite a few facts themselves.

But the only fact I knew, turned out to be wrong, because I seemed to think that the Pyranees were in the British Museum. So then the Prince had to escort me home so that he could tell me differently.

But the Prince did not have to escort any brunettes home, because he did not have to tell them differently. So all of the brunette girls who wasted their brains on reading the subject of geography to intreege exploring Princes on their own grounds, really had to bite their fingernails.

**B**UT after all, as long as legality is what brunettes seem to be principally after, and as long as it takes place sooner or later, they really ought to be quite cheerful about not enjoying themselves after it has occurred. Because Philosophy teaches girls that practically everything has got to go by contrasts, and it is marrying brunettes that makes gentlemen prefer blondes because, after all, the Law of Nature has always got to come out, one place or another.



ei Lee

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Dictated to *ANITA LOOS*  
*MARRY* Brunettes



Illustrations by  
Ralph Barton

When gentlemen pay calls on blondes, they seem to know  
by instinct that they will spend an old fashioned evening.



Ⓒ Patricia Dougherty

# By Patricia Bo

A Woman  
of the Most  
in the

I AM a newspaper reporter in Chicago. For two years, I have been "covering" Chicago's gang wars for the *Herald-Examiner*. In those two years there have been 102 gangsters killed in the city's battle of booze. As I write these lines there is an armistice, but any night some minor gangster, full of his own bootleg liquor, may pull a gun on another "speaking out of turn" and the old hatreds will flare up again.

It is a story so fantastic, so bizarre and un-American that even as I write it I wonder if I've really seen all the things that I know to be true.

I have seen men sprawling on the steps of a cathedral, dying of machine-gun bullets while a motor-car with its smoking Thompson automatic drove swiftly away through the rush-hour traffic. I have heard certain gang leaders declare new wars and I have delivered pleas for peace from others. I have talked with one of the city's toughest gangsters, while he was hiding in fear in his Rocky Mountain ranch-house, knowing he was marked as the next victim of gang-land vengeance.

I have seen the police of this city of three million people made powerless and useless by the terror and the graft of these gangs. I have seen motor-cycle policemen come to a gangster's rooms for their reward for escorting a caravan of beer trucks safely outside the city limits.

On October 11, within three hours after

the spectacular killing of Hymie Weiss, the leader of the North Side gang, in a machine-gun battle on a busy street, I sat with Scarface Al Capone, leader of the rival gang, in his hide-away in a small hotel in Cicero, a village adjoining the western boundary of Chicago and the gambling, vice and bootleg center of Cook County. I had been passed into his rooms through as many guards as surrounded General Pershing at Chaumont during the real war days.

"That killing today was unnecessary," Scarface Al said to me, with the same calmness with which he would discuss some foolish bet in a poker-game. "I told Hymie time and again it was foolish for his North Side mob not to be friends with us in Cicero. But he was too bull-headed to listen. So he got killed. I'm ready to make peace any time. The only people we have to fear are each other. There's plenty of business for all of us."

As a matter of fact, within two weeks Capone and such leaders of the North Side crowd as hadn't been shot, did shake hands and pledge themselves to stick to business and stop killing each other.

That night of the gang war armistice Capone explained to me his philosophy of business and booze: "I told 'em, why not put up our guns and treat our business like any other man treats his, as something to work at in the daytime and forget



Ⓒ Hymie Weiss, Capone's rival.



Ⓒ Funeral of Angelo Genna, slain West Side gang leader, with all of the pallbearers dressed in dinner coats.

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# Dougherty

Reporter's *Inside Story*  
Extraordinary Situation  
United States

# OZE

when he goes home at night? There's plenty of beer business for everybody—why kill each other over it?"

As I write now, no one is being killed over it. Beer trucks rumble across Chicago's streets without fear either of the police or of the hi-jackers of other gangs. Scarface Al Capone and his competitors for the first time in eighteen months go about openly with only a single body-guard, instead of a score.

It is a marvelous state of affairs for an American city in 1927. The actual divisions of Chicago are no longer police precincts or court jurisdictions but bootleg boundaries. They are as distinct and settled as the city's boulevards.

The North Side gang with Schemer Drucci as its chieftain is in control of the city from the lake on the east to the far border of the western suburbs, and from the river north to the Wisconsin line. It is no secret that a former Assistant State's Attorney is their "Manager." All small gambling—that is, crap games in cigar stores and slot-machines in soft-drink parlors and road-houses—is theirs for tribute. They deliver the protection and take the chances. They have the exclusive right to sell beer and whisky to soft-drink parlors and retail liquor to the individual. This gang is said to own two breweries where they make good beer at \$8 a barrel and sell it later to saloon-keepers for \$55.

The South Side of Chicago, extending south from the river to the Indiana line and from the lake on the east to the boundaries of the "wide-open" townships on the west, is controlled by two gangs. Polack Joe Saltis heads one and Ralph Sheldon the other. Formerly they were members of one gang but a personal grudge grew up between Sheldon and Saltis's first lieutenant, and Sheldon took his henchmen and went into business for himself, aligning his sympathies with Capone.

The far West Side, including Cicero and all the western townships joining the city limits on the southwest, is Caponeland. Scarface Al Capone reigns supreme. And since Cicero has unlimited facilities for gambling and liquor selling, this is the plum for which the other gangs have fought so desperately.

Whether or not we blame the Prohibition Amendment for the breakdown of law and order, the fact is that the debacle started about the time national prohibition came in. Most of the men who are now in bootlegging were then petty grafters of one kind or another.

With the coming of prohibition, they saw big money



Arms taken in a raid  
on a gangster's home.



Scarface Al Capone.

possibilities. Scarface Al Capone put it this way to me: "We figured this law wasn't making the biggest hit in the world with a lot of people. They didn't vote for it and didn't want it, and was America a free country or not? It looked like a good opening for a lot of smart young fellows."

Out of Chicago's underworld then came a man with an idea. His name was Johnny Torrio and he had been brought from New York in 1920 by Jim Colosimo, who had been threatened by the Chicago Black Hand and felt the need of a body-guard.

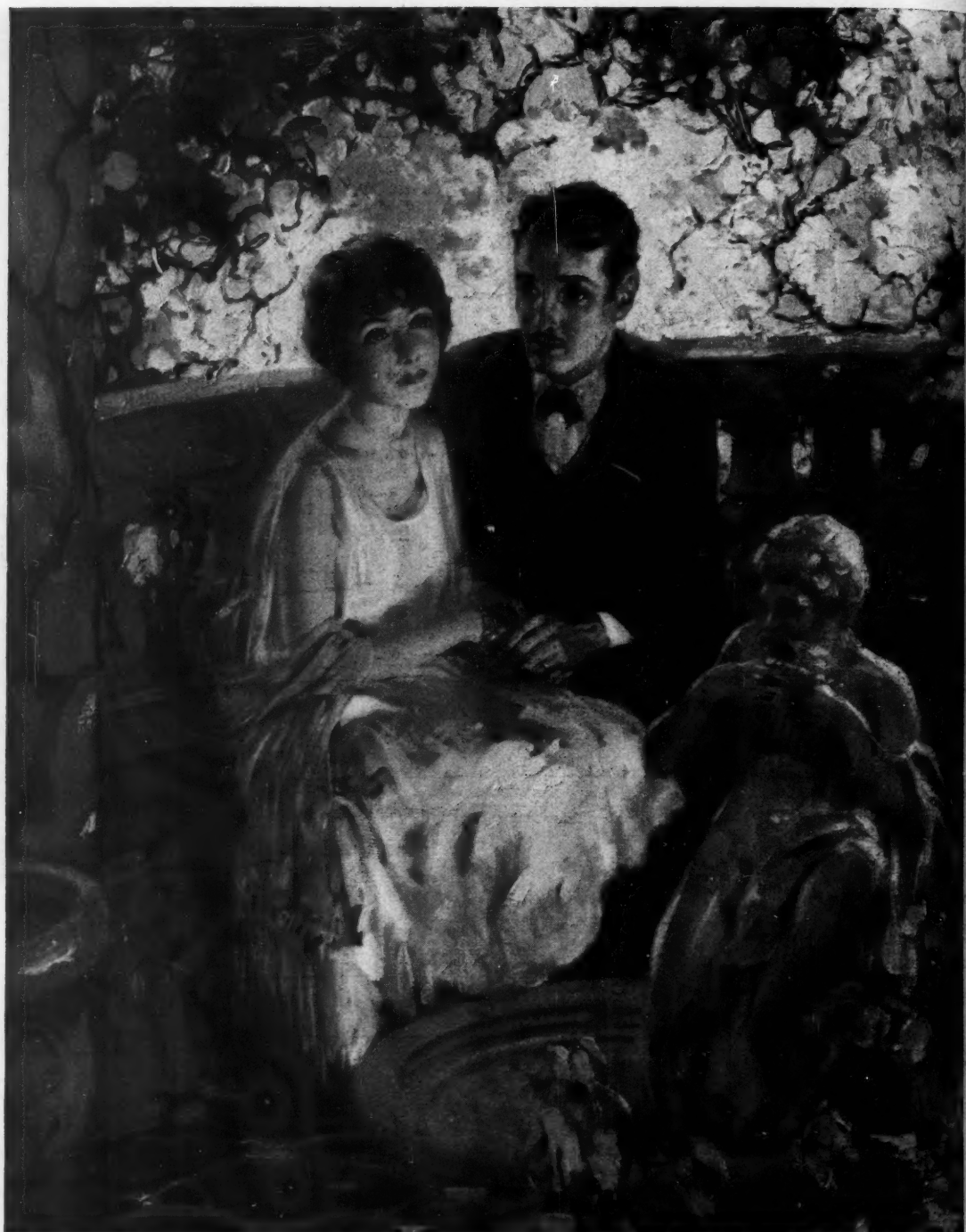
Shortly afterwards Colosimo was shot at the door of his famous restaurant in the South Side badlands, and Torrio fell heir to his power and a string of gambling-houses on the South Side.

Working quietly, Torrio brought together all the "smart young fellows" drifting through the city's underworld. The most promising of all was Dion O'Banion, an Irishman with a pleasing smile and the quickest trigger-finger in Chicago. Torrio made him his first lieutenant with full authority over the rest of the mob and put in Scarface Al Capone, whom he had brought on from Brooklyn, to act as his own chief aid.

But Torrio had a bigger dream than merely being an old-fashioned vice czar. His big idea was to control the entire beer and booze business of Chicago.

Casting about for a likely spot for headquarters, Torrio hit on Cicero, a suburban city of some 40,000, peopled by workers in three or four great industrial plants, independent of Chicago's government, but only forty minutes by car from Chicago's Loop District. He agreed, so the story (Continued on page 226)





Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz

C. "Voilà. One day flight, elopement. Mlle. de Castelnau."

"**M**ONSIEUR TOMBAREL on the telephone, Monsieur."  
"I'm coming, François."  
I left my painting. It was not very important—a bit of background to a portrait—and went down to the telephone.

"C'est vous, cher ami?"

I assured Tombarel that no other than his dear friend was listening.

He shattered the telephonic system of Cannes with tumultuous eloquence. I gathered that he desired to see me; so I bade him, with curt English urbanity, come round as soon as he liked.

He came. I received him in the drawing-room of my villa, whence nothing but sea and sky is visible. The windows were

open onto the terrace. A mild breeze softened a heavy noon in May.

"*Mon Dieu*," said Tombarel, looking around, "what a change a twist round a corner can make! Here one can breathe. I've been suffocating in an *avocat's* office since ten o'clock this morning. But there's going to be a storm. Those clouds there—"

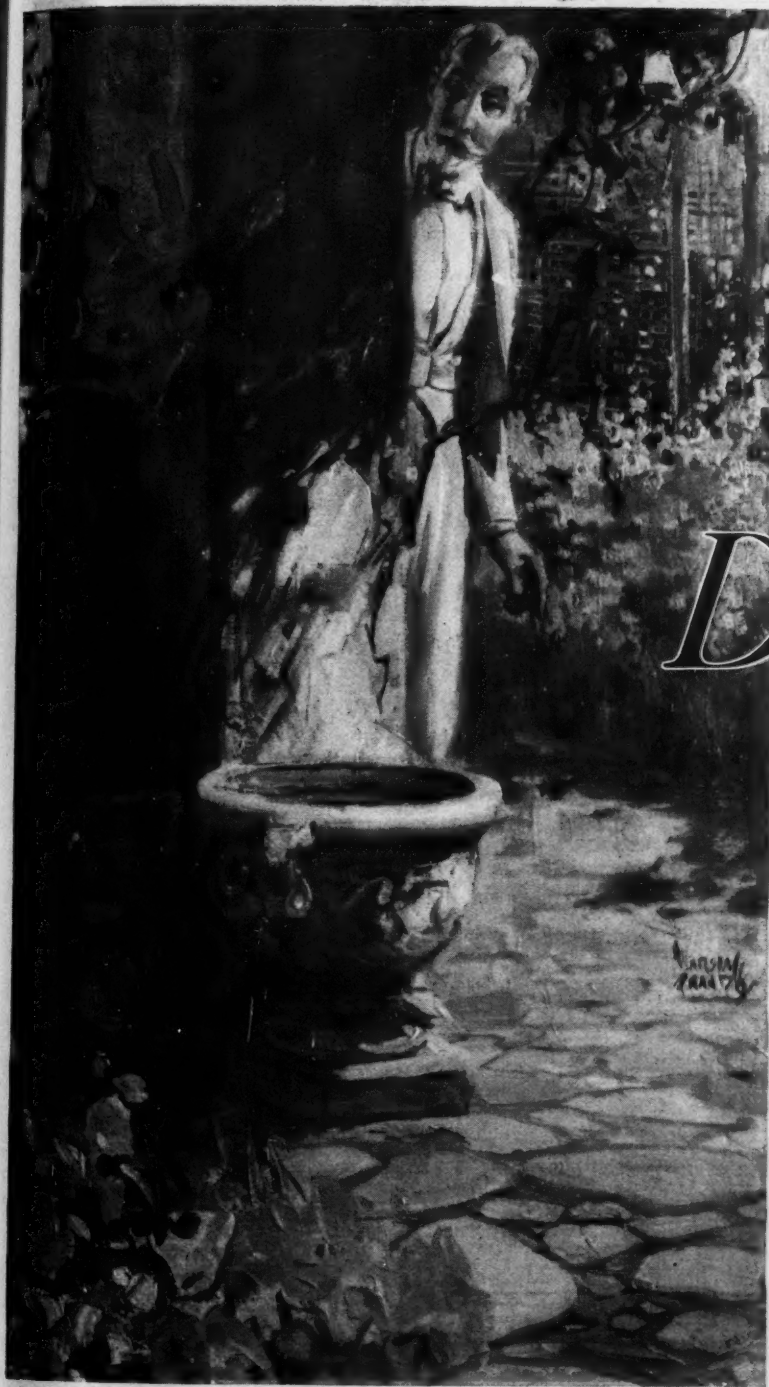
He passed his hands over his white mane, loosened his low Byronic collar and fluttered his floppy black cravat.

François, my man, who had shown him in, lingered by the door.

"Monsieur Tombarel is staying for lunch?"

"Why, of course, *imbécile*," I laughed.

Tombarel protested. He had only come in for a cigaret and an *apéritif* and a few moments' repose. But I countered his protests, so that he threw up his delicate hand and yielded.



By Wm. J.  
Locke

# Too Many Dreams

The Story of a  
GIRL  
who Lived in a  
CASTLE

He smiled roguishly as he passed his hand over his mustache. "*Pas mal!*"

"And why do you want to change places with Mussolini?" I asked.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" It was a long story—of no interest—only upsetting to that harassed representative of the Republic, the Maire de Creille. He rose, crossed the room to the balcony and surveyed the western sweep of sunlit sea, and the range of the Estérels, dreaming in its haze of ever varying blues and olives, and drew a deep breath. He turned. "There's beauty in the world, all the same."

I agreed with so self-evident a proposition. Suddenly he paused dramatically and smote his forehead.

"But, now I remember, I once took you to see the Château d'Ecrabouilles."

"Did you?"

"*Mais si!* Madame de Castelin—I introduced you."

"Of course!"

I lost myself in apologies. It was the name that, for a moment, had slipped from my memory. I recalled to him the details of our visit with some minuteness, so as to soothe any possible ruffling of his Provençal pride. Delighted by my impressions, he amplified them in his eager Southern way; and we were in the full tide of reminiscence when François entered, announcing that luncheon was served.

He had evoked the memory of an incident over three years old. It was scarcely worth the name of an incident, for nothing had happened.

In the early days of my acquaintance with Tombarel—in fact, while I was painting his portrait—he had mentioned the

beirress of millions, goes off with the soldier of fortune, Angelo Zarena."

"*Mon vieux,*" said he, "I wish I could change places with Mussolini. He has too soft a time, *ce bonhomme-là*. If he wants worry and trouble, let him become Mayor of Creille. That would teach him."

He continued in this somewhat indefinite strain until the entry of François with cocktails produced the familiar diversion. The old Provençal gentleman abhorred, on principle, such alcoholic mixtures; in the unregenerate human that was my friend Tombarel lurked a secret passion for a dry Martini tempered with one of his own Southern olives. I handed him a box of Turkish cigarets.

"As always, I am abusing your kindness."

He inhaled a puff. Ah! the cigarets were good! He sipped his cocktail.

"And that?" I asked.



**C**It appeared to be the prettiest stroke of blackmail. Let Mme. la Marquise go through the marriage ceremony with him, her faithful steward . . . otherwise scandal.



Château d'Ecrabouilles, hard by, as a building classified by the government as a *monument historique*, and as coming within the area of the Commune of Creille. I had vaguely heard of this château crowning a minute deserted village in the wildnesses of the hills. I had not realized that it was part of Creille.

"For an artist, Monsieur Fontenay," Tombarel had said—in those days I was not "*cher ami*" or "*mon vieux*" or "*mon petit*," or such-like flowers of intimate address which friendship brought into later blossoms—"the place is well worth a visit."

Wherefore, on an appointed day, we visited the Château d'Ecrabouilles.

It was situated on a hillock behind the little perky mountain-top town of Creille. You went down a valley and came up to an unexpected conglomeration of dusty ruins, and surmounting them rose an imposing building which clustered around a tall square tower, one of the countless towers of the coast, built, in the desperate old days, as watch-towers and fortresses against the Saracens.

As the car panted up the slope through the crumbling remains of what was once a village, towards the trim, semi-medieval habitation, and halted before a pair of wrought-iron gates, I noted that its situation was as romantic as one could imagine. For, far away, through rift upon rift of hill, was an open view of the sea; and the ancient watch-tower commanded the view through the league-long rift. When the flash of the galley-oars was sighted on the horizon, the tower became the refuge and the stronghold of the village.

"It was all ruins," said Tombarel, "until Madame la Marquise de Castelin restored it twenty years ago."

The château was an obvious restoration. The old tower had been crowned with a kind of Chinese hat, beneath which its stern machicolations tried their best to look grim. Through the iron gates I saw a courtyard crazily paved, with a seventeenth-century Italian well-head in the middle. In front were a series of rounded arches and Romanesque pillars screening a cloister. Above them rose a perfectly comfortable two-story house built of dull gray stone, with leaden-paned lattice windows. The old tower seemed to say: "Do forgive me—it isn't my fault!"

A spruce lodge-keeper opened the gates at our summons on an elaborate iron-work bell-pull, and accompanied us to the front door in the immediately opposite cloister.

ON THE pressure of an electric button, there appeared the most exquisitely attired man servant I have ever seen. He was dressed in white clothes too spotless for an assumption of more than ten minutes. It was no vulgar barman's kit. He wore a full dress suit of white; to be definite—swallow-tailed white linen-coat, white waistcoat, white tie, white trousers, white shoes. He had, as far as my dazed vision could within an instant appreciate, silvery white hair, and a white Vandyke mustache and beard; and the only color about him proclaimed itself startlingly in a swarthy Italian face and luminous dark eyes.

"Bonjour, Mario," said Tombarel carelessly.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Maire," said Mario.

Like a seneschal of old—major-domo, *maitre d'hôtel*, butler or terms too derogatory wherein to express this imposing white-raincoated official—he ushered us, in courtly fashion, through the apartments and staircases of a confusing house.

The hall, though it was a day in early June, was dark and mysterious, and shaded electric lamps faintly illuminated Moorish arches and divans and little mother-of-pearl inlaid tables, and a mosaic floor, in the center of which played a tiny fountain into a bronze basin. The walls were hung with old Persian rugs.

We mounted to a loggia, on which, apparently, several rooms had their exits. It faced the marvelous rift in the hills. A fantastically distant triangle of blue, of a deeper tone than the sky, one recognized as the Mediterranean. It was a marble loggia, furnished with costly simplicity. There were three cool and lovely blue and yellow Della Robbia plaques.

The white-vested seneschal motioned us to chairs and disappeared. Presently appeared a tall and gracious woman, apparently in the middle forties. She was fair, and had blue eyes, and wore what it is the mode to call a "period" gown of flowered silk, cut low at the neck, with panniers and with skirts down to her ankles.

She greeted Monsieur Tombarel as an old friend. I was introduced to the Marquise de Castelin. As the object of my visit was to make the acquaintance not of Madame la Marquise, but of the Château d'Ecrabouilles, we shortly made the tour of the house under her pleasant guidance.

Some parts of the building were old and interesting—others new, and as disconcerting as the entrance courtyard; the whole

was an ingenious *pastiche* of all the centuries. Madame de Castelin, too, as she moved and talked in this environment, which one felt to be passionately her own, was charmingly artificial. The great lady in her proclaimed itself through every word and gesture. Yet, while looking at you when she spoke, with her well-bred frankness, she seemed to be looking through you at something beyond you, at something she hoped to see but could never find. She conveyed a queer impression of unreality.

In the course of our visit I learned the skeleton facts of her history and that of the château. Her father, Counselor of the American Embassy in Paris, had married a French girl of the old nobility. He had died when his daughter was quite young, so that, to all intents and purposes, she was a Frenchwoman in speech and by training. It gave me a little shock to hear of her American parentage—for we had spoken French all the time; and when, after the disclosure, she addressed an occasional remark to me in English, she spoke the pretty, though perfect, English of the foreigner.

It was only then, however, that I realized that the restless American blood alone could be responsible for the restoration of the château. Scarcely a pure Frenchwoman would have bothered her head with it; yet bothering, she would have bothered it towards a totally different creation.

OF THE history of the Château d'Ecrabouilles, I have but a vague remembrance. It had belonged to the Castelin family for generations. The townlet had been annihilated centuries ago by earthquake and fire. The château itself had been destroyed during the Revolution. The Marquis de Castelin whom she married, and who had a very comfortable family château in the Limousin, and a great house in Paris, regarded this ruined tower of his in the far-off corner of Provence as a joke. The young Marquise de Castelin regarded it with eyes more romantic. Wealth enabled her to turn the ruin into a human habitation. On the western slope she had laid out a terraced Italian garden.

While we were being conducted round this, we heard a cry:

"Maman, où es-tu?"

And a moment afterwards a girl clad in the most modern scantiness ran upon us. She paused at the obviously unexpected sight of visitors and murmured a "*pardon*" or so, and then: "*Mais, c'est Monsieur Tombarel!*"

She upbraided him for neglect. It was years and years since she had seen him. How, protested Tombarel, could an old provincial mayor keep track of Paris butterflies? The encounter was pretty.

"My daughter," said Madame de Castelin.

I remembered, afterwards, the absence of maternal pride in the introduction. She might have presented me to the merest acquaintance. The girl, about eighteen, had laughing charm and was as dark as her mother was fair. She glowed gipsy-like in Southern swarthinness. She had the grace of a tendril of a vine, and her voice was musical.

"One doesn't become a butterfly until one gets out of the cocoon of the convent," she said. "And you know, I've only just escaped."

This, as I say, was pretty, but not peculiarly interesting. The tour of the property was completed at our emergence into the courtyard with the crazy pavement. I declined an invitation unmistakably perfunctory to reenter the house and have tea, and we drove off after polite leave-takings.

It struck me as rather odd, however, that, considering her courteous reception, she did not express the stereotyped, vague civility of hoping to see me again should I happen to find myself in the neighborhood. For remember, I was not a casual artist, touring from the wilds of Chelsea or the jungle of the Melbury Road, but—I may say so without bumptious vanity—a painter well-known to her by repute, and a dweller on the coast of unquestionable social standing.

"Queer woman," said Tombarel, very possibly divining my thoughts. "I have known her for over twenty years. She is the *châtelaine* of Ecrabouilles, and, as the Maire de Creille, I have had many official relations with her; yet for twenty years I have not eaten the smallest little dry biscuit in her house."

"Why?" I asked.

He shrugged hugely, throwing up both arms.

"*Mystère!* Let us call her eccentric."

"But she doesn't live there all alone without seeing anybody?"

"Of course not. She is *grande dame*. She has a big house in Paris where she entertains royally. Now and again she fills the château here with guests. You saw the garage—room for twenty cars. Her guests go to Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, to amuse themselves. They are all French. Never (Continued on page 107)

Illustrations by  
Forrest C. Crooks

# Lone Fountain

"MARJORIE," said the General to his married granddaughter, "bring me that wrinkled volume in red morocco which stands next my published works."

Fruit of his cavalry life on our frontier, these essays had marked him an authority upon several Indian wars, as well as upon myths and languages among certain tribes of the Shastan, Salishan and Shoshonean stocks.

While Marjorie crossed the great library to fetch the book, we assembled our chairs round the fireplace.

Each night one of us had taken a turn to relate something we had personally witnessed, or had heard from a witness.

"While you held the floor last night," said the General to me, "I wondered if your story was to be like mine. But the parallel ceases with the traditional dread of the Yellowstone Park and its geysers which the Indians used to feel. The history of the Park is curious," he continued, addressing us all. "How many of the thousands who now go there every summer know that Colter, the first white man who ever saw it, was considered merely a liar? National attention did not wake to these marvels we possessed until after the Civil War, when various men had beheld and reported them and thus set afoot more official explorations.

"I went on some of those," pursued the General. "I saw it when the Park was completely wild, soon after Congress had set it aside from settlement and declared it a pleasure-ground."

The General put on his spectacles and sat silent, turning slowly back and forth the leaves of the weather-beaten book which Marjorie had brought. We waited in the warmth, listening to

the hollow reverberations of the wind and the hissing gusts of sleet.

"Is it to be a personal experience, Sir?" I asked.

Our host held his book up to us, open, and we admired the manuscript, close and beautiful, crossing its pages as straight as if the lines had been ruled.

"My hand was firmer then," said he, "but my pen was lazy. What I saw in those old frontier days would fill two diaries like this. I was a captain when I wrote down what I shall read you after I have told you somewhat at random what I remember about Scott while I was still a lieutenant. A strange being."

He took off his spectacles, and, keeping a finger in the diary on his knee, spoke from his memories.

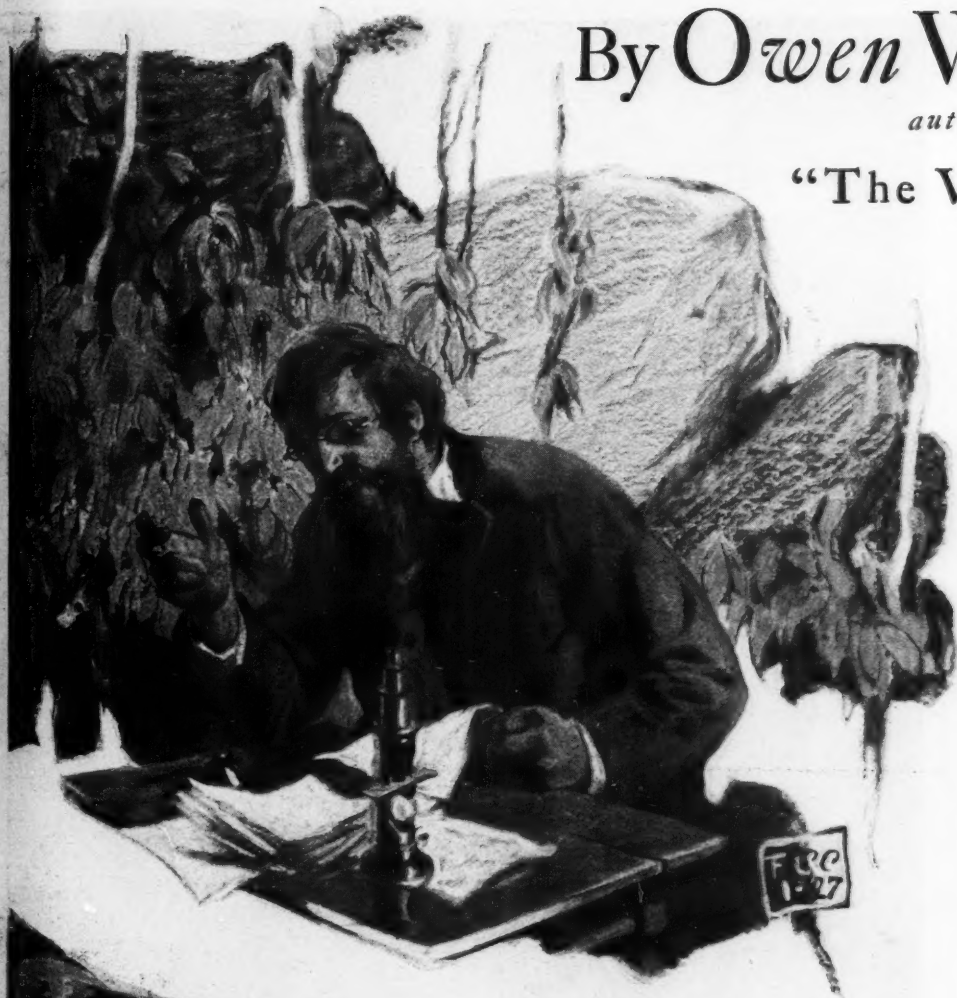
"I saw it all,"  
said Kenneth.

"I don't believe the Professor had ever really seen Nina in all his life—not on their wedding day . . ."

# By Owen Wister

author of

## "The Virginian"



look at him as you did. How do you come to know his origin?"

"Kenneth showed Captain Forsythe what Shakespeare says about bastards. That was his own view, he said; he liked his birth."

"Shakespeare! Hawthorne!"

"Oh, it doesn't stop there! In the logging-camp where he has been employed this summer, Scott sometimes read Latin poetry in spare moments; but the suspicion as to his manhood which this naturally aroused were set at rest by his killing a gambler who had cheated him. And not an enlisted man here can beat him in the foot-races. I wonder if he will ever find out that he is tragic."

"As an officer I could not well seek

Scott out with no better pretext than curiosity for his acquaintance. He was not a fugitive from justice, I learned from the Quartermaster. At sixteen, he had left whatever home he had in San Francisco, and joined a surveying party in Oregon. Since that, he had hired himself to various outfits, trapped, hunted, traded, survived. He had cast civilization behind him, but not books.

"Whoever had taught him his books, said the Quartermaster, had done a thorough job; all sorts of remarkable men came across the world to live and thrive in San Francisco, bringing with them the better education and the looser morals of the old world; one could readily imagine the wild gentleman who begot the boy, said the Quartermaster.

"Before I had another sight of Scott, he had drifted out of Bellingham Bay as he had drifted in, independent, indifferent, unaccounted for, not secretly at all, but without relation to anyone or anything. I felt a brief disappointment, and then forgot the boy's existence, until, in the following year at Vancouver Barracks, I heard an unusual voice, and strange to say knew at once whose it was.

"Yes; whatever his blood, Scott's voice had ancestors in it, and in his eyes was a quality more often to be noticed in the old world; full, luminous, concentrated, not the mere vivacious emptiness so common in the American.

"Books brought us into familiarity at Vancouver Barracks; he was carpentering on the new stables, and I would find him on my porch with some volume to return, or desirous to borrow another; only, he wanted very few that I possessed. Once or twice when I went to Portland I brought him works he had asked for—Ovid, I remember, in the original, and the Bible on another occasion.

"Against my will he read me some of the Bible stories, which he greatly admired, and said he should learn by heart; he seemed able to carry his will against mine not infrequently. He read some passionate lines from Leander's epistle to Hero in Ovid, and translated them, for my Latin was gone already. Leander recalls

"I was stationed at Bellingham Bay. Soon after my arrival there I was talking to Elena Grover outside the stockade about the original characters which the frontier seemed to collect, when she looked off and stopped me. I saw a youth approaching from the trees. He came with long, quiet steps. He wore siwash moccasins. His bearing made me watch him.

"As he drew near, he took off his hat to Mrs. Grover, and she greeted him with some cordiality. He stood speaking to her easily, with his hat in his hand. His rich voice had ancestors in it, his utterance was civilized, his thick hair curled low, half-way to his brows, and fell to the collar of his flannel shirt; but he had brushed it carefully and was fresh-shaven. I wondered if one so young could be like so many there, a fugitive from justice.

"MRS. GROVER took a book from his hand. He was returning it to the Quartermaster, and she asked his opinion of it as she gave it back.

"Why," said he, 'how should a Yankee comprehend Italians? Let him keep to Salem.' With that he bowed and went his way to the Quartermaster with 'The Marble Faun.'

"He is nineteen," said Elena Grover. 'Why should a man have that chestnut hair? Why shouldn't I? Did you notice his gray eyes? When he is excited he keeps as cool as when he is not, but his eyes turn black.' She rolled her own, and humor gleamed in them. 'I am unlikely ever to give the Major cause for anxiety; but if I were not just as much in love with him as on the day we married . . .' She lowered her voice, although no one was in sight, and added, 'That boy, Kenneth Scott, that unconscious charmer, is somebody's natural son.'

"He will not be unconscious long if all the ladies at this post



the nights he spent with Hero in her tower; and both our faces flushed to think of it.

"But Scott declared that no woman was likely to make him swim so far.

" 'Suppose you loved her,' I suggested.

" 'Have you ever been in love?' he asked.

"I told him that certainly I had.

" 'I never have,' said he. 'I suppose there must be such a thing. Who would you rather be that you've read of?'

" 'Until I am thirty, Don Juan,' I confessed.

" 'Yes; but by the time he was thirty, a man would be nothing else. No; Don Juan was too much with women. He didn't live enough out-of-doors on the land and the sea with men.'

" 'Who would you like to be?' I asked.

" 'For first choice, myself!' he exclaimed. 'Myself always. For second—well . . .' He fell to thinking about that.

" 'Yes; at Vancouver Barracks we grew intimate. Scott swore seldom, and his tongue was never rank, although he spoke of all things with a directness I had never heard before. I fell ill; and what did the boy do but drop his work and nurse me through pneumonia! There again he had his will, against all military procedure. His charm overcame the Post surgeon.

" 'A good dinner will help,' said he, when I was convalescent. 'It shall happen in Portland, where you can have wild ducks and French wine. My belly is only one of my gods.'

" 'We dined; bowing to his will. I was his guest. I made him accept a horse on a later occasion.

" 'I think I would rather be Ulysses for second choice,' he said at the dinner. 'He traveled splendidly, and his brain and body knew all experience possible to man. Achilles let his passions ride him.'

" 'Have you fallen in love yet?' I inquired.

" 'It's not in me,' he replied.

" 'I'll tell you,' said I. 'It's your passions you're afraid of.'

"His gray eyes grew black, and it was some time before he spoke. 'Do you know,' said he, 'I came rather near hating you just then.'



**C.** "It was then that I kissed Nina for the first

"A strange creature. Pagan from the womb; holding Christianity impossible, conceding it certain merits, by no means in revolt against it, as I was, owing to early overdoses of Sunday. Calf atheism is often as violent and unimportant as calf-love.

"He drifted off from Vancouver Barracks as he had from Bellingham Bay, without reference to people or things; in spite of his kindness and his devoted care, incapable apparently of feeling a tie.

"I missed him, and I was angry. How could anyone



time, before she could move. She spoke quietly: 'Do not force me to use this.'

so full of blood be cold-blooded? But anger was powerless in his presence; at my next sight of him I merely rejoiced. And in the end, without understanding him, I accepted him for what he was, unaccountable, electric, a natural force in a human body; quite as ready, I think, to die for you at any pinch as to forget you at any moment. He was very wide between the eyes.

"Trappers and packers brought news of him from time to time before our next meeting at Walla Walla. He was among the Nez Percés for a while, adopted by those Indians with tribal

reservation, he had again killed a man. For the first time, I heard in his voice the note of human pain.

"I would never have done it," he said; "I would never have done it. He was a good fellow. But we got drunk together."

"He relapsed into silence. Then, quite suddenly, he smashed the bottle to splinters.

"At that time in our Northwest, a man's standing with men outweighed every process of the scanty law; and as it appeared from all witnesses that the victim had (Continued on page 181)

ceremonies because of his fleetness. But the tribe on the Des Chutes River with whom the Nez Percés held periodic contests would not allow him to enter the races; therefore, at the command of Chief Joseph, Scott left a number of sons behind him, reared to be athletes by the young mothers selected by the Chief in the hope that the off spring of these unions would inherit their father's gift of speed, and bring honor to the Nez Percés in their future contests with the Tribe on the Des Chutes. I have never heard that they did; but I am told that to this day their descendants can be recognized by their ruddy hair.

"Scott turned up at Walla Walla in that way of his, as if a few hours, instead of a couple of years, had intervened since Vancouver Barracks. I made him some compliments on his experiences with the Nez Percés. He told me of his races without boasting, and of his honeymoons as plainly as if he spoke of fighting or eating. He showed me a superb suit of buckskin, tanned and beaded for him by the squaws at Chief Joseph's order. This he wore upon festal occasions, very rarely.

"At Walla Walla we grew into deeper intimacy than ever; it was here that I gave him a fine three-year-old mare, and also made him free of a spare-room I had in my quarters, whenever he should wish to sleep indoors instead of in his tent.

"There I found him one morning, splashed heavily with blood, sitting in a sort of trance, and in front of him a bottle of whisky, its cork undrawn. At a place just outside the



# L By Leonard O V E in

Illustrations by

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"Serious? I am tragic!" he declared. "I desire a heart-to-heart talk with the Director. May I entreat you to do me the kindness to send for him?"

"You can ask for him, in the office, when the lesson concludes, Monsieur; or you can speak to the Inspector, if you wish—it is the time for him to come round. But I warn you that I think it will be useless. To assign to the student a different professor daily is a feature of the system."

"The feature does not commend itself to me. *Mon Dieu!* I part with a high fee for a mere half-hour a day, and then I am told I have squandered the cash. It is not amusing. Between ourselves, I cannot afford the lessons; it was an act of terrible extravagance for me to indulge in the six tickets I have taken."

"Your present fluency might lead one to think they were superfluous," remarked the lady. And as the door was opened by a gentleman in a dirty collar, with a pencil behind his ear, she added in more scholastic tones, "The little birds are singing in the boughs." Continue, Monsieur."

But the pupil disobeyed her flagrantly.

"Monsieur the Inspector?" he inquired, springing to his feet. And with a volubility that took the other aback, he went on, "Monsieur, I receive strangely disagreeable news; I learn that I

have enrolled myself as student here under a false impression—that I may not count on my education being constantly conducted by Mademoiselle Rousseau. It is a shock of the first magnitude. My intentions are earnest; I am no temporary trifter—I propose to continue my studies for at least a year. Two years! Perhaps much longer! I am bent on acquiring a thorough knowledge of French. I protest strongly against being tossed from hand to hand. In such a fashion I could make no progress."

"*Permettez, Monsieur.* We vary the professors in order to accustom the pupils to the inflections of different voices."

"The voice of Mademoiselle contents me."

"It is by such means we achieve our rapid results," pleaded the Inspector, his arms outspread. "I repeat that the arrangement is to the pupils' advantage."

"Still more to the advantage of the Institute, *hein?* They won't get on too fast, and there is small risk of their chumming up with a professor and being taught by him outside at half the price. *Alors*, I have, so far, purchased no more than six tickets, fortunately. I appear to have wasted a trivial sum; if it is of no consequence—but to waste thirty precious minutes each day would be a disaster that I shudder to contemplate. I beg you will be so amiable as to inform Monsieur de Boo of my attitude forthwith, and to apprise him that if his system forbids him to assure me that my tuition shall be undertaken by

"POMPOUS firemen, a century old, are growing in the park, and stables run about in them," said the young man.

"No, Monsieur. Stately fir-trees, of that age, are growing there, and squirrels run about in them," replied the Professor, with a frown.

The scene was a compartment in the de Boo Institute of Languages, in Paris. It contained a blackboard, two chairs and a narrow table, at which the Professor and the student sat facing each other.

The Professor had beauty, and wore a becoming frock.

"I feared I must be mistaken," faltered the young man, who was taking his first lesson there. "My understanding of French is very slight."

"You speak it, however, with surprising ease in moments," observed the Professor dryly.

"You do not flatter me, Mademoiselle? Ah, that is very encouraging! I have a great ambition to speak French well. Do you know, it appears to me that I understand better when you converse with me than when you read from the book."

"I have noticed it," she said.

"Indeed, if you would be so good as to converse all the time I should advance more speedily."

"Conversation is against the rules. I have been remiss already. You will find all the other professors keep strictly to the text."

"Other professors? *Comment donc?*" stammered the student, paling. "It will not be always you who instruct me?"

"By no means. I may not see you again for a week."

"Ah, but listen!" he expostulated. "I am here solely because I had heard such great accounts of your ability. I am most averse to having other professors fobbed off on me. When I paid for the tickets I mentioned your name with the utmost emphasis. Do not let me down, I beg."

"The arrangements are not made by me, Monsieur—they are made by the Director; I do not know, from day to day, which pupils he may send to me." She recited from the dismal book again. "Tell me, in your own language, what that means."

The young man growled in English, which, strangely enough, he spoke with a marked French accent, "It means that you have a cousin in Antwerp."

"It means that the cover of the cushion is inside out," rejoined Mlle. Rousseau sharply. She regarded him with grave dissatisfaction. "I must request you to be serious."



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# P Merrick ARIS

James Montgomery Flagg

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Mademoiselle Rousseau solely, invariably, and without any 'regrettable mischance, for which he offers a thousand apologies,' I indignantly make the Institute a present of the five tickets remaining to me, and betake myself to an institute where the system meets my views."

"I go to speak to Monsieur de Boo," said the Inspector, dazed by the flood of French the Englishman had been pouring on him.

During the foregoing colloquy the lady had maintained an air of sedate detachment, though at the young man's phrase a "trivial sum," and his cunning bait of paying fees for years, something like an incipient smile had twitched her lips. Now, in the momentous interval, she gazed demurely at the blackboard, while the young man, tremulous with hope, gazed at the lady.

Within a few minutes the Inspector returned to say that the imperious pupil's point was conceded.

"Hurrah! Always my professor!" crowed the pupil as soon as they were alone again. And, conscious that the rapture might not be mutual, "You do not object to taking me five times more?" he queried anxiously.

"I am not sure but what I do," said she.

"Ah, woe! You find me so unintelligent?"

"In one respect."

"I shall struggle against it with all my force. Name it, I pray."

"I find you unintelligent to suppose you could pass for an Englishman. I myself pronounce English better than you—and, when you forget to pretend, you talk French as well as I. As a professor I have no liking for jokes at my expense."

"Jokes? Ah, be just!" he cried. "I avow that I am French; I avow that I appear culpable towards you—but hear my defense before you condemn me! I shall tell you all, and you will realize—"

At that moment there was the commanding clangor of an electric bell, succeeded by the clatter of feet—and, picking up the book and her belongings, the lady made for the door.

"The half-hour has expired, Monsieur," she stated, bowing. "All change. Good day."

NO SOONER had they taken their seats next morning than the young man cried, "Now for it! You behold me racked with apprehension, Mademoiselle. Yesterday I would have sworn my explanation must win your pardon, but this morning I tremble. Suspense makes cowards of us all. Besides, you have done your hair more severely."

"I usually do it as it is," she said with dignity.

"I felt more fortitude when it was fluffier." He continued in emotional tones, "My name is Casimir Blanc. By predilection I am a playwright; by necessity I am a notary's clerk. My berth is in Sotteville, and I came to Paris last week, on my annual vacation. Scarcely had I arrived when my project of

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visiting the Louvre led me to an auto bus—My prolog is not tedious?"

"But as an apology it is obscure," said the Professor, examining her appearance in the mirror of her vanity bag.

"Ah, I was designing the apology for the climax, but I will begin where you will! I apologize with contrition, with humility, and on my knees. It led me to an auto bus, in which sat a lady whose face inspired me with such overwhelming admiration that I was borne, spellbound, beyond my objective. Only when she descended did I awake to the fact. I got out almost at the same instant, intending to walk back—and then, as I stood gazing after her, it was revealed to me that the Louvre would prove a wash-out and its immortal masterpieces bore me stiff. I realized that all my being was consumed by one devouring need—to know the lady."

"As I instinctively followed her, the apparent hopelessness of my position filled me with despair. The most far-fetched fancies crossed my mind. I thought how delicious it would be to see her greeted by a mutual friend; I craved a chance to snatch her from destruction amid the traffic; I prayed she might enter a *crémierie* for refreshment and find she was short of money when the time came to pay the bill. She proceeded swiftly, and the sidewalk was so populous that I was in constant danger of losing sight of her. Presently, however, the crowd thinned, and I kept her graceful figure well in view until, just after we passed the Tour Saint Jacques, she suddenly swerved and vanished."

"Pardon, Monsieur," murmured the Professor, glancing at her watch, "but the Inspector will be round directly, and it would look more businesslike if you opened your note-book."

"Does that fellow come in every day, interrupting?" exclaimed Casimir, aggrieved.

"Every day at a quarter to eleven, Monsieur."

"Then they will have to let me have my lesson earlier; half an hour is short measure at the best, Lord knows! She vanished," he repeated, "and I was only just able to descry the spot. I gained it in six strides—but there was no sign of her. I saw only a decaying courtyard, fast shut doors, and a hint of stairs. Blankly surveying a long list of the tenants' names and trades, I wondered whether she dwelt there, or had entered *in re* transport, mother of pearl buttons, or lessons in languages. The next moment I heard someone tapping at a window behind me—and thanks be! there was a *concierge*. She asked sourly what I wanted."

"I said, 'A lady just came in. You saw her?'"

"Since I am not blind."

"You know where she went?"

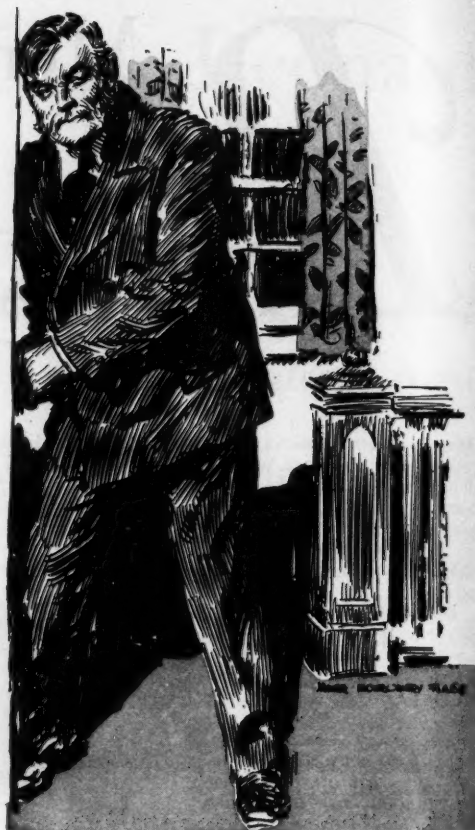
"Yes."

3





**C** "With all the authority I could summon I bade him begone. 'I must insist on seeing you,' he shouted. 'Your refusal is insulting.' Since I would speak no more he strove to enter by force."



"I put my hand in my pocket—and the rest was easy. Made-moiselle, duplicity was repugnant but inevitable—it was my only means of making your acquaintance. I dissembled, but by reason of a power so mighty that I venture to think it extenuates my offense. Whether you, in your mercy, will concur is the supreme—"

Most inopportunistly the Inspector appeared at this juncture and, with a glare of hate, Casimir made him a gracious bow.

The Inspector inquired, "The gentleman advances?"

"The gentleman makes grave errors," said Mlle. Rousseau.

"Persevere, Monsieur," droned the Inspector. "Perseverance will accomplish all."

"I hope so, from my heart!" said Casimir. And as the door closed, he launched into a long, eloquent address, of which the peroration was, "Have pity! The homage that I felt when we were strangers is now vaster still; to my worship of your beauty is conjoined my reverence for your character. Even while your sternness has cut me to the quick, the loftiness of your reproofs has made me venerate you more. I am at your feet. Do not tell me you possess the sole defect of being unforgiving."

Her lips moved to speak, but before he could conjecture the nature of what she was going to say, the vicious din of the despot's bell sent her flying to her next pupil—and her answer was retarded till the morrow.

**T**O PROLONG his pains, the disobliging dame at the desk insisted that his further lessons must be taken, not earlier, but considerably later, and by the time the poor fellow reached the compartment again his face was as white as the rose he carried.

He was encouraged to find his professor looking much more cheerful; and when she accepted the flower without demur, his relief was so intense that gratitude compelled him to kiss her hand. "What joy! If you knew the torments of impatience I have suffered! It has seemed to me as if this moment would never come."

"It nearly did not," she said. "Monsieur de Boo was very close to revoking his favor to you."

"And you pleaded for me?" asked Casimir eagerly.

"No, the thought of the fees pleaded for you, Monsieur. His mind is harassed, but his pocket has prevailed at present. Yet he is comfortably off, Monsieur de Boo—he could afford to lose a pupil. If the Institute were mine I should count myself in clover."

"To teach foreigners all your days would hardly be enthralling."

"As the principal I would take good care to repose. By the by, what knotty points of grammar do you wish to examine in return for your outlay?"

"My grammar is beyond reproach. The professorship is irksome, *hein?* Is it lucrative?"

"Far from it. Better than nothing, however. The first time I walked up these stairs—*Mais, mon Dieu*, this is not a French lesson!"

"It is infinitely more precious; it is the privilege of seeing you take half an hour's relaxation from your labors. You were about to tell me something of your life."

"My life has been beset by perils," she said. "My face is my fortune, and to a young girl without means good looks are a mixed blessing; they demand of her unsleeping shrewdness. My parents could provide me with nothing but education, and I was left unprotected at an early age."

"Your confidences flood me with pride and compassion," murmured Casimir.

"But I still think some grammar might be best for you," she said conscientiously.

As her suggestion was refused with vehemence, she continued, "Last year, when I was employed in the bureau of a little hotel here, a bewildered Englishwoman used to come to the desk and talk to me; she had been relieved to find someone in the place who really understood English. I told her I had studied it at the *botte*, and taken my *bac*—and when I explained that *botte* was slang for college, and *bac* the short for a degree, her manner became quite cordial. The hotel was absolutely unsuited to her and, though it was not my business to do so, I recommended a *pension de famille* that pleased her well. I used to visit her there. It transpired that she kept a school in England. *Enfin*, when she had satisfied herself that my history was true she proposed that I should go to her, a few months later, as French preceptress."

"In my opinion—"

"The position was more becoming, and I consulted friends who knew England thoroughly. They said, 'The English are no worse than anybody else, except for their pretense of being much better.' I went—and I found many things very agreeable, though it was an effort to swallow the vegetables. Unfortunately, one of the elder girls, called Wavelet Jones, formed a

strong attachment for me. After she left she wrote to me constantly and when her sister became affianced, I received from Madame Jones an offer of the tempting post of companion to Wavelet. Alas, I accepted it!"

"You were unhappy?"

"I was blissful. But my ease was fleeting. Before I had been installed there long the fiancé dined with them, and my discretion told me that his remarks to me were too numerous. I was as uninteresting in my replies as possible, but I knew, all the same, that Madame Jones was regarding me with displeasure. His subsequent visits increased her misgivings—and she soon told me a preposterous yarn about Wavelet's being suddenly required to stay for an indefinite period with an aunt in America. 'To their deep regret, they must lose me!'"

"Now who could have foreseen such a disaster?"

"It was not the worst," she sighed. She went on, speaking hurriedly, because there was a lot to say, "I should have returned to France, but by way of amends, Madame Jones busied herself in procuring for me an engagement in the *ménage* of one Captain Upjohn-Pitblado, who had advertised for a young lady housekeeper at his castle in a remote region of which I had never heard till then. His wife, he wrote, was a semi-invalid, and his daughter too juvenile to superintend a staff of domestics. Figure yourself my dejection when, on reaching the wet, desolate spot late one evening, I found the 'castle' to be a very ordinary house, of dilapidated aspect, and learned presently that the 'staff of domestics' consisted of two villagers, who slept out!"

"Is it, then, part of my duties to attend on Madame Upjohn-Pitblado in the night, if she is indisposed?" I asked of the Captain, dismayed. He was an elderly individual with a jaunty bearing, and a rakish eye.

"Oh, my wife is not so sick as all that! Besides, she and my daughter are away at present," he answered me, quite at his ease.

"For a moment the disclosure held me breathless. Then I said firmly, 'Monsieur le Capitaine, I should have been informed of this before I came. The circumstances are not what I understood them to be, and I cannot consent to remain.'

"Oh, my dear Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, with a grand air, 'I should be the last person to detain a lady in my house against her will! You are at liberty to break your agreement when you please. Tomorrow being Sunday, however, there is no train from here—and, as a matter of fact, a sister of mine will be arriving in a few days' time.'

"Well, there was no more to be said at the moment. Supper was served, and to some extent my constraint passed. He had traveled widely, and he exerted himself to divert me. Except that he drank champagne to excess, and whisky on top of it, I had no further fault to find with his behavior that evening. As for me, I refused to drink anything but water, though I should have liked a glass of champagne very much.

"At the breakfast table next day, as he passed behind my chair, he kissed my neck."

"The scoundrel!" hissed Casimir, with wrath. "I rose and struck him across the face with my serviette."

"Well done!"

"At once I hurried, through the rain, to the *chef de gare* to make inquiries—but it proved a fact that there was no train before the morrow; and, to my consternation, the village was so primitive that it did not boast a spare bed. *Quelle horreur!* It was inevitable that I should pass another night under that man's roof!"

"My poor child," wailed Casimir, who was livid with alarm. "As his kiss had seared my neck very early in the breakfast I had had little to eat, and, being determined not to expose myself to danger in the dining-room again, I endeavored to take back some bread to sustain me, in my bedroom, during the day. But in England it is irreligious to supply bread on Sunday—and by three o'clock my hunger was extreme. Its pangs drove me down-stairs at last, and the Captain, who had evidently counted upon this, met me with a flow of fulsome excuses which were in themselves offensive to my dignity. Finding that these were powerless to induce me to remain in the house, he claimed that his sister was to be with us the very next evening."

"I said, 'Monsieur, even if it be true that you have a sister, and even if it be true that she is coming, I do not desire to know your family.' And I collected some scraps in the kitchen."

"Never shall I forget the long Sunday in that gaunt bedroom, sinister with forebodings, and a mouse." Modesty delayed her utterance. "I fear I can tell no more."

"I beseech you, speak!" said Casimir hoarsely.

"Then—scarcely had I begun to disrobe when there was a rapping at my door, and the Captain urged me to admit him. 'I have something to say to you,' he called."

"I made no answer."

"He persisted with excitement. Evidently he had been at the bottles, for his tones were thick; but I gathered that he was telling me I did not understand him, and he was much grieved by my mistake."

"I replied at last, 'Monsieur, all that I have to say has been said, and I have retired for the night.'

"His next words sounded like 'I take a kindly interest in you, and want to come in and talk about it.'

"With all the authority that I could summon I bade him begone."

"I must insist on seeing you," he shouted. 'Your refusal is insulting.' He rattled the latch violently, and though I knew the key was turned, my heart stood still with fear. It was well founded. Since I would speak no more he strove to enter by force."

"I suffocate," gasped Casimir, who was trembling like a leaf. "The force was furious; the door heaved ominously. I sought to barricade it, but the wardrobe was too large to move, and the washstand too small to serve. Now the door groaned, as in extremities. For an instant panic paralyzed me. Then, rushing headlong to the window—"

"You escaped?"

"I found it to be barred."

"Damnation!"

"The house stood isolated—to shriek for aid was futile. I looked wildly for a weapon—"

"The poker!" panted Casimir, on the verge of collapse.

"But there wasn't any. The door—"

At this frightful crisis, as sweat burst upon her lover's brow in beads, her narrative was checked by the mandate of the accused bell—and for twenty-four hours he could barely breathe for terror.

"GOOD morning. And—then?" quavered Casimir, falling into the chair. The interval had made a wreck of him.

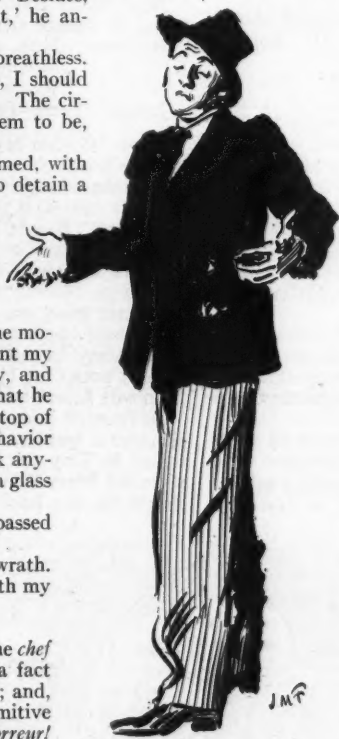
Mlle. Rousseau, on the contrary, seemed to be in high spirits. She said, "I was doubtful whether I should have an opportunity to tell you the rest; Monsieur de Boo has complained again."

"The door!" croaked Casimir. "The door!"

"Ah, oui. The door defied the attack, and a moment later the Captain withdrew. His attack had been, perhaps, less puissant or prolonged than my agitation led me to suppose, for the door was fairly frail. I heard no more of him till I was departing on the morrow, when he tendered cringing apologies, which I haughtily rejected, and my railway fares, which I promptly took."

"I then returned to Paris—and the sight of it was sweet to me. I confess, though, that after my sojourn abroad, the humble quarters that I found seemed strange in some respects. A dinner-table spread with a red checked cloth looked uninviting to me, and I did not reacustom myself at once to napkins almost vast enough for sheets, and towels no larger than Englishmen's handkerchiefs. I commenced my search for employment without delay. I wished to avoid schools of languages because I knew that few of them paid their professors a fixed salary—and the search was long. And Paris had become very expensive; my savings melted fast, in spite of the exchange."

"One day I had to pawn this watch. On the way back I stopped to rest in the garden of the Tour Saint Jacques. I saw the gilt sky-sign of the de Boo Institute, and I reflected how very much alike were the advertisements of all the people who invited the guileless foreigners to learn French without taking any trouble. None of the scores vaunted a method better than 'Rapid and Unique.' I perceived (Continued on page 116)



C. Casimir





„Bot Dollink, you deedn't ected  
like dees befurr we was married.

# Famous Females from Heestory

## PROLOCK

**W**ANCE oppon witt a time was located de Ceety from Troy wot it was gong on dere de administration from Keeng Priam de Foist. So dees Keeng hed quite a assuttment from cheeldren wot dey was lodgly sons—witt wan dudder from de name from Cessendra.

So dees Cessendra hed it a abeility wot she was hable to tell futtchins witt pridections witt hall sutts from hastrological horrorscupps witt chrestal balls, witt pommistry, witt dacks from cods, witt tea livves.

So wan day she was ricklining on a diwan in de pelece so it came in de Keeng wot he sad to her he sad so:

“Noo, yong laty, come on, geeve from me a diagnosis wot'll gonna be.”

So it gave Cessendra a consolation de hastrological chotts wot she gave a hexclamation: “Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi! Ho, Boy, is sure toff! Mmmmmmm!”

So de Keeng gave a gesp. “Wot could it was?”

So she replite: “Hm. Wot couldn't it wasn't! You'll take mine edwice, hold ting, so you'll cull opp gradually de Hex-Kaiser he should moof over he should make room for you in de bed wit heem!! Hm, you gatting pale, ha . . . So take hidd a warning. Honder no coicumstences you should inkriess your supply from sons!”

Priam sad: “Hm, why I shouldn't heving anodder son?”

So Cessendra replite: “So if you'll hev anodder son so billevit it odder not, you'll be henging arond saloons telling pipple wot you used to be de Keeng. So rimamber, batter swear huff now from sons. Sign de pladge!”

So just in dees mummunt it came in de Meesus Priam wot she was kneeting witt de niddles—a pa'r from baby rompers. Wot she sad so: “Priam dollink, you'll leave for de meelkman a nutt, he should stott soon livving avery monnink a bottle Grate Hay meelk. Noo, noo! so dun't esk!”

So it was mopping de prow de Keeng wot he was et de wit's hend. So de next day it stoot in de papers a nuttice so:

**BORN:** By de Keeng witt de Meesus Priam, a boncing baby boy from savan ponds. New arrifal chrestened he should be entitled Peris. Modder witt huff-spreeng doong wal.

So de Keeng sad: “Hm, rilly, is dees a fect? So diss is de guy wot he'll gonna show me opp, ha. Wal! wal! we'll gonna sec. It simms wot I'll gonna hev to take staps.”

*Hend from Prolock*

## POT WAN

Way way opp on de top from Mont Hida helewated far abuff de ceety so was dere a undeveloped destrict. So de shapherds opp dere instat dey should godding de shipp, dem goot for nottings, so dey was a whole time playing golf, wat was lust wan day de golf ball in de roff. So it gave a yell de shapherd to de keddie:

“Noo, dope, you found yat de ball?”

So it came hout de keddie

from de widds wid a besket in de hend wot he said: “No, bot here's Peris!”

So it decided de shapherds wot dey'll gonna adapt Peris wot it wrote de Keeng in de pelece a nutt so:

Dear meelkman: Stotting witt tomorrow you'll ciss plizze witt de hextra bottle Grate Hay meelk.

Gradually by you

de Keeng

## POT TWO

*Twenty yirrs later*

DE DAILY GRISS-SPOT

Hextra! Hextra! Hextra!

Beeg beauty contast hunder huspisses from Daily Griss-Spot to peek weener she should be Mees Griss!

Hentrees: Juno, alias Hera (Mees Joisy Ceety).

Minoiva, alias Athene (Mees Lus Hengelizz).

Winus, alias Hephrodite (Mees de Milo).

Jodges: Peris, Peris, Peris.

Price: Golden hepple dunnated by Gottess Eris on account wot she was high-hetted wot she deedn't was invited to a wad-ding so she taking dees minns from rewench she should stott opp a beauty contast it should cuzz disroption in de lodge!

Hextra!! Hextra!! Hextra!!

Peris peecks Winus (Aphrodite).

Odder hentrees med like a hurnet. Chodge contast not on de square. Heent tempering witt Jodge.

Weener werry modest. Jost a plain contry goil, she saz. Sends wire home to Modder so: “Momma dollink, we won. Kees grenny for me. Winus.”

Peris target for hall sutts from jebbs witt jipes witt hinsults. Juno witt Minoiva wow wengance. To investigate Jodge Peris.

So from de investigation it was rewilled by heem on de laft shoulder a boit-mock wat was rilly Peris de preence wot he reitained to Troy wot he was recivved witt hopen harms wot it promised heem Winus he should hev yat a beautiful wife she should be like from pitches witt crim—a peeperinno!!!

## POT TREE

So on account from de cluss assussiation wot Peris hed heretofurr honly witt shipp witt lemps witt rems witt hewes, so from de fest life in a beeg ceety wot he encountered by Troy he forgot complittly from Winus, wot she culled heem opp wot she sad so:

“Noo, you rimamber mine promise. So I got for you a dollink goil wot—”

So Peris sad: “Say, plizze, hev a hott. Whooz got time now! Sem Chotzinuff's trowing tonight a poddy. Ho boy, you know de kind poddys Sem trows. See you tomorrow by Taxes Guinine in de Clob. Goot-pye. Ho, by de way, for a hoyster wheech fork do you using? . . . Oh, denks. Slonk.”

“Bot, Peris, she's a dollink,



„Yi, yi, yi, yi!”

# Halan from Troy

de Sacund from  
de new sturries

from

## Milt Gross

Illustrations by  
The Author

she's got heyes like stozz, a nack like by a swan, a shape like by a deer, lags like by a hentelope."

So Peris sad: "Yi, yi, yi, yi! A nack like by a swan, a shape like by a deer, lags like by a hentelope. So lat's we should geeve her gradually in de zoo. Goot-pye."

So from hall de night clobbs witt de geen ricketys witt de poddies it got Peris de hibby-jibbizz wot occording de doctor's horders he took a hoocean woyitch wot he went witt a weesit to Spotta by de Keeng Menalus witt de Quinn Halan.

### POT FURR

So de Keeng gritted Peris werry cudgelly wot he sad so: "Wal, wal, welkin by oss to de ceety. Take a load huff you fitt und dun't hecting like a gast. Conseeder yousalf one from de family. Ho, by de way, Halan dollink! HALAN!!! Come here, Switthott—mitt mine bastfrand Peris. Peris, de Meesus. Noo, Peris, I'll gonna livv de Meesus in you care tonight. You'll excuse me, cheeldren, wot I got a beezness mitting. Is some Scotch in de boffay. Goot-pye."



Geeve a look. Love at de foist glance.

So Peris sad to Halan: "You like chop sooy?"

So Halan sad: "Hm, dun't esk! I'm halways bagging mine hosband we should hev chop sooy. I dun't know. He luffs me, of cuss, bot he's so niglactfool! Hm, sometimes I weesh wot I merried jost a plain beezness men! He's halways beezy witt spitches, witt mittings, witt lonchons. Of cuss I onderstend wot hees a public kerrecter, bot jost de same—Ho wal—Maybe I jost hold-feshioned. Und whan he does come hum idder he locks heemsalf opp in his room, odder noosepapers he ridds. Naver tukks to me. I got to leesten wot he tukks on de telaphun to frands I should find hout where is declared a wurr odder whan was s'gned a tritty. Pipple telling me yat I'm locky wot I'm de Meesus Keeng. Billive me, whan we was stroggling was motch heppier by oss. I dun't know. I try I should make heem happy. Show me anodder Quinn wot would gat opp in de monnik she should make heem de brakfast? Odder Quinns dey spanding de hosband's money. I dun't know. Mine femily dey deendn't was in de pelece alrady for two yirrs. He cares? Hm, I dun't know. Maybe he's a beeg guy now I dun't hinterasting heem. Maybe I heendering his career. Maybe I gattin hold witt wreenkled. Maybe—"

Peris: "No, no. I tink you jost seemply dewine! Maybe you jost dun't onderstend de Keeng."



Hm, look. A idill cople. Poor bot heppy.

Halan: "Hm, dees is de whole trobble wot I do onderstending heem. Nup! Is no uze."

Peris: "So, how about a leedle chop sooy?"

Halan: "Ho, you dollink boy."

### POT FIFE

DE DAILY GRISS-SPOT

Hegony colom witt poisonal nuttices.

Hock ye, hock ye. Mine wife Halan haz laft mine bad witt board wot I refusing I should gradually be rispounsible de dabts.

Menalus Keeng from Spotta.

### COCKLUSION

So de elluppers leaved unheppily hever hefter wot it stoddod opp from dees de Trujian Wurr wot it was Griss woisus Troy—wot was de Sidge from Troy wheech it was foist hintrodoozed toys in wurr wot it made de Gricks a Wooden Huss wot it heed insite from de Huss de Grick harmy wot dey wenquished witt de Huss Troy.



Ho, boy. De goot bold days whan I was Keeng wait yat I'll gonna stage.

# Why Girls Leave Home

Illustrations by  
Joseph M. Clement

THE trains came. The trains went. But they always left her there in Catusville.

As they trickled through the western sky she could see them from the kitchen window where she was always washing the dirty dishes. When she carried the slops to the back yard to throw them to the hogs, she could see the trains vanish through the cut in Pomeroy Hill. If she waited a little they would appear again far off and pierce the bridge over Catus Creek. The smoke fluttered through the iron girders and waved her good-by tauntingly.

The trains going West simply reversed the program, but she did not care much for the west-bound trains, though she would have gone gladly almost anywhere to get out of Catusville. It was for the East that her heart hankered; for New York, and swell clothes and the lively life, money and men and shiny women to rival.

She was so forlornly mad to travel that she hated all the trains and all the people on them for always leaving her there in Catusville.

There was nothing holding her where she was except what holds a freight car on a track or a stalled automobile on the road. She had no power to start. She could have run off and nobody would have stopped her or gone after her. She would have committed any crime to get away. But she could not find the crime to commit—as yet.

Her mother nagged her all the time, about every little thing.

"You're jest nachelly born lazy. You got no gumption at tall, no more git-up-and-git than what that old sow has."

"Well, whose fault is that, I'd like to know?" she would answer. "You and Paw ain't went so darned far your ownse'ves. And as for the old sow, I s'pose she'd like to 'foller the swaller back home,' but she can't grow wings from just wishin' any more'n I can. She's got to waller and take her swill just like I got to, I guess. But just you wait. Some of these days I'll turn up missin'. You'll see!"

She had no gifts, no beauty, no brains. She might have been pretty if she had thought pretty thoughts or had pretty clothes or a graceful carriage. But she slouched and slumped all the time, and could not even dance. Her brother put it gracefully:

"Your feet ain't mates. You interfere. You'd ought to wear pads on your fetlocks."

"Aw, you think you're funny, don't you? Well, you know what you can do."

She was not even gifted in self-defense. She was not gifted in anything. Even her name was ugly: Hattie Pugmire. Her

family called her "Hat" and her friends called her "Puggy."

She had a hundred resentments against the world, and none of them without reason. The town she was doomed to was one of the stupidest in the world. Its inhabitants praised it for its fine schools and the high moral character of its citizens; but the schools were considered fine because nobody knew any better, and if the inhabitants were moral it was because they had little opportunity to be what the inhabitants would have called "immoral." Immorality, in their lexicon, was practically impossible except to wealthy denizens of great cities.

Of the sordid, squalid vices, Catusville had no lack, and there were few things ugly that were unknown to the citizens.

To be immoral, in the Catusville sense, one had to leave town. Millie Applegate had been immoral, for instance. She was beautiful and graceful and she vanished with a sleek and bay-rummy drummer only to reappear as one of the most dazzling and nudest show-girls of a New York revue.

People spoke of her with disgust until she sued a wealthy manufacturer of temperance drinks for \$250,000 for seduction and





# By Rupert Hughes

## A Story of an Innocent Wise Man



*"You're jest nachelly born lazy," cried Mrs. Pugmire. "Just you wait," said Hattie. "Some day I'll turn up missin'."*

breach of promise. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would have bought all Catusville, and most of the inhabitants admitted that they would have done almost any given thing for that sum also given. So Catusville was suddenly proud of Millie, and her heart-broken mother went about with her head lifted and that catty after-eating-the canary look on her face.

The soft drink magnate answered Millie's claims by alleging that he was several years too late in meeting her to have been guilty of seducing her, and that she could hardly allege breach of promise, as Millie knew that he was married all the time while he was—the word he used was—"befriending" her.

The trial filled a dull season in the newspapers and the town found itself in the head-lines, thanks to Millie, who was called "the Catusville Cutie."

Children asked their mothers what it was all about and were properly squelched. Hattie Pugmire read every line she could pick up while the trial was going on. She read so assiduously that one of her so-to-speak suitors called her a gol-durn book-worm. Which was not original but was better than the "hook-worm" her people called her.

Millie announced in court that she had only one reason for demanding the "heart balm" in cash, and that was in order to obtain enough money to pay off the mortgage on her mother's farm so that she could hide her broken life in the sweet calm of home.

Hattie nearly laughed her head off at the picture of Millie Applegate spending any time at home or any money on that "farm." But she watched for the jury's verdict with breathless interest.

The jury could not have believed in Millie's innocence, but, like every other good, honest, red-blooded, hundred percent

American jury, it believed that any man with money was guilty of something that ought to be heavily fined. So a verdict was brought in to the effect that the soda-popper had damaged Millie to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars—an amount of damages which, according to the town

philosopher, was more than ten freight trains could have done to her if they had run over her twice a day for a week.

Still, twenty-five thousand dollars was a heap of money, and Catusville longed to welcome Millie home. But she never came.

How many girls in America that verdict seduced, it would be impossible to compute. Certainly there were few girls in Catusville who did not wonder how one went about meeting manufacturers of soft drinks. Certainly the papers were always celebrating the successful raids of otherwise talentless women upon men of wealth. They came and went eternally like shooting stars, leaving a bright streak across the dark and then vanishing.

As for Hat Pugmire, she was frantic for somebody to lift her out of the dark. Just to get her name in the papers would be even better than the money. Money meant nothing to her. She had never had any. But to have an exciting love affair with somebody who was swell—to enjoy a great dramatic crash and get into the head-lines! Gosh, what luck!

She had an appetite for gloom, for melodrama, for tragedy, the appetite that leads multitudes to pay high prices to be made to weep or to be thrilled with horror or fascinated above all by a gorgeous sin and its brilliant punishment. Hat wanted to experience something grand before she died. The horror of oblivion living and dead was like a nightmare of smothering ghastliness. Her ambitions were cheap because she was ignorant, but they were all the fiercer for their limitations.

The trains that came and went were, in her eyes, loaded with magnates and Millies, and her longing to be one of the latter grew to a frenzy. She had everything but the ability to get up and get.

But opportunity for evil comes also to her who sits and waits.

THERE was one other product of Catusville who had achieved fame—a politician of national power. Some called him a statesman; some called him a fool and a crook. Some said he should, and would, be President of the United States; some said he should, and would, end his days in the penitentiary. The same things were said of him that have been said of almost all the other great statesmen as well as the eminent criminals.

Cass Pomeroy had the gift, or the curse, of making people either love him or hate him. Nobody seemed able to think him an average man and let him go with liking or disagreeing.

He enjoyed his fame in a way, but it had its hardships, too. There were times when his back nearly broke under the burden of his responsibilities, for everything he did or said had its effect on the hopes of his party. There were times when the fierce white

light of everlasting publicity filled him with a positive agony such as a motion-picture actor incurs when prolonged exposure to the arc-lights gives him "Kleig eyes."

On these occasions Pomeroy had to flee from the public gaze or die of eyes. He would go duck shooting, bear hunting, fishing, and disappear utterly for a few days or weeks. His enemies said that this hiding-out was simply a blind for a big long drunk. His friends denied it.

Such citizens of Catusville as remembered him believed the worst. When he lost an election, they said he always was no good. They said, "I told you so!" When he won an election, they said that Catusville was noted for the products of its fine schools. They said, "I told you so!"

He had not been seen in his native town for nearly twenty years. He had gone East and grown up with the country. And now he was the leading candidate for the senate from that Eastern state of which he had been governor. If he won this election, his friends and his enemies agreed that after a term or two he would be the logical candidate for the Presidency.

Pomeroy had married East and the town had never seen his wife or his children. The younger generation of Catusvillains knew nothing of him except as a vague figure in the newspapers. His name was the same as the name of the big hill split by the railroad tracks.

They did not know that Pomeroy's ancestors had been among the founders of the town. They had not founded much, but they had not lived to know how little.

Somehow the remembrance of Catusville and his boyhood there smote Cass Pomeroy's heart at a time when he was on the edge of one of his breakdowns and experience warned him to escape.

Talking with a few cronies over good fishing grounds, the haunts of yellowtail, trout and muscallonge, he was moved to say: "I've fished over most of the waters of this country. I've seen the tarpon turn somersaults and I've had the swordfish haul me



**C.***To rebuff Hattie's gratitude was*

out to sea in a squall and I've sneaked up on some old trout as if he were a rattlesnake, but I've never had the fun I had when I was a boy and I fished in old Catusville Creek."

"What did you catch?"

"Only the fish you'd throw back now, perch and catfish and pike, but—I wish I could go back."

"You'd have to go back to boyhood, too, to enjoy it."

"I suppose so, but I could remember, and be quiet, and nobody would watch me. By the Lord, I'm going back all by myself!"

They did not laugh at him, for they knew what too much publicity means, but they prophesied the failure of his dreams. They prophesied everything except that the fugitive from publicity should encounter a maniac for it.



that he purposely sought obscurity, that he had a hard time finding it, since the spotlight followed him everywhere he went. The photographers would probably hear of his visit before long and come down to take movin'-pitchers of him.

Cass Pomeroy simply could not keep out of the papers. And Hat simply could not get into them.

Their meeting would make an interesting event—for Hat.

She was as lazy as ever except in her sleepless ambition. She wondered if the Lord had not sent the great Mr. Pomeroy, Hon. Cass Pomeroy, to Catusville just to rescue her.

Her first thought was how to meet him—not just to shake hands with him—invalidate his house and invite him to dinners and parties as some of the townspeople made haste to do—only to be pathetically snubbed for their pains.

Hat wanted to know him, to beg him to take her with him as his—what? She could not be a type-writer or stenographer. She could not be a secretary. He probably did not carry a maid and she neither was nor could be one for his sake. She could imagine nothing that she could suggest to him as an excuse. Perhaps if she just begged him for money to take her

to the city—no, he wouldn't give it even if she asked it. And why should he pass out cash to her when she didn't know what she could do when she got to the city?

Compared to Hat, Millie Applegate was a great artist, a classic siren, a lady of culture. Millie talked Broadway, dressed Broadway, thought Broadway. She was her money's worth to visiting plutocrats from the smaller cities.

But poor Hat was nothing, nobody, and knew it. Yet was none the less rebellious for being ditched in life.

Something told her that the Hon. Pomeroy was her first and last chance to be pulled out of the ditch. Somehow she must fasten herself on him and rise with him out of the depths of murk into the glory of the glarelight; her (Continued on page 160)

beyond Pomeroy. Yet his honesty and his wisdom cried to him, Begone!

It was in all the papers that Millie Applegate would come home to Catusville. She did not come. Nobody knew that Cass Pomeroy was coming till he had been there a day or two. He did not bring his family. They never went with him on his retreats.

But he went to live with a cranky old bachelor uncle, a hermit who still occupied the Pomeroy farmhouse and had let it run down with himself.

There was a stir in the town when the news leaked out. Pomeroy had made the local newspaper men promise not to publish the story or put it on the wires. But they had not promised not to mention it to their friends.

So Hat heard of the newcomer. She learned the amazing fact





# Romantic though

By Arthur Somers

"I don't know where you were going," Myron said to the girl, "but I'd like to take you there."

"IT'S spring," said Myron Duckworth. "It's April tenth," said Alice, his wife, "and almost time for the children to take off their heavy underwear."

"We used to get bock beer along about now," said Myron sadly. "My mother used to give me a spring tonic every April," stated Alice.

"The peaches are blossoming down in Georgia, I guess," sighed Myron.

"I hear there are measles in the next block," said his wife.

"I tell you," declared her husband, "when spring comes along I get that feeling of wanting to go somewhere and see things."

"Same with me," she told him. "Now is the time when you get the best bargains. I'd like to go down to Lacy's—"

"I was thinking of Atlantic City," suggested Myron. "Me with a gal on my arm, strutting my stuff on the Boardwalk. You with a John by your side. The gal being you and the John me."

"How you talk!" chided his wife. "An old married couple like us, way past the age of foolishness."

"This sun certainly brings out the copper tints in your hair," said Myron. "Seems to me you haven't looked so pretty for a long time."

"Seems to me you haven't talked so much nonsense for a long time," she retorted.

Myron Duckworth rose violently from his chair.

"My Lord, every time I say something decent to you you treat me as though I were an idiot! Are we old fogies simply because we're married and have a couple of children?"

"If you get cross with me again I won't stand it," sniffled Alice.

"I don't care whether you stand it or not."

Prim disapproval marred the placidly pretty face of Alice. "I never thought I'd live to see the day when my own husband would talk that way to me," she wailed.

"You make me want to hit you," he asserted.

"Myron Duckworth!" she exclaimed. "How can you possibly have such thoughts towards your lawfully wedded wife? If my dear mother were alive I'd take our two little ones and go right straight back to her. She wouldn't talk of striking me."

"She ain't your husband," said Myron. "At that, taking a slant at her when I first met you fifteen years ago, I might have guessed that you'd run according to pedigree."

"Are you insulting the memory of that dear sainted woman?" demanded Alice.

"I'm speaking my mind, that's all," he replied.

"All I mean is that she was no Cleopatra."

Alice sniffled more loudly than before. "I should say she wasn't! She was a deaconess in the church, and as pure and good a woman as ever breathed. And if I'm like her, I'm glad and proud. And you can bet that my father never wanted to hit her."

"That old sap didn't have pep enough to call his soul his own," sneered Myron.

"Abusing my parents!" sobbed Alice. "The next thing, you'll be abusing your own children."

"Oh, Lord!" said Myron. "If I say that it's a pleasant day and you look pretty good, it winds up in a row." He strode boldly to the door.

"Where are you going?" asked his wife.

"Out," he replied.

"If you come back with liquor on your breath—"

He didn't hear the finish of her threat. A hat jammed upon his head, he slammed the door of their apartment behind him and, disdaining the elevator, almost ran down the stairs to the street.

What a punk proposition marriage was! Children's underwear, curtains, cold cream, bargains, sullen servants, measles. What had happened to the romance that had enveloped them both in a sweet hazy cloud a dozen years ago? He could remember how he thrilled at the sight of her as he returned from the office each afternoon.

He hadn't been making so much money then. They had lived in a little parlor, bedroom and bath and kitchenette apartment on West Eleventh Street. Because it was on the undesirable ground floor, it had cost only fifty-five dollars a month.

He used to get off the "L" at Eighth Street. Just beyond the saloon on the corner was a florist's shop. You could get a bunch of violets for fifty cents, and on Saturdays, when you were flush, you could buy a dozen roses for a dollar and a half. You blew yourself to three cigars, and you bought a box of candy. Then you skirted Jefferson Market and strolled proudly, as befitted a husband and lover bringing gifts, towards Seventh Avenue.

Before your apartment-house you paused. There, behind the grating that protected your ground-floor domicile from burglars, you saw Alice.

The glint of copper was in her chestnut hair; there was a misty look in her blue eyes. As you stood there, the walls melted away and you saw the sweet outlines of her figure, and then a mist blurred your stone-piercing vision.

You went through the lobby like a whirlwind; the door opened before your trembling, eager hand could touch the knob; the perfume of her hair bewildered you; eager lips met your own; silly words, cooing endearments, possessive caresses—these met you.

You sat down in a Morris chair, with the loveliest girl in the world on your knee; you grinned ruefully as you found that two of the cigars in your breast pocket had been crushed. But you lighted the third and began discussing the evening plans.

Not on your life, your wife wasn't going to do any cooking on pay-day evening. Over at Cascelli's, on West Tenth Street, they serve the best *table d'hôte* in town. Only cost sixty-five cents, with a bottle of red wine. And, greatly daring, Alice would drink a cocktail. She might even, with a shy recklessness that enhanced her charm, smoke a cigaret.

And afterward you bought two orchestra seats at a good show; and then you took her to supper. Maybe you went to Ruchow's, on Fourteenth Street, but wherever you went, your best girl was with you, loving every minute of it. And then you went home, and oh, the glory of that sweet intimacy!

"And now I have a six-thousand-dollar-a-year apartment, and three servants, and a car and a chauffeur, and I'm a partner

# M<sup>Roche</sup> Married



Illustrations by  
Dudley G. Summers

in the business, and what fun do I have?" demanded Myron of himself.

Something had happened. Gone forever were the lover-like days. Some transition had taken place, and Alice and he were simply parents. Gosh, if he paid her a compliment, she no longer blushed; she told him not to be silly.

It wasn't as though they were old, or even middle-aged. He was thirty-seven and she was only thirty-two. Yet, for all the romance that was in their lives, they might be octogenarians.

Habit! Cruel, corroding habit had mastered them. They'd become accustomed to each other, and dulness had claimed them as its victims. Once in a while, in an effort to escape from monotony, he drank a bit too much. And now Alice had just called out something about liquor on his breath. Well, holy cats, it was the only way he could forget that he was married.

Not that he wanted to end his marriage. He loved Alice, and he knew that, in a big sisterly sort of way, Alice loved him. But he didn't want this; he wanted romance.

From his East Seventy-Fourth Street apartment, he proceeded west. He boarded a south-bound bus on Fifth Avenue. He sat on top, slumped in a rear seat, unseeing. At Washington Square he alighted. In the old days there had been a score of comfortable nooks in the neighborhood, where one could drive dull care away. In those sinful days of shocking memory there were places where you could get real German beer, honest English whisky, reputable Italian wine, and veritable French brandy.

In these virtuous days, the places are still there, and you may purchase the same beverages. Into one of them Myron turned. "Ain't seen you since they took the padlock off," said the genial proprietor. "You're lookin' kinda peaked."

"Feel sorta low in my mind," answered Myron. "Gimme some Scotch."

The drink was placed before him, and the proprietor lingered sociably. "Great weather we're having," he said.

"It's time the children put on summer underwear," stated Myron.

"The fish'll be biting in the brooks any day now," said the proprietor.

"Children want to scratch when they have measles," declared Myron.

"I bet the surf looks good down at Atlantic City," said his host.

"Lacy's basement is full of April bargains," said Myron.

"The trouble with you is you got a touch of spring fever," said the scornful of Mr. Volstead.

"The trouble with my wife is that she hasn't got it," said Myron. A third Scotch stood before him now, and his tongue was loosened.

"Wants to stick around the house with the kids, eh?"

"You said it," muttered Myron.

"Well, when a woman's that way, there ain't nothin' to be done except step out and look around."

"You don't understand," said Myron thickly. "I love my wife."

He drained his glass, said good-by to the proprietor and stepped out into Thompson Street. He might as well go home and take the bawling-out that Alice would certainly have ready for him. Doggone it, even the fellow that ran the gin mill felt the kick in the April air. Everybody did.

Look at that girl coming down the street, smiling, and smiling at him, Myron Duckworth. Why, good Lord, if he spoke to her . . .

Like a frightened child he darted across the street. This sort of temptation had never assailed him before; that it should have entered his head for a moment was an incredible wickedness.

So, fleeing from it in blind panic, he did not see the truck rounding the corner. He woke up in a West Side hospital.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

Myron put a hand to his bandaged head. "What happened?" he asked.

"You had as narrow an escape as a man could have," replied the doctor. "You were knocked out, but beyond a headache there's nothing much the matter with you."

"Can I go home?"

"Why not?" asked the doctor. "However, you'd better wait for your wife. At that, we never can tell what a wallop on the head will do to a man. We found your name and address in your pocketbook, so we telephoned Mrs. Duckworth ten minutes ago. She should be here any minute. Wait for her down-stairs."

Feverishly Myron dressed himself. By gosh, he wasn't going to see Alice yet awhile. What a lecture she would read him! She would know that he had had a drink or two. The antiseptics on his head would not kill the odor of the Scotch. And what answer could he make to her? Hang it all, hadn't the Scotch rendered him unaware of the approaching truck?

Wait a minute. The Scotch hadn't had a darn thing to do with it. It was a pretty girl, with an inviting smile, that had sent him careening into the truck.

A pretty girl! Well, the day had been when he'd not have run away from a girl's smile. Why shouldn't the day return? If he could get out of this hospital before Alice arrived . . . He could, and did.



By some happy accident, his clothing had not been soiled by the accident. He surveyed himself in a mirror in the accident ward, saw that he looked more than presentable, and hurried, directed by the ward nurse, to the office, where his pocketbook was restored to him. Then, careless of the fact that Alice might wonder and worry, he walked hastily out of the hospital.

Around a Sixth Avenue corner came a taxicab; its front tire blew up with a bang and the machine veered into the curb. Out of it stepped an exceedingly pretty girl. As she paid the taxi man, Myron caught her eye.

Men were arrested for deeds such as this, but three highballs and a rap on the temple had rendered Myron daring. He bowed with courtliness that surprised himself. "I don't know where you were headed when you had the blow-out," he said, "but I'd like to take you there. My name is Myron Duckworth."

The taxi man looked up menacingly from his tool-kit. "Lady, shall I bust him one? These mashers oughta be crowned."

"Why, no," she said, "this—this gentleman is a friend of mine."

MYRON slipped the girl's arm through his own. "What a corker you are!" he said. "For one second I thought maybe you'd faint or scream or do something else. Instead, you're letting me take you—where?"

She looked up at him shyly. "I'm not going anywhere special. Where do you want to go?" There was a musical lilt to her voice.

"Do you know what I'm going to call you? I'm going to call you April," said Myron. "What say you call me Myron?"

"All right, Myron," she replied.

He squeezed her arm against his side. "Lord, Lord, how long I've been waiting for you! Seems like you've been waiting for me, too. Do you really mean you'll go anywhere I want? Aw, gee, what a simp I am to think that a pipin like you would want to have anything to do with an old foggy like me!"

"I like an old foggy like you," she told him.

He swept his hat from his head. "But, listen, April, I'm bald!"

"No one would know it with that bandage," she replied. "Are you badly hurt?"

"Not a thing in the world the matter with me, except that I got some sense knocked into me. Sense enough not to want to run from a pretty girl. April, I'm in love with you. The minute you stepped out of that cab I knew you were the one girl for me. I wouldn't have gone looking for another girl."

"I wouldn't have gone looking for another man," she assured him.

His voice was almost reverent now. "I guess this is the real thing. And oh, April, what fools we'd be to let the real thing pass us by! April, you and I are going to Atlantic City. We can catch a one-o'clock train. We'll be there in time to ride a wheel-chair along the Boardwalk, in time to watch the late sunshine glitter on the breaking waves."

"I'll have to get clothes," she told him.

"October would have to get clothes; January would have to pack a bag; but April is unthinking; April doesn't worry. Clothes? I meant to pay a bill in cash this morning. I've all the money in the world in my pocket. April, we'll buy everything either of us needs in Atlantic City."

She looked at him. "Just as you say," she told him.

Myron Duckworth's uplifted hand brought a taxi skidding to a halt. "Pennsylvania Railroad Station," he ordered.

To be in a taxi with a charming woman who didn't pull her hand away from yours, who didn't say, "You're pressing my ring into my fingers and hurting me."

To arouse again in a pretty woman's eyes the look that, despite the dim light in the taxi, Myron could see in the eyes of his companion.

To know that humdrum cares and placidity and monotony were behind you for a while, and that romance was before you.

"I wanted a drawing-room, but all I could get were a couple of seats in the parlor-car," he told her as they moved away from the ticket window. "I wanted no one to see us, wanted to feel that no outsiders could observe us, could guess our love."

"We won't know that anyone else is in the train," she smiled. "At least, I won't. I'll only see you."

"Tell me all about yourself," he said as the train went through the tunnel.

She shook her head. "Let's not ask any questions about each other," she pleaded. "We have the present; part of the future is ours. Why bother with the past?"

Oh, this was the companion of one's dreams! Gracious, pretty, not too young and not too old, charming and fascinating. The sort of woman that your errant thoughts caught for a moment

## Romantic Though Married

in your dreams, and who then vanished as your eyes opened. Only this was no creation of fancy, this was a warmly human creature fashioned most adorably.

At the door of the hotel in Atlantic City, Myron bethought himself. "We have to have luggage," he cried.

"Let's go shopping," she suggested.

This was no hunting for suits that would fit little Myron, for frocks that would adorn baby Alice, for draperies for the drawing-room, for napkins or for bathmats.

There was an evening frock of yellow silk. Stockings and slippers to match it, and other fripperies from the purchase of which Myron turned.

"I'll have to make myself worthy of you," he said with a laugh. His mirth sounded strange to him; it held the gaily reckless quality of youth. "Buy everything you want while I'm seeing it a ready-made dinner jacket can be found to fit me."

"Don't be long," she smiled. "I might spend too much."

"That won't be the reason I'll hurry back," he assured her.

He found a shop where ready-made apparel was sold. A dinner suit, silk socks, evening shoes and all the rest of it were crowded into a bag, and with another empty bag he rejoined April at the modiste's. Her things were placed within the empty bag, and they turned back toward the hotel.

"Mr. and Mrs. Myron Duckworth," he wrote upon the register. "I want a suite," he said.

The affable clerk nodded reassuringly, as though to tell Myron that he need not make his voice too boldly defiant.

"Bedroom, dressing-room and living-room?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Myron.

The bell-boys dismissed, Myron reached for April. Gracefully she evaded him.

"I am dusty from the train; I know my nose is shiny. Wait until I beautify myself." She blew him a mocking kiss from the tips of rosy fingers.

Oh, to be companioned by one who knew how to play!

"I'll make myself handsome," he laughed.

As she disappeared into the bedroom, he opened his own bag. Half an hour later, a vision in a yellow frock, she entered the living-room. He would have kissed her, but, "Would you rumple my frock?" she asked.

"Oh, elusive April," he laughed. "But not always elusive?"

Her eyes were sufficient answer. His pulses raced as he escorted her to the elevator and the dining-room.

What a dinner this was! There had been other food as tempting, but never had it been, in many years, so sweetened by romance. And there had never been so marvelous a moon; never had its rays glinted so gorgeously upon the mysterious ocean. Never had there been music as sweet as the gentle surf upon the sands. But at last the wheel-chair ride was ended, and they were back in the apartment at the hotel.

HE HELD out his arms to her, and she seemed to drift into them. The sweetly modeled mouth touched his own, clung to it with a fervor that he had not experienced since long ago, when Alice and he had first surrendered to their love.

Alice! He was the husband of a woman who had borne him two children, whose loyalty to him was so great that she would never doubt his loyalty to her. Suppose she wasn't romantic any more? Good Lord, when a woman had to wrestle with the problems of servants, of schools, of the ailments of growing children, how could you expect her to be thinking only of kisses?

What a rotten trick he was playing upon Alice, who loved him and whom he loved! Yes, he loved Alice; he never had loved anybody else, and never could love anybody else, and never wanted to love anybody else.

He broke the enticing clasp that held him; his pale face removed itself from the flushed cheeks of April; he backed away from her. His hand went to his bandaged head.

"Gosh," he stammered. "I don't know what to say to you. A truck hit me today, and I guess I've been crazy. I've no right down here with you. I've no right being anywhere with anyone except my wife." His voice rose. "I want to go back to her. I'm going right back to her. I shouldn't have brought you here."

"Why not?" she asked. Tears trembled in her voice and yet, strangely, they were not the tears of the woman scorned. "Why, Myron, don't you know your own wife?"

He stared at her. "Good Lord, I'd forgotten you were my wife."

Her smile was provocative. "Don't you think you could keep on forgetting it for a little while longer?" she asked. "While you were buying the railway tickets I telephoned Nurse that we wouldn't be home for several days. The children are all right."



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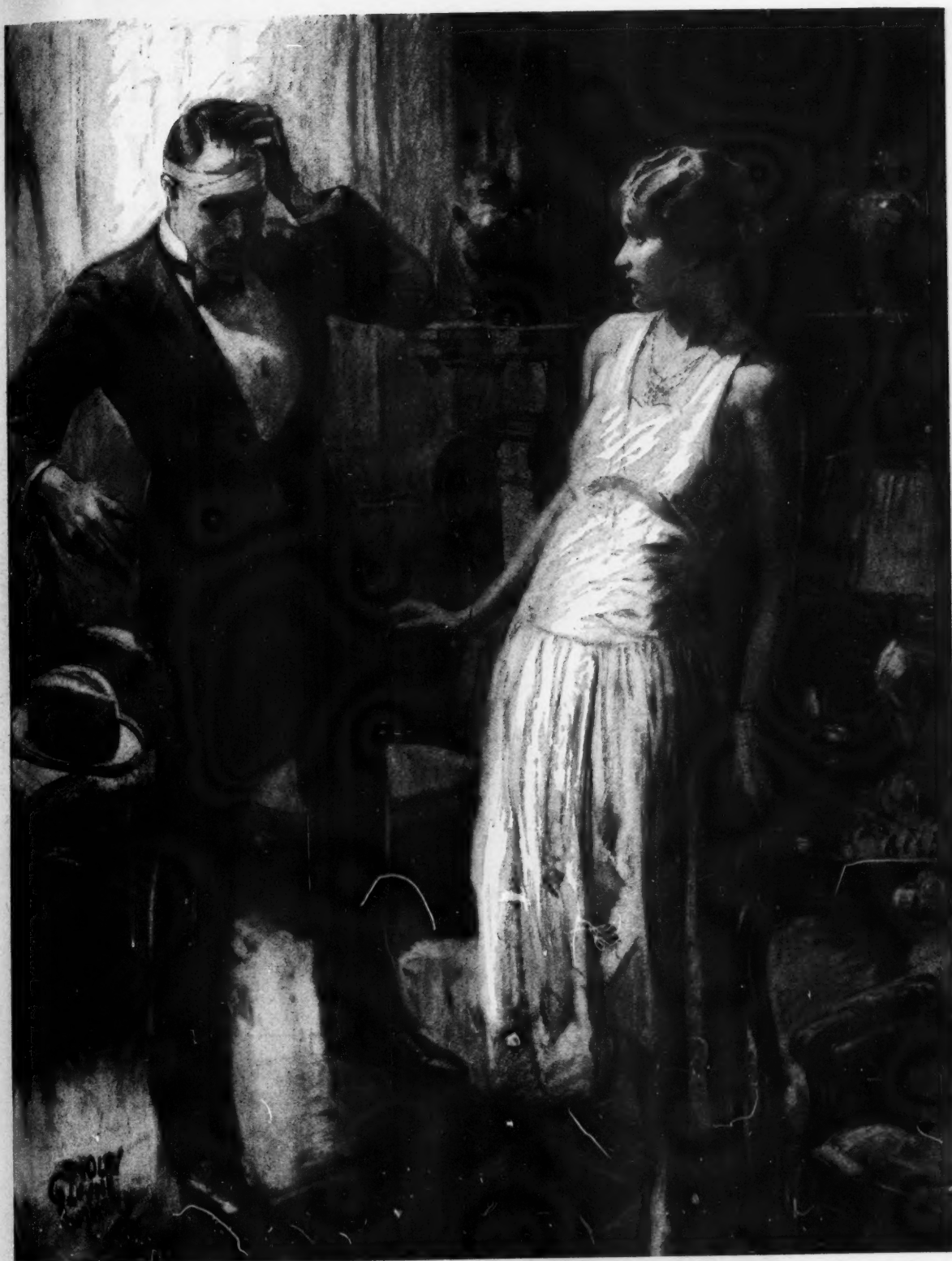
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**C** "A truck hit me today, and I guess I've been crazy," said Myron. "I've no right here. I'm going back to my wife."

Slowly she came toward him. Gosh, what a peach she was! You'd never guess that she had been married a dozen years and had two children.

"Myron," she said, "this is April."

Wives, I can't do a thing on earth for you.

Husbands, the driver of the truck is named Giuseppe Danelli;

he leaves his garage on Thompson Street at half past ten every morning.

He'll run you down free of charge.

Ah, you cautiously say, but he might not merely knock me out, he might kill me.

Well, what of it? If you can't have romance, you're as good as dead, aren't you?

# The Tidy Toreador



*Tidy has made a bit with Carmen, Son, like lightning biting a barn.*

I WAS visiting Dad Tully at his ranch. The old cattleman and I were seated in the veranda of his ranch-house which gave a view of a three-thousand-acre meadow dotted with cherry-red, pure-bred Hereford cattle. A faint blue haze hung upon the land; from afar came the tinkle of a bell; a heifer lowed and in the alder thicket down along the creek a cock quail called to his family to "Come right home! Come right home!" It was the hour for confidences, for reminiscences. It was first drink time!

"I hear a bell," I said presently.

"So do I," Dad replied without enthusiasm. "That comes from the El Toro Rancho three miles from here. Funny how a bell with a certain note'll carry that far. That's the bell on one o' Carmen Bond's prize Guernsey cows." He whooped in a manner faintly reminiscent of a hoot-owl and from somewhere in the rear of the house Zing, his Chinese cook and valet, answered with a similar hoot. "Nice girl, Carmen," said old Dad Tully. "I set a heap o' store by Carmen and Tidy Bond."

Then he was silent for a long time, in that exasperating way of his when he has something worth while to communicate. Zing appeared with what Dad always refers to as "the materials," and mixed the evening grog. It has the effect of loosening Dad's tongue.

"I'm for true love," said Dad Tully presently. "Did I ever tell you of the experience I had with Jasper Thornby, the drug-store king, Carmen, the heiress apparent, and Tidy Bond, a Prince Charming in chaps? Tidy married Carmen and over yonder's a ranch they amuse themselves spending money on and raising prize Guernsey cows, prize Duroc-Jersey swine, prize guinea-hens, prize Toggenburg goats and race-horses."

I reckon it's four years ago come this spring (he continued) when a large and resplendent foreign touring-car rolls up in front of this veranda, with two passengers in the tonneau—a man and a girl. The man lights and gives me his card, from which I discover he's Mr. Jasper Thornby, president of the Standard Drug Stores, Incorporated. So I name myself and he then introduces me to his daughter, Miss Carmen Thornby.

Well, Sir, it's just about first drink time and I'm a mite low in spirits on account of not having anybody around to drink with, in consequence of which it seems I'm doomed to be a teetotaler that day. So naturally I welcome Jasper Thornby and Miss Carmen, Zing brings out the materials and I shake 'em up a child of my own which I call an alfalfa cocktail for lack of something better to name it. Zing, seeing baggage strapped on the trunk rack of the car, goes down and brings it into the spare rooms, sets two extra places, sends the chauffeur over to the cook-house for dinner, and phones the foreman to rustle a bed for the boy to flop in.

"Good gracious, Pa," says Carmen. "It seems we've been captured."

"Why, I haven't seen nothing more human than a cow hand for a week, Miss Carmen," I says. "Instinct tells me you folks called on business and I never talk business after first drink time. If you or your pa got some business to talk over with me it's got to wait until after breakfast tomorrow morning."

"I think you're an old darling, Mr. Tully," says Carmen, "and we accept your hospitality with glee. Otherwise we'll have to motor back to town, twenty miles over a dusty road in the dark."

# A Love Story from Happy Valley

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops

Her father unbends a kink or two and assures me they can't think of imposing on my hospitality. He's pompous and I don't like him.

"Have another alfalfa cocktail, Mr. Thornby," I says. "The man ain't been born that's ever imposed on me. Uncoil yourself from your accustomed dignity, my Friend, and try being human and company at the same time."

Carmen lets out a hearty chuckle at that. "Isn't he gorgeous?" she cries, addressing her parent as if I'm not even present. Then she goes in and prowls around through the house and talks with Zing and returns to inform Jasper Thornby that everything is gorgeous.

If I'd been a young feller I'd have told her that she was the most gorgeous gal that ever I see. Son, that Carmen's as beautiful as an army with banners. She's what you call vital—got more pep and go than a runaway horse, yet she ain't too exuberant. She gives me the impression she's always on watch for something to be joyous about and when she gets enthusiastic about anything you get enthusiastic about it too, although maybe a minute before you were non-committal about it—not to say morose.

She ain't a big girl but she just seems to fill this whole veranda and completely dwarf Jasper Thornby, and I gather the impression she's plumb in love with life. Added to this charm, she's simple and natural and highly intelligent; her pa and I haven't more than disposed of our first alfalfa cocktail before the thought strikes me that if I was forty years younger I'd most certainly have something sweet and confidential to say to that young woman. Son, she sort of lights up the ranch.

At dinner I observe Zing keeping both slant eyes and both ears open while passing the grub and once or twice he has difficulty repressing a smile at the things she says—or rather the way she says them. She treats old Jasper Thornby like he's her pal instead of her father. Occasionally she calls him "Jasper, darling."

I don't believe you ever met my young friend Tidy Bond, did you? His given name is Horatio, but on account of him being one of those rare human beings that can ride all day in sweat and dust, have his horse roll on him and crash his way through the chaparral, but never show signs of it like other men, he gets the nickname of Tidy. He's just naturally neat and expert at dodging dirt. He looks neat, too. His clothes always fit him and he has the trick of fitting his clothes, and nothing

short of a cataclysm of nature can keep that boy from shaving every morning and brushing his teeth every time he eats. Why, Tidy even carries his tooth-brush and shaving outfit on the round-up and if he can't get hot water from the cook, he'll take it ice-cold!

Tidy's a sort of protégé of mine. He's the son of the best foreman I ever had and from babyhood up till he's fourteen years old the only home he knows is my ranch. About that time his father and mother make a visit to San Francisco and the day following their arrival the earthquake and fire come along and from that day to this we haven't heard hide nor hair of Tidy's parents. So I sort of took the boy on as my protégé, nobody else appearing to clamor for the job and me being wishful for a youth around the house to keep me from getting old too fast.

I ship Tidy away to a military academy and when he finishes there I put him through the University of California. All his vacations he spends on the ranch here with me. Before he enters college we have a powwow as to what line of endeavor he's to follow, I being dead set against him engaging in the cattle business, notwithstanding the fact that I've got one of the best little cow outfits in California and nobody to leave it to but Tidy. We finally agree that the big money for the future lies in chemistry. There's a heap of nature's secrets still to unravel for the benefit of mankind and Tidy has natural yearning to tackle any up-hill job.

Now, I reckon Tidy, owing to his early raising, is about the only bang-up chemist in captivity who knows all about cows and their home life, and who hasn't a thing to learn about operating a cow outfit, breaking horses and riding them. What he's mostly shy on is a knowledge of the gentler sex, although about the time Carmen Thornby and her dad light at the ranch Tidy is getting to an age where he's bound to remedy this deficiency or bust a tug trying. Previous to this he's been too busy to adventure, but now he's got more money than some folks have hay and the reason how come he got it is a story all by itself.

When Tidy gets out of college in the middle of summer he comes back to the ranch for a rest. He's got some new theories regarding the electron and the atom which require time and solitude and most of a lifetime to figure out, so he decides he'll go down on the Klamath Indian reservation where I'm running some





ten thousand head and take over one of the outposts there, looking after the cattle in that district, putting out salt for them, et cetera. It ain't a very difficult job and Tidy has a lot of spare time on his hands and no interruption.

So he stays out there until the beef round-up and what with doing his own cooking and eating mostly canned goods I reckon his blood gets out of order, because he develops a case of boils equal to the one that harassed the late Job. Simultaneous, he acquires the great-grandfather of all the cases of poison-oak on record, and he's sure a miserable specimen of young manhood when old Chief Sassy Jack, of the Modoc tribe, happens by one day, figuring on bumming some grub and tobacco.

Finding Tidy scarcely fit to move, the well-springs of mercy rise up in Chief Sassy Jack's heathen heart and he allows he'll fix the boy up in jig-time with some of his Indian medicine. So he rides off and don't get back until sunset next day, but he's carrying a sack of fine ocher-tinted earth on his pommel when he arrives. He mixes a sort of earthen batter and applies it to Tidy's hide, and the next morning the swelling has gone down on Tidy and the itch is all out of his poison-oak. Then Sassy Jack gets busy poulticin' the boils and the way he cures them up is proof that the day of miracles is still with us.

Tidy won't let Sassy Jack leave him now on a bet and as Sassy Jack never did have any place in particular to go to or any business calling him there, he ain't hard to persuade to stay. Presently a pack outfit of summer vacationists stops by and there's a woman in the party that's been sunburned to such an extent she's a living example of the skin you hate to touch. Tidy induces the party to camp there all night. Then he mixes up some of his batter and applies it to the lady and the next morning she remembers him in her prayers.

A week later a prospector comes along and him suffering from prickly heat. Tidy cures him up and starts praying for a case of eczema to experiment on. He has to ride clear into Klamath Falls to find that, but when he does the eczema yields to Sassy Jack's cure almost as quick as Lazarus got clean when the Lord commanded him to cut out the leprosy and behave himself.

The upshot of it is Tidy makes an agreement with Chief Sassy Jack to keep him and his family in clothing and grub all winter provided Sassy Jack leads him to the spot where he finds this stuff. It looks like fullers' earth to Tidy, and Sassy Jack shows him a young mountain of it. Upon looking it up on the map, Tidy finds this great cure-all lies in the public domain, so he files on it, puts up a shack and turns nester. Meanwhile he's been busy with the stuff in a laboratory and discovers just what ingredients it contains.

The next thing I know he's sold me on the proposition, so I dig up fifty thousand dollars to enable Tidy to put his nature's remedy on the market. He calls it Skin Balm and starts advertising it and placing it in drug stores. The fifty thousand is gone like the sixty days you borrow money for, with nothing to show in the way of profits, but after a struggle with myself I dig up fifty more, and Tidy puts on a bill-board campaign.

The first thing we know business is picking up, and as the merits of Skin Balm become known the proposition gathers speed like a landslide. When he has Skin Balm going good on the Pacific Coast, Tidy spreads out East, and to make a long story longer he's worth about ten millions when he decides he's worked hard enough and it's time to come up and visit with his old cow-pardner.

He's run the wolf clear off my ranch, of course, although that hasn't made me any happier. I've always had enough for my needs and I'm too old to start learning the fine art of making and spending money in gobs. Tidy has his first fight with me when I decline to take half the Skin Balm Company, and tell him that all I want is my money back at eight percent, which is what a cow-man has to pay when he rents money on a chattel mortgage.

There ain't a bit of sense in me taking half of that Skin Balm at my age only to have it come back to Tidy when I cash in and sit back from the game of life. Added to that, I got to pay income taxes on it while I live and an inheritance tax when I die. Meanwhile I don't need it—and if I should, why there's Tidy always ready to give me a leg up!



*It's nip and tuck whether*

Now, Tidy's idea of a vacation is to get into his overalls and chaps, cinch a saddle on one of his old saddle-horses and work cattle with the outfit. He's down at the railroad helping make a shipment the day the Thornbys drop in on me, so naturally I know he won't be home to dinner and if I don't move fast the chances are he never gets a look at Carmen! Yes, Sir, you've guessed it!

The minute I lay eyes on that young lady I decide to run Tidy's brand and earmark on her, which is why I fixed it to have them stay all night, and refuse to discuss whatever Jasper Thornby has to discuss until after breakfast next day! In some ways I'm almost as smart as a mule!



*Tidy or the bull gets to Carmen first. Tidy lets out a whoop of encouragement. "Run for the car!"*

Well, Sir, after breakfast Jasper plants his fat self down in that there wicker chair and allows the Tully Ranch is just about what the doctor ordered. Then he confides he's out to buy a piece of it. He wants Happy Valley, which the same you know—twenty-five hundred acres of subirrigated meadow, with bluegrass, sweet clover and timothy growing thick as fur on a cat and shoulder high to a horse.

Happy Valley lies yonder, hemmed in by bare craggy buttes, with Buttonwillow Creek, carrying five hundred miners' inches of water even in dry years, running right through the center of it. It's just a lovely little punch-bowl of a valley and when the cattle are on it after the hay's been put up it certainly is a pleasant sight

and the pride of my heart. And here's this Jasper Thornby asking me to sell it to him. Somehow I like him even less for that!

My back hackles come up at the mere thought of selling Happy Valley right out from under my cows, so I tell Jasper, with a touch of brevity, that Happy Valley ain't for sale.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Tully," says Jasper. "All things are for sale at a price. Name a figure."

"Happy Valley is part of the happiness I get out of life and all or any part of my happiness ain't for sale at any price," I tell him.

I reckon that having been sinfully rich for a good many years, and with maybe fifty thousand people on his pay-roll, which

gives a man a sense of power, Jasper don't take kindly to being crossed in his desire. He wants what he wants when he wants it and when he can't get it he thinks the world's ag'in him. Anyhow, he's the king of the drug business in this country and being a king he can't abdicate any proposition in a hurry.

"That Happy Valley acreage is worth about a hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre for dairying purposes, and that's giving it far from a conservative appraisal," he announces. "I'll give you two hundred, cash on the nail, take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it, my Friend," I says.

"You're crazy," he yells, real loud. "What I'm offering you is half a million cold cash dollars. That's quite a sum of money to get in cash. It's more than you'll make out of all your ranch and cattle if you live to be a hundred."

"I'd rather have Happy Valley than the money, Mr. Thornby."

"You're trying to put the wind up on me. I tell you I've offered you half a million cold cash dollars. Think of it. Half a million."

"Jasper Thornby, darling," says Carmen, soft and low, "you're getting into deep water close to the shore."

"You keep quiet, Carmen," Jasper yells. "I come all the way out here to put over a trade and I'm going to put it over. I'll make the price six hundred thousand and not a penny more. I'm being good-natured, you see, Mr. Tully, because I want Happy Valley."

I REACHED into the drawer of that little table Zing sets the drinks on, and got out a pair of dice. "Just to show you that once in a while a fellow can scare a dead-game sport up out of the tall grass," I says very patient and polite, "I'll just roll you, one flop and high man out, for your dog-gone six hundred thousand dollars."

"That's gambling," says Jasper. "I'm a business man, not a gambler."

"Maybe I'm a piker," I suggest. "I'll make it an even million."

"That's trading talk, Pa," says Carmen, very solemn and serious. "Go on, be a sport. Roll Mr. Tully for a million dollars, one flop, high man out."

"You got a million dollars, cash?" says this drug-store king.

"No," I says, being truthful even when it hurts, "but I know where I can get it, and I won't have to put up any collateral either."

"Well, I play for keeps," says Jasper. "You show me where your check's good for a million dollars and I'll take you on."

"Just wait half a minute, Mister," I says, for at that moment I see Tidy Bond riding up the lane. He's brought the mail with him and is letting his horse amble home whilst he reads the paper.

"Oh, what a perfectly picturesque cowboy!" says Carmen softly. Having spotted Tidy, her mind is now plumb off gambling.

Tidy's riding a palamino gelding, with silver points, a big, strong, active, square-action horse that could win in any horse show where a cow-man did the judging. The bridle cost forty dollars new and has a silver-mounted half-breed bit; the boselle is brand-new and mighty handsome, a recent gift from Chief Sassy Jack, as is likewise the thirty-foot macarte. The saddle's all hand-carved with twenty-one-inch *tapaderas* and a new fifty-foot *riata* at the pommel.

Tidy's wearing a soft, gray, sensible hat—none of your five-gallon variety—pinched to a peak and set just a mite to one side on his intelligent head, to make the boy look jaunty—and that Tidy certainly does look jaunty on a horse. He'd look jaunty on a burro. His shirt is blue flannel with pearl buttons, he's wearing a black silk Windsor tie, a pair of new blue denim overalls, his boots cost fifty dollars and they're still showing considerable of the high polish Zing put on them when Tidy started down to the railroad with the drive four days before. His spurs jingle a little; they're brass inlaid with silver and polished till they shine.

As for looks, Tidy ain't pretty, but he's doggoned good-looking as men go. He's got a man's face that'll grow a bumper crop of whiskers if neglected, and I've noticed that it's the hairy fellows that carry the most masculinity. He's about five feet ten and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds—a well-made young feller

if I ever see one. Still, you could pass Tidy in a crowd if you didn't happen to notice his smile. I've seen that boy smile at stray dogs that had been tin-canned and was suspicious of all mankind, and right off they'd smile back the way a dog does and come right up to him and say "Howdy!"

AS HIS horse ambles up abreast of those steps Tidy looks up from his newspaper and smiles at me. "Hello, there, old settler," he says to me, and lifts his hat in a grave, polite way, to the visitors.

"Come up, Tidy," I says, "and be introduced."

While he's swinging off the palamino I take a look at Carmen to see how Tidy strikes her. Son, she's gazing at him with a sort of awe in her eyes, and while I never had enough Romance in my life to be an authority on the subject, a still small voice whispers to me that this here ignorant boy has made a hit and don't know it. Son, it's like lightning hitting a barn! There's a little color come into Carmen's cheeks and I see her bosom rise and fall twice, and right then and there the devil whispers to me and I listen.

"Miss Carmen Thornby," I says, "may I be privileged to present my ranch foreman, Mr. Bond. Mr. Jasper Thornby, Mr. Bond."

Tidy gives me one quick look. He don't know what I'm up to, introducing him as my foreman, but far be it from that boy to speak out of his turn. Nor does he display his stock of society manners. Not Tidy! He takes his hat off and holds it in both hands in front of his chest and bows like a squinch owl and grins and says—nothing. Exactly nothing—to Carmen. He offers his hand to Jasper, who don't see it and gives him a patronizing nod. Evidently Jasper can't see any reason why I should bother to introduce this cow waddy to him and his daughter.

"Tidy," I says, "hop in the car and run to town to the bank and bring me back a certified check for a million dollars."

Tidy looks at me very solemn. "Mr. Tully," he says severely, "do you want this money to gamble with? I see you got a pair of dice in your hand."

"Tidy," I says, "much as I hate to contemplate such an action, I fear I'll have to fire you some day for asking impertinent questions. However, seeing as how you're interested I'll admit that it is my intention to roll Mr. Thornby the bones, one flop, for a million dollars."

Now, Tidy knows I'm not crazy enough to gamble a million dollars on the roll of two dice unless I have an extraordinary reason why I can't afford to put my tail between my legs. He figures I'm bluffing more or less and that my bluff has been called,

in consequence of which it is up to him to help me out. He gives Jasper a cool but not too unpleasant look.

"This is the first time I ever see you acting like a piker, Boss," he says. "Why waste your time and energy at your age? Roll him for two millions."

"Suits me," I says, all atremble inside and wondering how far this drug-store king will go, for by this time I know he controls about two thousand drug stores all over the country and I'm afraid of him. I needn't have been. My *savoir-faire*, as Tidy calls it, has him mystified. He don't think I can make good but he's afraid I may if he crowds me. So he hedges.

"I'll withdraw that offer to roll you for a million and substitute another proposition. I don't want your million, but I do want Happy Valley. I'll give you seven hundred thousand for it."

"If you'll excuse me for a few minutes, Mr. Thornby," I says, "I'll retire and talk this over with my foreman, in whose judgment I have a heap of confidence."

So I'm excused and Tidy and I walk over by the barn and lean up against the door and go into executive session.

"What do you think of her, Tidy?" is my opening gun.

"Nothing, Dad. I'm struck dumb. Oh, what a lallapalooza of a girl and what an old badger of a father!"

"I held 'em here all night just to give you a chance to make your appraisal. I got an idea that maybe, if you play your cards right, you can win Jasper for a father-in-law, although you may not want him. That man's pretty high and mighty for a feller that started life jerking soda in a drug store. I notice he couldn't see your hand when you offered it."

"He'd have embraced me if he knew I owned Skin Balm. His agents have been after me to sell out to (Continued on page 144)





By Gouverneur Morris

# The Bird in the Bush

A Story of a  
Discontented  
WIFE

"Are you proposing to me?" asked Vivian.

Illustrations by  
Harrison Fisher

SAMUEL GAY had visited the University of California library to see the marvelous but ill-hung copies of Velasquez painted by that captivating Spanish gentleman Señor Moya del Pino, and was returning to San Francisco. A fog of incredible opacity had rolled in through the Golden Gate, and all the ferry-boats were blowing their fog-horns and feeling their way. The ferry-boat in which Mr. Gay was traveling had a minor collision with another ferry-boat and during the panic and excitement a pretty girl, whom in a casual and bashful way he had been eying from time to time, was robbed of her purse.

There was no chance to detect the thief. For in two or three minutes more the ferry-boat had made her landing and the crowd was pushing its way ashore. Samuel Gay kept close to the pretty girl.

She appeared to be in a state of mind bordering on despair. Twice he cleared his throat. Why not speak to her? He was old enough to be her father. And his intentions were merely charitable. But he hesitated. He was very shy. Then she turned her head a little and without appearing to see him looked straight at him. And he spoke. He had a very pleasant, quiet way of speaking.

"Was there much money in your purse?" he asked.

"All I have—had. Enough to take me to Los Angeles. I was going into pictures. And now I don't know what I'm going to do."

"You must let me help you," he said, "and not give the matter two thoughts more."

The crowd had gone its ways, but Gay and the girl remained for some moments in the ferry building quietly talking.

"I don't think you mean to be anything but kind," she said presently, "and if you can afford to help me, why, Lord knows I'm not in a position to refuse."

Forthwith he helped her, and most efficiently. He put her in a taxi, bag and baggage, gave her a five-dollar bill and some silver, and sent her to the St. Francis Hotel.

"You pay the taxi," he said, "and register and get settled. Meanwhile I'll cash a check and in about an hour I'll bring you

the money, and we'll arrange everything. My name is Gay. What is yours?"

"Vivian Roberts."

"Very well, Miss Roberts. In about an hour."

On his way to get the check cashed, Mr. Gay stopped at a florist's where he had an account and sent her some flowers.

"I'm fussing over her as if she were my own daughter," he thought. "As a matter of fact she is devastatingly pretty. And if she isn't sweet and good I'll never

guess again." He began to hate the thought that when he had given her the money she needed, she would thank him and pass out of his life forever. "Perhaps she will write to me and tell me how she gets on in pictures."

She was very happy with the flowers. And it was arranged that she should not leave for Los Angeles until the next day.

"We San Franciscans," he said, "are very proud of our city. And we love to show it to strangers. We'll dine at an Italian place where we can get good cocktails and a bottle of wine. And afterwards we'll go to Coffee Dan's and laugh our heads off with Frank Shaw."

BUT they didn't go to Coffee Dan's, for when it got to be ten o'clock, Samuel Gay no longer wanted to laugh. It seemed to him that Vivian was sweet as honey, and very rare, and he had fallen in love with her. And could by no means contemplate a future in which she did not appear.

"But about pictures," he said. "How are you going to get a start? It isn't easy. I've heard stories."

"Why," she said, "you go to the different casting directors and apply for work. I imagine that it's entirely a question of looks. If a girl has a pretty face and slim ankles, she seems to get on in pictures. Of course, if nobody thinks I'm pretty, why, I'll be up against it."

"Are you so crazy to be in pictures?"

"Being in pictures seems to be the best honest way for a girl to get on. I've got to get on. Father and Mother have nothing. Father works, of course, but he can't save. So it's all up to me. I've a married brother, but his hands are full."

"Of course," he said, "I think that you are perfectly exquisite to look at. Leonardo drew just such heads as yours. But I've heard that cameras don't always see heads and faces as the human eye sees them. I would bet any amount of money that

you will have a great career in pictures. But suppose you don't. Suppose you can't even get a start."

"I'll have to cross that bridge when I come to it. But I won't even think about it now, you've been so kind. And dinner was such fun and so good."

"If things don't go the way you hope, will you write and tell me?"

"I think you've done enough for me."

"It would be a great privilege to do a lot more. I'd like—I'd like to fix things so that you'd never have to worry about anything any more."

"But wouldn't the fact that I had let you fix them worry me?"

"It would depend altogether on how they were fixed. Suppose I had a right to fix them."

"I don't quite understand."

"If I were a relative I'd have the right."

"But you're not."

"I could become a relative."

She laughed at this, and said, "Are you proposing to me?"

"Why, yes," he said, his face brightening. "I think I am. I know I am. Why bother about a career when there's a rich man, with a respectable reputation, asking you to be his wife?"

"I simply don't believe that you are in earnest."

"I am. I am a San Franciscan. Therefore I am always romantic and in a hurry. And I love you."

"That's nonsense."

"It isn't. It's wonderful. And if you'll give me a chance, I'll always love you and be good to you."

"I believe that—that you'd always be good to me. But it wouldn't be fair. I have nothing to give you in return. I even owe you the money that's going to give me a start."

"Don't start," he said. "Please don't. If you start and fail, why, then if you married me, you would say to yourself that you were marrying me for my money. But if you don't start you can say to yourself 'If I had started I would have succeeded. I would have earned thousands of dollars a week. I would have had a great career. Well, I didn't start. I gave up my career for the sake of the man I am marrying.' That would make us square with each other—you giving all you have, and I the same. Don't say no—not now. Sleep on the idea."

VIVIAN ROBERTS slept so soundly on the idea that she never gave it a thought.

"He's a perfect dear," she said to herself. "but it must have been the cocktails and the wine. No man in his senses proposes to a penniless girl whom he meets for the first time. But it would be nice, all things being equal, just to stop struggling and flop down in a comfortable chair and be petted and taken care of."

Samuel Gay was at the train to see her off. He had not slept. If the wine had made him over-enthusiastic, the effects of the wine had worn off, and he was still in love. But perhaps he was less in love with Vivian than with the idea of being in love with her—with the idea of being steadily kind and generous to something young and grateful and trusting.

They had ten minutes before the train pulled out.

"Listen," he said, "I don't want you to think that I talked the way I did because I was tight. I wasn't. I'm not now. I feel just the same. Please don't go to Hollywood. If you do go and don't get even a start—and that's possible—why, then a marriage between us could never be the same fine, generous contract that it would be now. It couldn't possibly hurt you to stay here a few days longer. This means so much to me. I ask you as a favor—give me this chance. All I ask is that we lunch and dine and go to shows together and shop, just the way we'd do if we were married. And if that kind of life doesn't seem good enough to you, why, then it's not too late to go on to Hollywood and start the great career."

"You know," she said quickly, "and I'm honest with you, I hate the idea of working. I'm lazy. I'm tired of ups and downs—mostly downs. And I like you. You've been perfectly darling to me. But—"

"I'm only asking for a few days—for a week. And I'll promise not to be a nuisance."

She made a sudden decision. "Well, then," she said, "get my bags out of the compartment. But you'll have to hurry."

He rescued the baggage, and the train pulled out without her, and she was glad that it had, and sorry.

At first she did not wish to take things from him, but he overrode her objections.

"The idea," he said, "was for you to try for a week how you liked being made over and having everything done for you. If

we were married we'd go shopping and look at pretty clothes and buy them and anything else that you wanted or needed. How can you find out whether you want to be my wife or not if you don't experiment with some of the privileges she would have?"

She gave in little by little. At first she would only let him buy for her things that she really needed, and found it wonderfully comforting to have even those. Then she let him buy her a few things that she merely wanted, and found that her heart was softening towards him.

It was a wonderful week, of taxis, theaters, long country runs in Gay's powerful roadster, of pretty clothes and flowers. She had feared that he would make love to her, but he didn't. He was far too good a gentleman to take advantage of the situation. And she knew presently that she had never known a man with so many attractive and disarming qualities.

AT THE end of the week, he said, "Now, my dear, are you going to go on, or to stop?"

And she said that he had made her very happy, and that if he was still foolish enough to wish to marry her, she couldn't be such a fool as to refuse him.

He drew a very long, happy breath. "I am head over ears crazy about you," he said, "and if you had said no I should have curled up and died. And that's that."

She wondered if he would take her at once to the license bureau and marry her out of hand. But he had a better plan.

"I think," he explained, "that you should go back to your people in Seattle. I'll follow by the next train. I'll court you very hard, and we'll be married from your father's house, and that will give us a better background to start from. I want your father and mother and your friends to approve of me before I am your husband."

So he shipped her off to Seattle in a drawing-room filled with flowers and candy and magazines and followed on the next train, and courted her, and made friends with her mother and put her father on a better financial footing, and rented a better house for him to live in, and was married to her in church with bridesmaids and a best man and ushers brought up from San Francisco and beautiful front-page write-ups in all San Francisco and Seattle newspapers. He was richer than she had dreamed, and he loved her with the ardor of a boy. Her nest was feathered with diamonds and pearls.

A dozen years ago our story would have ended right here. Fashion in those old dead days decreed that a love story end with a wedding or the happy knowledge that one was to take place. But present-day readers are more interested in what happens after a marriage than in the events which lead up to it. And this modern and more sane fashion has pretty well relegated the happy ending to the scrap basket.

Almost all lives are touched here and there with happiness; more than once, sometimes. And often enough marriage proves to be the happy experience. We have all seen young people, and even middle-aged people, so ecstatically married that they could not have been happier in Eden; but in most cases the ecstasy degenerated. At best it degenerated into a kind of stodgy, give-and-take contentment, and at worst, of course, into a kind of hell on earth.

Gay and his wife were ecstatically happy for several days. Gay would have remained ecstatically happy for an indefinite period, because he was easy-going, sweet-tempered and passionately in love. But Vivian had a harder row to hoe. She was sweet-tempered in the main, but she was also hot-tempered. She had her moments of passion, but she was not in love. And her good qualities, which had stood adversity very well indeed, disintegrated like the soldiers of Hannibal under the corroding influences of luxury. The fact that she now had everything which a young and pretty wife ought to have—and very much more besides—instead of making her grateful to her husband, made her conceited. And you might have thought that she had always dressed in silk, lived in a great house, and given orders to servants.

If Gay sometimes deplored the ego which was creeping into all her thoughts and actions, he made no complaint. He was very much in love with her and very proud of her. She had needed only the caressing grooming of luxury to make her truly beautiful to the eye. And it was obvious that the world would take pleasure in looking at her.

Humble moments in which she said, "You do too much for me. You're spoiling me" became rarer. And although she never had to ask for anything twice, she found after a while that it was easier simply to get the thing and charge it, and the world was so kind to her and deferential that she began to regard herself as a person of great importance.

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**C***Vivian said Gay had ruined her life. She had given up her career for him. But she would show him.*

At the end of a year, Gay discovered that he was no longer the husband of a beautiful and indulgent wife, but the lover of a peremptory and moody mistress whose favors were entirely at her own disposal. And although she continued the picture of health,

in spite of late hours and immense disbursements of energy, she began to find it convenient to form against him little alliances with headaches, backaches and sleepiness.

She was never sleepy until the last (Continued on page 159)



*A Novel of*  
**Dangerous Love**  
*by*  
**Rex**  
**Beach**



*The Story So Far:*

WHILE on an all-too-brief visit home from the trenches, Leslie Hatten, son of a poor Florida farmer, met and loved Mavis, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic New York family. In those war days women did mad, impulsive things. Leslie cut a handsome and dashing figure in his uniform of the French Foreign Legion; and impulsively and secretly Mavis married him.

This was almost the moment before Leslie's transport sailed, and he was left with unsatisfied emotional longings, and the memory of warm lips and a seductive face. In the hell of the trenches, these longings and memories ate deep into his subconscious, and Leslie came out of the war in a nervous state bordering on shell-shock, intent only on meeting Mavis again.

But Mavis did not await him. Instead, his friend Larry Thurber informed him that her family had had the marriage annulled, and Mavis had married again. Bruised still more deeply in spirit by this news, Leslie went back to his home town of Evergreen, in Florida, determined to keep away from everyone—especially women—and live the life of a hermit until he fought his way back to sanity.

For this purpose he began to work the run-down farm left by his father, hiring such negro help as he could get, among them Double R Murphy and his wife Kissie, squatters on the place. And he soaked himself in the daily hard labor of field and orange grove.

But he was not to be left alone. As a boy there had been a love affair between Leslie and Rose Henderson. Leslie had practically run away because Rose, a determined and emotional girl, was too importunate; and Rose, in pique, had married Lon Henderson. The affair had created gossip; it created much more when Leslie returned. Lon, a member of the Klan, threatened to have Leslie run out of town.

Leslie heard a good deal of talk of the Klan, notably from Double R, and also from Marvin Swallow, a young deputy sheriff, one of his infrequent visitors, a diamond in the rough with whom he struck up a genuine friendship. Marvin was in love with Jessie, the daughter of peppery Judge Peebles, who also was friendly toward Leslie.

It was not long before Rose called on Leslie, lovelier now that she was a woman, and terribly disturbing to him in his brooding state. That first visit contained only bantering conversation. She called at other times when he was out, and he began to notice an attitude of unfriendliness among the townspeople.

Finally Rose made a visit during which she frankly and ardently made love to Leslie. Angry, almost yielding, he put her out of the house. She smashed a window; whereupon Leslie had to come out and carry her to her car, while she rained kisses on his face. He cursed her. "You—idiot!" she said as her car leaped forward. "If I ever come back, it will be when you send for me. But—if I come, I'll come to stay."

HATTEN behaved like a man in a trance for the rest of that afternoon: he dreaded to see night approach. Before supper he went down to the spring and plunged in, but he found the water was not cold enough to kill the fever that raged in him. He returned in the dusk and mechanically prepared his meal, then after he had washed his

dishes he began a restless pacing of the premises. He could not sit still. His nerves were jumping and his muscles jerked. He was like a suffering drug addict. It was maddening. He had known turmoil before but nothing like this. What devils were these that followed a man into hiding, uncovered his grave, dug him out for torture? "Something to think about?" Lord, yes!

Peace! He had come here for peace! The idea made him laugh bitterly . . . Speaking of drugs, he would be driven to using them if this kept up. Why not? Anything was better than these burning, sleepless nights, these nights of strain and yearning that unraveled a fellow, left him weak and hysterical . . . First Mavis! And now Rose! Rose, waiting for him to send for her. He could feel her lips pressed against his face, her arms about his neck . . .

Oh, yes, this was the monster's hour, he was a creature of horns and hoofs tonight!

There came the sound of a car approaching and Hatten stopped. So did his breath. Somebody was calling him. A moment and then he heard steps on the porch—a hand upon the door. The door opened, and Marvin Swallow came in out of the night.

Hatten assumed later that he must have greeted his caller intelligibly, that he must have carried himself in other ways much as usual, for Swallow stayed. He even asked if he might borrow a bite of supper. He had been off on a trip, he explained, and his car had developed some sort of lung trouble on the way home. He had fancied he might experience difficulty getting to town with it so he had turned in here. Perhaps Hatten would hold a light for him, later, and between them they might be able to diagnose the pulmonary affliction. Meanwhile, he was hungry enough to eat a harness.

Here was relief indeed. Once Leslie had pulled himself together he voiced a welcome that was almost too exuberant to sound genuine. With alacrity he began to set his table, and as he passed back and forth to the kitchen he chattered volubly.

When Marvin had satisfied his appetite he suggested that they have a smoke and together they went out on the porch.

"What happened to yonder window?" the caller inquired. "Looks like you'd had a rukus."

"Oh, that!" Hatten shrugged. "Double R ran a ladder through it. He's the awkwardest nigger on the place."

Swallow smoked not one but several pipes of tobacco and seemed to be loath to resume his journey, a fact that was doubly pleasing to his host. He talked more than usual, too, and as time wore on and he delayed his going on one pretext or another Leslie began to suspect a reason. As an officer, Marvin had made enemies: more than once he had been shot at; it was only natural that he should face with reluctance a trip to town at this hour of the night. What luck this was!

# The Mating Call

Illustrations  
by  
W. B. King



**C** "If old folks,"  
said Jessie, "only  
knew as much as  
we young people! Must I tell you what  
the gossip is?" "I never listen to gos-  
sip about ladies," her father said.

Hatten was about to urge him to spend the night when his guest inquired:

"Did you hear a couple of cars on the Wayne City road just now?"

"I thought I did."

"Sounded to me like they stopped."

For a moment the men listened.

"I been waiting to hear 'em cross the bridge," Marvin continued. "You don't reckon they broke down?"

"Not likely, if there's more than one."

"Mebbe I better walk up the road an' make sure." The speaker rose, but when his host rose, too, and said he would go along, the other settled back. "Never mind. If they're in trouble we'll hear 'em again."

A moment later Hatten broke off in the middle of a sentence to say: "I believe you were right. Wasn't that the chain on my gate?"

"Sounded like it."

"Probably coming here for a lantern." But several moments more passed without a hail or the sound of approaching footsteps. "Hm-m! I was sure I heard that chain rattle."

"Suppose you set here while I go look. Wouldn't some pore prowlin' sneak-thief be out of luck to bump into me, the one night he visited you? Now, Mist' 'Atten, lemme go alone."

"What d'you take me for?"

Briefly, Swallow hesitated; he seemed eager to go and yet reluctant to have Hatten's company. "I bet it was just one of your niggers comin' home," he ventured.

"There's nobody living close by except Double R and Kissie. He wouldn't be out this late. I've an idea there's something up and I think I know what it is. Have you an extra gun in your car?"

The deputy sheriff followed his companion off the porch; gruffly he said: "If I had I wouldn't give you the loan of it." Without further words he set off rapidly in the direction of Double R's cabin and Hatten strode along beside him. In the loose soil between the orange trees their feet made no sound.

This was the oldest part of the grove, the trees were tall and they all but met overhead; they cast impenetrable shadows beneath them, but the clearing that surrounded Double R's dwelling was sufficiently lighted by the star glow to reveal several figures. They were grouped around the door; one of them was shaking it and as Hatten and Swallow approached they heard him say:

"Open up, I tell you, and be quick about it."

From within the cabin came a frightened protest and a thin moaning in a woman's voice.

"Hush that fuss or we'll break down this door. If we do, you'll be sorry."

Hatten was about to rush forward but Swallow seized him, jerked him back and at the same time spoke. His voice was loud and harsh.

"Back away from that door! All of you!"

He strode boldly out of the shadows and into view. There came exclamations of surprise, a sudden indecisive movement on the part of the nocturnal visitors, but the deputy sheriff allowed no opportunity for concerted action before announcing: "I'm Marvin Swallow, so don't start anything. Now, what's goin' on here?"

A moment of silence, of dismay ensued. Hatten discovered that the men wore hoods over their heads and robes reaching to their knees. They were a ghostly looking group.

"You mind your own business," came the voice of the spokesman, then he barked nervously, "Who's that with you?"

One of the others exclaimed: "You can guess what's going on, Swallow. You keep your hands off or we'll give you what we aim to give this nigger."

"You and who?" Marvin inquired shortly. Then as if to forestall action by his companion he broke out mockingly: "As I live, I believe it's a meeting of the Klan! Well, well! Going to initiate Double R into the rites and mysteries of the order! I'd love to see how you go about it."

But Hatten could no longer restrain himself; with an oath he lunged for the nearest figure. His intention was plain, but the man avoided his rush and saved himself from being unmasked.

At the same time Swallow flung himself upon his friend and cried imploringly:

"Let me han'le this. Please, Sir!" Quickly he warned the others. "If one of you makes a move, I'll shoot him down!"

"I want to know who these men are," Hatten shouted. "And I propose to find out."

"Bless your soul, I know two of 'em a'ready an' I can guess who the others are. Yes, an' I aim to tell on 'em if they don't beat it. What you waitin' for, boys? This meeting is adjourned."

"Wait!" Hatten tried to fling off his friend's hand, but Marvin held him firmly, bore his weight against him.

"They're not real Ku Kluxers, Mist' 'Atten. They're just plain rowdies. There's no harm done, an' I guarantee they won't come back." Over his shoulder he ordered: "Run, you fools!"

There was no need to repeat this command; almost before the words were out of Swallow's lips, the group had split, its members had disappeared into the shadows of the trees.



*C. Rose was saying something, but Hatten did not*

"What d'you mean, allowing those ruffians to get away?" Leslie panted in a grating voice.

"Hush! Please, Sir——"

"I suppose you're letting them go because they're friends of yours. Well, by heaven——"

"Mist' 'Atten! Listen to me." The deputy sheriff had lowered his voice and spoke with all earnestness. "Man, you're crazy! Every one of those cracker boys has got a gun and he's ready to use it. You're doin' your level best to make me kill a couple of 'em."

"You could do worse. I'd take the responsibility. I wish I had a weapon."

"Now, now! You're burnin' up, I know, but it's a heap easier to avoid trouble than to cure it."

"You said you know them. Who are they?"





*bar. What was it she had told him about odors provoking memories long dead? Perfumes of Araby!*

"I said a lot I didn't mean the half of. I've no more idea than you have and I'm glad to be shed of 'em with no harm done. Yes, and you better be happy."

The speaker breathed a sigh of relief, and wiped the sweat from his face.

From within the cabin came the quavering voice of Double R.

"What is it?" Leslie inquired.

"Is they gone?"

"Yes."

"I promise 'em faithful that I'd leave in the mornin', an' Kissie, too, but they aimed to strop the bofe of us."

"Did they say what for?"

"No, Suh! They just 'vited us to come out an' be stropped."

"Well, they won't bother you any more." It was Swallow speaking. "You keep your mouth shut about this and——"

"Man, we'll be so fur off you couldn't hear us if we hollered."

"Nonsense! You're not going away at all."

"We gotta go when the Kluxers——"

"I tell you they weren't Kluxers. It was all a mistake, and if you run out on Mist' 'Atten I'll come and bring you back. If I do, you'll wish you'd stayed here and took a strappin'. You hear me?"

"I hears you, Cap'n, but I don't credit you."

"Believe what you please, but you stay here. Understand? And don't go telling this around, either."

"No, Suh!"

Hatten added a word of reassurance: "If Mr. Swallow says it's safe for you to stay, you can count on it, Double R. Now you and Kissie get your clothes on and come up to the house for to-night. It will make you feel easier."

A few moments later, as he and Marvin plodded back through the loose sand, he said, "I'm going to make myself believe that you really didn't recognize those fellows. I'd hate to think you did."

"I ain't sayin' I don't suspect. As long as they think I knew 'em and let 'em go, they won't come back. Seems like that's an easier way out than to—"

"And you kept me out of serious trouble. I suppose I should thank you for that."

"'Serious' is a lame word, Mist' Atten. Them boys can shoot most as quick as I can."

"But I don't propose to let the matter rest where it is. They're the same gang who scared off my other men—for what reason I don't know. But I hope to find out, and when I do I'll have it out with every last one of them."

"Right! Say! Double R is married to Kissie, ain't he?"

"Why, yes."

"That's one thing Evergreen is touchy about, in whites or blacks. And they're particular about any kind of home-breakin'. Not long back they whipped a mighty good friend of mine for payin' too much attention to a married lady. White man, he was. They whipped him and ran him out! And I couldn't raise a hand to help him. Some say it was the Klan, but I don't know."

"What did they do to the woman?"

"Why, nothing. There ain't anything that gentlemen *can* do to a lady. No, our people set a heap of store on the marriage relation."

"I see. It's the man who pays."

"You've got it, Mist' Atten. Well, Sir, I'm certainly glad I broke down where I did: I'd hate like sin to see you get into a jam."

Not until his visitor had gone and he had made the two shivering negroes comfortable for the night did Hatten recall the fact that Marvin's car had, by some miracle, been cured of its ignition trouble. The rest had appeared to do it good, for when its owner had clambered in it had started off quite as usual.

MISS JESSIE PEEBLES had inherited not only her father's pleasing appearance but also something of his disposition. She was small, like him, and cast in a dainty mold, but her courage was great and her spirit lively. She was bold; adventure called her. Life, according to her theory, was interesting in direct proportion to the number of new experiences it offered and the ideal life for any girl was made up of a succession of thrills—"kicks" as she called them. Anything in which there was no kick of some sort was not worth doing.

She had told her father something of the sort upon several occasions, but her language had been so much Greek to him, for he still looked upon her as a child and stubbornly refused to admit that she had grown into a young woman. Her craving for adventure he put down as juvenile prattle, and naturally, since he quite failed to understand that within her small and shapely body dwelt the mighty urge of a Vasco da Gama and that like most modern girls, she was outward bound upon a stirring voyage of discovery. But such was the case.

Now, ever since Jessie had been a little girl she had heard a deal about Leslie Hatten, and later reports of his exploits during the war had served to invest him with a new and a peculiar interest. His return home had quickened that interest, ripened it into a romantic curiosity, and she had looked forward with a flutter to meeting him. Young men were not very plentiful in Evergreen anyhow and lifelong acquaintance with such as there were had robbed them of allure. They were merely old friends, whose virtues and vices were known to the entire community and—how can anybody get a kick out of a book that has been read until it is limp and dog-eared?

Leslie Hatten, on the other hand, was new; he had a history; he had done great things, and he was old enough to fascinate any young girl. Jessie found herself thinking about him as a possible suitor, in which, of course, she was not alone.

Failing to meet him, she was disappointed; when she finally forced an encounter and he treated her like a child, she was peeved. It was all because of her ridiculous size and her youthful appearance, she told herself resentfully. How could she prove to him that she was a mature and worldly wise young woman who adored men with martial records?

Then came the news that Hatten had gone into retirement, as Evergreen expressed it, and had turned woman-hater—intelligence calculated to cause a positive ferment in the bosom of any girl who possessed confidence in her good looks and her powers of enchantment. Woman-hater, indeed! A hermit! Oh, mercy!

Hatten had been worth bagging before, but this removed him from the category of mere big game and put him in a class with the ovis poli, rarest of trophies. Jessie, like every girl in the local younger set, promptly took up secret target practise.

When she heard that Rose Henderson had been seen going to and coming from the Hatten place she nearly suffocated. Here was an incitement and a challenge. Why, the nerve of Rose! The idea of her running after a man who had turned her down! And her a married woman! It was disgraceful. But Miz Henderson thought she could do anything! That's what money did for a person. If she could enjoy friendly relations with the hermit, why couldn't other people?

AND that talk about his hating women. Oh, la, la! He hadn't met the right one, that's all. How could a man dislike girls any more than a girl could dislike men? Impossible! It was contrary to the laws of nature, as anybody knew who knew anything about sex, and Jessie prided herself that she was pretty well informed on that subject. Any girl who kept up with the modern novels could not help but understand all about sex.

Nor did the mere suggestion of a clandestine affair between Rose Henderson and Leslie alter Jessie's opinion of her hero; on the contrary, it added oil to her smoldering curiosity: here was life in the raw—human nature—drama. She adored strong men, men of experience and strong emotions.

Perhaps she was the "right girl" in this case. Who could tell? Miss Jessie's active mind envisaged the possibilities of a passionate romance in which she figured and her venturesome spirit prompted her to take action as bold and as reckless as Rose Henderson's. Why not drive out to the hermitage herself? She could break down or get lost. She could appeal for help, and he might ask her to have a cup of tea. They would be alone. Men always fell in love with girls when they were alone with them.

Why, it was inevitable. Gee! Miss Peebles shivered with delight and hugged her knees. Why not, indeed?

Jessie acknowledged regretfully that there was only one reason why not, only one thing which prevented her from driving out to the Hatten place that very afternoon. She had no car. It was terrible to be poor. Of course, Mr. Hatten was poor, too, but poor heroes are different from common poor people and after all true love involves sacrifice. It would be glorious to share poverty with a man as handsome as Les Hatten. And wouldn't the other girls be furious?

Phyllis Knight had a car and she was dying to meet the recluse, but she lacked courage to take the plunge. Jessie finally got up a party and they drove out.

The woman-hater showed no visible signs of dismay when this fluttering bevy of youthful beauties descended upon him; on the contrary, he seemed to be delighted and he turned out to be even more agreeable than they had dared to hope. He did his best to entertain them and evidently succeeded, for other visits followed the first one. It became quite the thing in Jessie's set to drop in unexpectedly upon him and the practise grew in favor. It was so metropolitan and sophisticated. Why, in New York girls went alone to the apartments of handsome bachelors and even drank cocktails. If not, then motion-pictures were false. Jessie and her friends felt agreeably wicked and grown-up.

After this had been going on for some time, Judge Peebles spoke to his daughter about it.

"What's this I hear about you gadding out to Leslie Hatten's place?" he inquired.

"I'm sure I don't know what it is you hear," his daughter told him sweetly.

"Uncle Rowe says you and Phyllis chase out there every chance you get."

"Does he object? Uncle Rowe, I mean."

"Why—if it was anybody but Leslie Hatten I reckon he'd object and so would I. What ails you to pester that pore man?"

"Did he say we pester him?"

"He hasn't said anything. He's too much of a gentleman. But don't you know he's trying to rest up and regain his health? It's a pity you kids can't leave him alone. He hates girls."

Jessie exhaled sharply through her nostrils. The resultant sound was not quite a snort, nevertheless it was strongly derisive. "Who told you that? Miz Henderson?"

The Judge darted a quick glance at his daughter. How swiftly she was maturing. And the things she said! Her mother had heard nothing like this. He wondered if this child had indeed heard what people were saying about Mrs. Henderson and Leslie Hatten and if she, by any chance, understood what those remarks implied. Jessie did not long leave him in doubt.

"Snap out of it, Pappy! Why should she have all the fun?"

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**C**When Marvin said he was hun-  
gry enough to eat a harness,  
Leslie voiced a welcome too ex-  
uberant to sound genuine. Here  
was relief after Rose's visit!

Just because she's married? Huh! That's the old idea, but it's not in line with the modern thought.

"Why should a married woman have any more freedom or take any more liberties than a single woman? In your time girls wore check-reins until they got married, then they took the bits in their teeth and proceeded to carry on. It's different now. We know about everything that's worth knowing and we've learned to take care of ourselves."

"My time?" echoed the Judge. "You talk just like I was dead and gone. Isn't *this* my time?"

"You know what I mean. Girls enjoy themselves while they're single nowadays. It's really much better for everybody concerned."

"In 'my time' married women didn't 'carry on,' as you call it, and nice girls didn't discuss matters they had no business to understand," the Judge said severely. "What has Rose Henderson to do with your gallivanting out to see Leslie Hatten?"

"The hardest thing a girl has to (Continued on page 118)





**C**California suffers from a curse—the professional booster. And there's no escaping him.

**T**AKE an egg. For purposes of illustration take any egg, but preferably a fresh one. Its cubic contents are enclosed within a single shell but, as is known by everybody, from the candler who candled it to the scientist who analyzed it, its white part is very different from its yellow part—different in color, taste, specific gravity, density, degree of stickiness and organic chemistry.

Until they are scrambled, yolk and albumen have just two things in common, other than their common destiny. They sprang simultaneously, as it were, from the same hen and together they form a separate unit, as counter-distinguished from all the rest of the eggs that ever were laid.

Such being the case, and thus acknowledged, I make so bold, for the sake of interior comparisons, as to liken California to an egg—a double-yolked egg, if it please you, with pronouncedly a golden cast to it, but even so, an egg. They call her one state, but as I see it, really the only excuse for doing this is because she has one state government for administering her affairs. Elsewise, to all psychologic intents, she is two states that are widely apart in most of the essentials which serve to make an individual or a commonwealth special and distinctive from the individuals or the commonwealths roundabout.

A terminal cross-swing of the Sierra, whipping westward like the tail of a great snake, makes the division, roughly—and the Sierra is very rough—between Northern California and Southern California. But that line of demarcation merely is scenic. The dissimilarities are more than topographic, more than geographic, and infinitely more than climatic. They lie in the fabrications of opposing temperaments, opposing view-points, opposing outlooks.

I am not the first amateur cartographer of sociological phenomena to point a finger at this fact; the charting out of the boundaries has oft been done before. It probably is being done while I set these words down.

The loyal San Franciscan—being the only sort of San Franciscan there is—meets the stranger at the train to inform him he is now entering the capital of the real California that is not to be confused with a certain spurious and imitation California which—to hear him tell it—lies some

# Here's Where I'd

By *Irvin*

illustrations by

hundreds of miles to the southward, and lies and lies and lies.

But whenever I travel through the craggy passes of the Tehachapi Spur on my way out of Northern California into Southern California or vice versa—personally I prefer it vice versa—I have the feelings of a discoverer all over again, like Columbus sighting the New World, or Mr. Henry Ford finding out for the first time with a shock of surprise that Geoffrey Chaucer was not the originator of plug tobacco.

Nowhere is the difference more sharply accented than in the rival metropolises of these rival domains. Each is fairly representative of its immediate tributary surroundings and both have names of Spanish derivation, but I maintain that thereafter the resemblance ceases. One has more character, more personality, more color and tang to it than any city of the first order in America, not excepting New Orleans. That's San Francisco.

Now on the other hand, Los Angeles has as little share of these qualities as almost any major city that, offhand, I can put my mind on. San Francisco always and invariably is a definite entity. You may not be able exactly to define or to describe the entity which San Francisco is, but you sense it as you come across the Bay from Oakland Mole and you feel it for every waking moment you spend in or near the town.

Los Angeles is all things to all people, or aims to be. But at heart she is a vast cross-section of the Corn Belt set down incongruously in a Maxfield Parrish setting. She's a mail-order town, an overgrown cut-out from the Sunday supplement. Her brow is among the clouds and her toes dabble the surf, but amidst she suffers yet from Kansasitis and Michigamania and Iowasclerosis, with Hollywood tucked in her side, like a page out of a dime novel that has been slipped between the leaves of the Gospel hymn-book. She hasn't found her soul yet, and when she does find it, it won't be the sort of soul she thought it was going to be.

**T**HIS lack of definiteness is not Los Angeles's fault. The prime trouble with her—or the virtue, if you choose to put it that way—was that she had no long-drawn-out period of adolescence. Overnight, so to speak, she turned from a pueblo into a giantess. She jumped right out of her swaddling clothes into her long pants.

Day before yesterday, as men measure growth of cities, she was a baby, mewling and puking; only yesterday her voice was changing; today she bellows in baritone; tomorrow her basso-profundo will be heard around the world, for, unless all signs fail, Los Angeles is marked to be one of the biggest cities and one of the noblest on this hemisphere.

She was denied that period of gentle advancement from a village into a town and from a town into a city, which permits the development of a civic tone strong enough to persist and to imprint itself upon each succeeding phase of increase. What individuality she may have had in the seed season of her beginnings was trampled to pulp beneath the galoshed feet of the home seekers. What individuality she might now begin to



**C**San Franciscans know how to haul off and play—a rare trick and one practically extinct in some parts.

# S. Cobb Go If I Were 25

John T. McCutcheon



*San Francisco is disdainful  
and Los Angeles is envious—  
and each has reason to be so.*

have has been smothered to death by a swarm of tourists descending on her like the locusts in Egypt.

Which helps to explain why the business center of Los Angeles—and a hiving, throbbing, boisterous, tumultuous business center it is—makes you think of a segment of Cleveland, mixed with equal parts of St. Louis, Detroit and Omaha, with a dash of Denver and just a trace of Chicago stirred in for the seasoning. It is only when the visiting observer ventures into the outlying residential districts and farther on into the clustering suburbs

that his eye begins to fall upon vistas faintly suggestive of the land itself.

Even then it isn't as though the Middle West had invaded the semi-tropics; it is more as though the Middle West had imported the semi-tropics to itself.

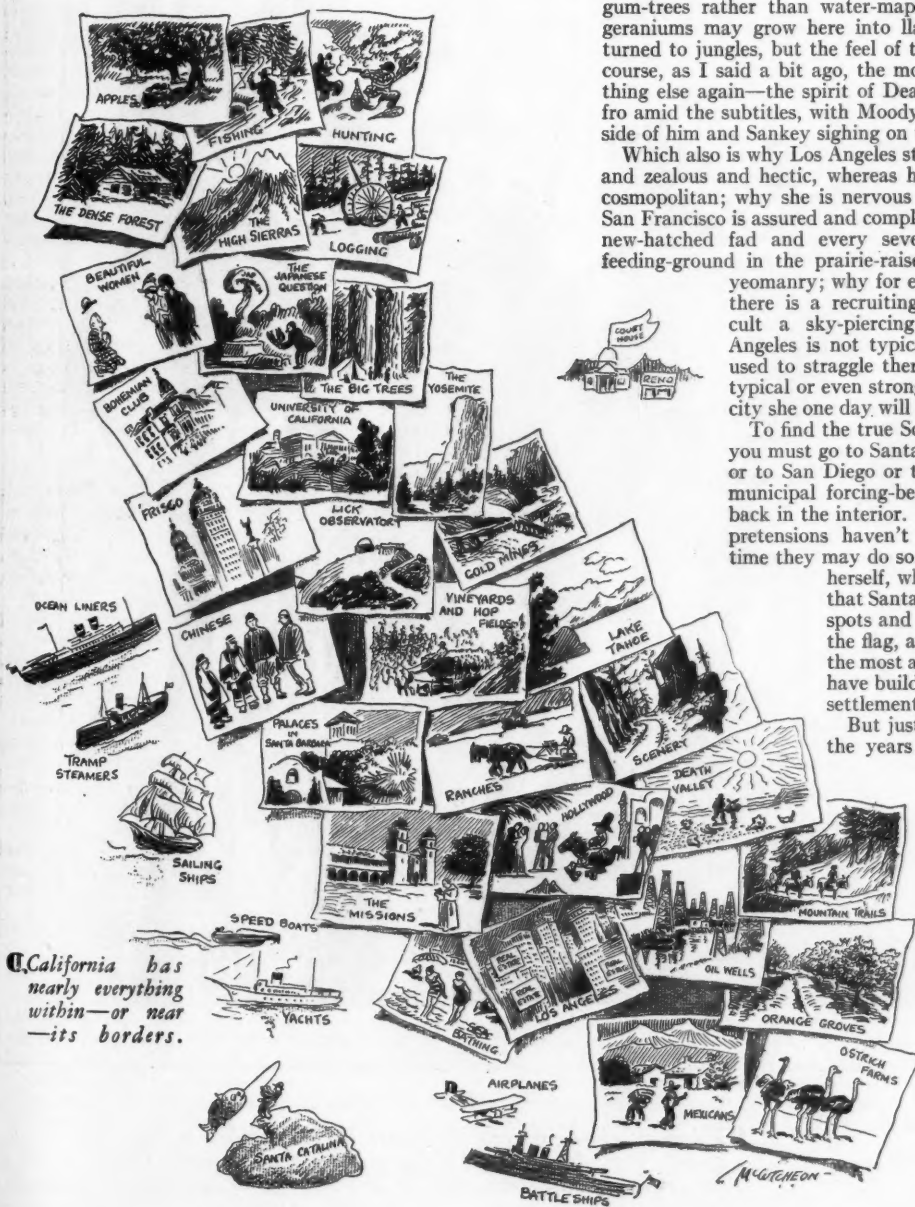
The houses may be of Spanish type—or what translated Eastern builders fondly regard as the Spanish type—and the trees may be pepper-trees and gum-trees rather than water-maple and hackberries, and the geraniums may grow here into llanos and the rose-bushes be turned to jungles, but the feel of the Midland is with you. Of course, as I said a bit ago, the moving picture colony is something else again—the spirit of Deadwood Dick ramping to and fro amid the subtitles, with Moody clucking reprovingly on one side of him and Sankey sighing on the other.

Which also is why Los Angeles still is provincial and parochial and zealous and hectic, whereas her sister up the coast-line is cosmopolitan; why she is nervous and noisy and jealous while San Francisco is assured and complacent and arrived; why every new-hatched fad and every seven-months' ism finds fertile feeding-ground in the prairie-raised imaginations of her alien yeomanry; why for each new, fresh political creed there is a recruiting camp and for any strange cult a sky-piercing temple; finally, why Los Angeles is not typical of the Mexic hamlet that used to straggle there and not yet is in the least typical or even strongly suggestive of the splendid city she one day will be.

To find the true Southern California at its best, you must go to Santa Barbara, not to Los Angeles or to San Diego or to Pasadena or to any of the municipal forcing-beds on down the seashore or back in the interior. Eastern money and Eastern pretensions haven't spoiled Santa Barbara. In time they may do so, but mainly she still remains herself, which is another way of saying that Santa Barbara is one of the loveliest spots and one of the most restful under the flag, and, on a smallish scale, surely the most attractive of all the towns that have builded about the ancient Mission settlements.

But just give Los Angeles time. In the years to come then she may offer San Francisco some really lively competition for first place in the Setting Sun—not so much in census figures or in actual size, because back in 1920, following a tremendous influx of cut-rate excursionists from the valleys of the Kaw and the Platte, she passed San Francisco in population—but in the development of a native spirit, an attained and seasoned personality.

She begins the race, though, with the odds and the handicap of three-quarters of a century against her, so it may take (Continued on page 128)



*California has  
nearly everything  
within—or near  
—its borders.*



*Illustrations by*  
W. E. Heitland

**C**Reformers who disapproved of tobacco had been known to buy  
cigars from Mona Rose when she said, "Cigars? Cigarets?" in  
her sweet, appealing voice, with the trailing, upward inflection.



# By *Adela Rogers St. Johns* *After Midnight*

*The Love Story of a Cabaret Girl*

MONA ROSE adjusted the strap of her big black cigaret tray over her bare left shoulder, tilted her infinitesimal black hat forward on her curly hair, and surveyed the scene with a sort of wistful tolerance. She sighed.

When Mona Rose was wistful, she looked demure as a pansy. When she sighed, even the outrageously sheer stockings that covered her slim legs and her round little knees became demure.

She said, "I suppose, really, it's not so bad. We are just—tired of it all."

The tall, black-gowned maid who stood in the door of the ladies' dressing-room sniffed. "I'm glad you think so," she said acidly. "I think it's plain sickening, I do, what with me standing on my feet from twelve until two and from six until two every day, year in and year out, waiting on a lot of painted hussies."

Mona Rose smoothed down her black taffeta skirt—though it can be named a skirt only by courtesy, being more in the nature of what our grandmothers were wont to designate a flounce, or even a ruffle—and patted into place the trifling organdy apron tied about her slim waist. Her hands were like a drift of apple blossoms.

"You—you mustn't look on the dark side of things, Harriet," she admonished. "The Trianon is considered one of the very smartest cafés in New York. And if you had been out of a job sometimes, like I have, you'd appreciate a chance to make a living."

"Living?" said Harriet bitterly. "Call it a living, do you? Me, standing on my feet—"

"You said that before," Mona Rose reminded her gently, and a glint of mischief broke the gravity of her little face.

"And I'll say it again," said Harriet; "me, standing on my feet from twelve until two and from six until two every day, year in and year out, and what do I get for it? Why, one of them hussies spends more for a coat to cover her sinful back than I get for a year's work." She jerked a violent thumb toward the racks behind her, where hung orderly rows of rich fur and shimmering satin and soft velvet and glittering cloth of gold.

Mona Rose paled a little as though Harriet presented thoughts which had knocked often at her door and been refused admittance.

"Well, there is a saying about sinners flourishing like the green bay-tree, isn't there?" she said. "But you mustn't let it get your goat. That's the secret of the whole thing, really."

"Well, it's got mine. It does, in this town, in a place like this, where you see fortunes squandered on sin and foolishness. What's being good ever got me? If I was young and pretty like you and had as many chances, I don't know if I'd go lugging that great heavy cigaret tray around, catering to 'em until you're ready to drop, like I've seen you plenty of times."

"Pooh!" said Mona Rose. "You talk like a tract about the pitfalls of a great city. I've always thought there were more girls looking for—profitable temptations than there were temptations looking for them."

But Harriet snorted; there is really no other word for the expression of contempt which Harriet made through her nose. "I've seen plenty of 'em looking at you with ideas while they was buying a package of cigarets," she said. "You got it worse—or better—even than a chorus girl like your sister. Because they can talk to you—you aren't behind the footlights. I seen that big land-and-swamp man from Florida doing his stuff the other night. He's got three hotels and a couple of railroads."

"And a wife," said Mona Rose.

Absently she straightened the brightly colored cigaret-boxes on the big tray that hung about her neck. Her hand trembled ever so little. But she was not thinking of the man from Florida. She was thinking of Ken. But most of all, she was thinking of Madeline.

"You look awful pretty tonight," said Harriet, and she reached over and fluffed the little soft curls about Mona Rose's ears. "I wouldn't blame no man for going nutty about you. I wonder if the fatheads that come here to get robbed recognize a real complexion like yours when they see it."

"You ought to see my sister," said Mona Rose. "She's the pretty one in our family."

"I've seen her—in here," said Harriet, in a flat voice.

"Isn't she fascinating?"

"If that's what you call it," said Harriet grudgingly.

"Oh, Harriet," pleaded Mona Rose suddenly, "don't be blue and grouchy, will you? I'm tired, too. Mustn't let it get your goat."

And she went off, very grave and a little stiff, in her black taffeta costume, her high heels clicking across the empty dance floor. There was the tiniest pucker between her sleek brown brows. She walked between the tables, grave, sweet, and every now and then she said, "Cigars? Cigarets?" in the sweetest, most appealing voice. Reformers from the Middle West who disapproved of tobacco had been known to buy cigarets from Mona Rose when she said, "Cigars? Cigarets?" in that sweet, appealing voice, with the trailing, upward inflection.

The Trianon, as you probably know, lies just off Park Avenue in the Fifties—or it may be the Forties by now. Anyway, wherever a really fashionable place to dine and sup and dance should lie, there you will find the Trianon.

At luncheon, the Trianon is filled. At dinner, it is crowded. At supper, it is mobbed.

Now through the mob walked Mona Rose, calling, "Cigars? Cigarets?" Very popular she was, too, the pretty little cigaret girl of the Trianon.

And for that, and for looking decorative in her short black taffeta skirt and her long black chiffon stockings, and for carrying her large black tray from twelve until two and from six until two, Mona Rose was paid ten dollars a week, and tips.

YOU would never have suspected it to look at her, so demure, so grave, but Mona Rose understood a good deal about tips. That was the real reason she never wasted any time on women. She was by way of being a good business woman. When she saw customers whom she knew she gave them a grave, shy smile, and then they beckoned her over and bought cigarets from the gay store on her big black tray.

On a corner sofa, Mona Rose saw a man she knew. He was with a girl who was not his wife and Mona Rose stiffened a little as she went by. Their hands were locked on the table-cloth, almost covered by the wings of the woman's lace sleeves. Suddenly Mona Rose caught a glimpse of the man's eyes and her throat contracted. To look at a woman like that, in the Trianon, and a woman who was not his wife! Mona Rose smiled at them. And the man beckoned her over and bought a dainty red and gold box of cigarets. But the woman with the winged sleeves did not smoke.

A dark man, who looked white and ill, as though he had never been outdoors in the daytime, summoned her with his eyebrows. He had the sofa beside the fountain, which was supposed to be the choicest place in the house. With him was a girl. Above the table, it did not look as though she had on any clothes at all. That man was Ronny Cluzelle, and he was one of Mona Rose's best customers. He smoked a special and very expensive brand of cigarets with his own monogram in gold. Mona Rose always carried a package of them tucked away in one corner of her black tray. He was also producer of the biggest revue in New York. His reputation would have made Don Juan turn pale with envy, but Mona Rose always felt a little sorry for him. He looked so ill.



**C** "You're one long, wasted opportunity," Madeline remarked to Mona Rose, preparing an Irish stew. "With a face like that, and you actually work for a living."

He said to her, "When are you coming over to see me?" But the little cigaret girl, holding a match for him, only shook her head. "I shouldn't like it," she said, "and I'm awfully awkward and stupid, really. I wish you'd see my sister Madeline sometime. She's in the Frolic."

It was always like that in the Cudahy family. Madeline, Madeline, Madeline. In her youth Mona Rose had had moments of resentment, but eventually she had joined the chorus, yielding partly to custom and partly to Madeline's charm.

The orchestra began to play, softly, seductively. The low

ceiling held it, the narrow walls held it, so that it throbbed like a burdened heart. The movement of the dancers, swaying, swaying, the gleaming white shoulders of the women against the black coats made Mona Rose a little dizzy.

She went back to the dressing-room. Her head ached a little and her arms were tired. She got up after the dance and began her round again.

After two. Almost deserted now was the Trianon. Stagnant, bedraggled, messy.

Mona Rose slipped into her own blue jersey with a sigh of

relief. She moved her arms up and down, back and forth, and opened and shut her fingers to ease the ache of the muscles. Her back was broken! In her simple street attire she looked prettier than she had looked in the fantastic black costume. But there were dark circles of fatigue under her eyes and when she wiped away the lip rouge, her mouth was drooping and colorless.

"Good night, Harriet," she said.

But Harriet was beyond speech.

Mona Rose went wearily down the ornate hall and through the revolving glass doors into the street. As the fresh, cold air struck her face she gave a long gasp, like a swimmer coming to the surface.

At the first corner a man was waiting. Man or boy. Hard to tell, with the black shadow of him only looking tall and loose against the gray of the night.

A second later Mona Rose was in his arms and he had kissed her. Only a boy, by that swift, funny kiss.

"Oh, Ken," she said happily, "you shouldn't have come. You need your sleep."

"Yes, I should. I'd come every night, if I could."

He tucked her arm in his, close, and they set off along the dark, silent street that echoed to their footsteps.

MONA ROSE had been asleep a long time, very straight and still in the cheap metal bed, when the door opened. In the pale dawn you could see the little oval of her face against the pillow, and the faint line of her lashes, and the little brown curls around her ears. She did not stir at the creak of the door, but the clatter of a dropped vanity-case woke her.

"Madeline," she said, "did you just get home?"

"Yes, Ducky," said a husky, good-natured voice out of the half-darkness, "I had to sit up with a sick friend."

"Have you been with that Forde Vansant again?" Mona Rose was sitting up, arms about her knees.

"No, Sweetheart, if you must know, the Archbishop of Waukegan had a little party for his aunt, and they asked me to stay and say grace."

"Madeline—"

The fall of a chair crashed into her words.

"You've been drinking," accused the husky voice, in the direction of the noise. "Why don't you try prohibition? Nobody else will."

"Madeline," said Mona Rose in a very small voice, "what's that you've got around your neck?"

"Marbles, Darling. I've been playing glassies for keeps. Slide over, kid, and give your grandma room on the outside. And no matter what happens, don't jump."

"They're diamonds," said Mona Rose.

"You know everything," mocked the good-natured voice, half smothered in giggles. "Come on over here, Angel Ket, and go to sleep. I've had a grand and glorious and large party, and now I would snatch me a few whiffs of Morpheus. And don't call me in the morning for anybody but David."

"David?" said a very small voice. "Who's David, Madeline?"

"Darling! Didn't you know that's what all his intimate friends call the Prince of Wales?" Another giggle. Silence.

Mona Rose curled up close to the fragrant shoulder and her last waking thought was of wonder over the expression of pure gratification and pleasure on her sister's face.

There were several million breakfasts served in New York the next morning. There are several million breakfasts served every morning, beyond a doubt.

This one, cold and gray and overcast as it was, was no exception.

But only five of them need concern us.

There is, when you stop to think of it, something unusual about breakfast. All other meals are camouflaged. There are social

laws and graces to be observed. But a man or woman breakfasting alone is a revelation.

Two hours after the Cudahy sisters had curled up on the same pillow, exactly as they had done ever since they could remember, Ken Adams barged out into the very small, very dark and pleasantly odoriferous kitchen of the tiny flat where he lived with his mother.

In spite of that sacrifice of sleep of which Mona Rose had complained, he looked so big and fresh and vital that his mother wondered how on earth the kitchen was ever to hold him. For he was a big youth, broad of shoulder, long of limb, hearty of voice. His open flannel shirt, his corduroys tucked into laced boots, his snug leather jacket had almost the appearance of a uniform and they were very becoming. Ken worked for an electrical company and he made good wages, as wages go, for he was a good electrician.

"Hot cakes," he said appreciatively. "Hot dog! Hurry 'em up, will you?—I'm late."

But Mrs. Adams was not to be hurried. She had not hurried since her husband and Ken's older brother Bob had been killed in the mines. There seemed to be no more hurry left in her.

"What time did you get in last night?" she asked, flopping a brown cake with expert hand.

"D'know."

"How's Mona Rose?"

"Great."

"If I was her mother, I'd hate to have her working in a place like that, at night-time, too."

"Say, don't you waste any time worrying about Mona Rose. She's all right."

"Ken."

"U-mm."

"The children need new shoes terrible bad. I hated to speak of it right after you got that new coat for Jennie, and so soon after rent-day, but the children's toes are all out."

"All right. Get 'em new shoes. Poor little beggars."

"I feel awful bad sometimes, Ken, it makes such an awful burden on you, having to help bring up Bob's children this way, but you know Bob would have done the same by you. They're—nice children."

The chair scraped back, with a sound of passionate protest.

"Don't you want any more cakes?" in labored amazement.

"No—I'm late. Good-by, Mother."

In her sensible little corduroy bath-robe and her sensible felt slippers, Mona Rose paddled about the kitchen. She made the coffee, lighted the oven, cut the bread, prepared three halves of grapefruit, and set the table in the breakfast nook.

When she had finished her own fruit and toast and coffee, washed the few dishes, swept the floor, she put the coffee-pot on the back of the stove and went in to dress.

Coming out dressed for the street, she knocked gently at the closed folding doors, and a fretful, weary voice said, "What is it?"

"Mama, I'm going down-town. Everything is all fixed. There's a lingerie sale at Holt's and I think I can get Madeline some of those step-ins like she wants. I'll be back after my noon shift. Don't bother with things here and don't wake Madeline."

"All right," said the voice, still weary (Continued on page 151)



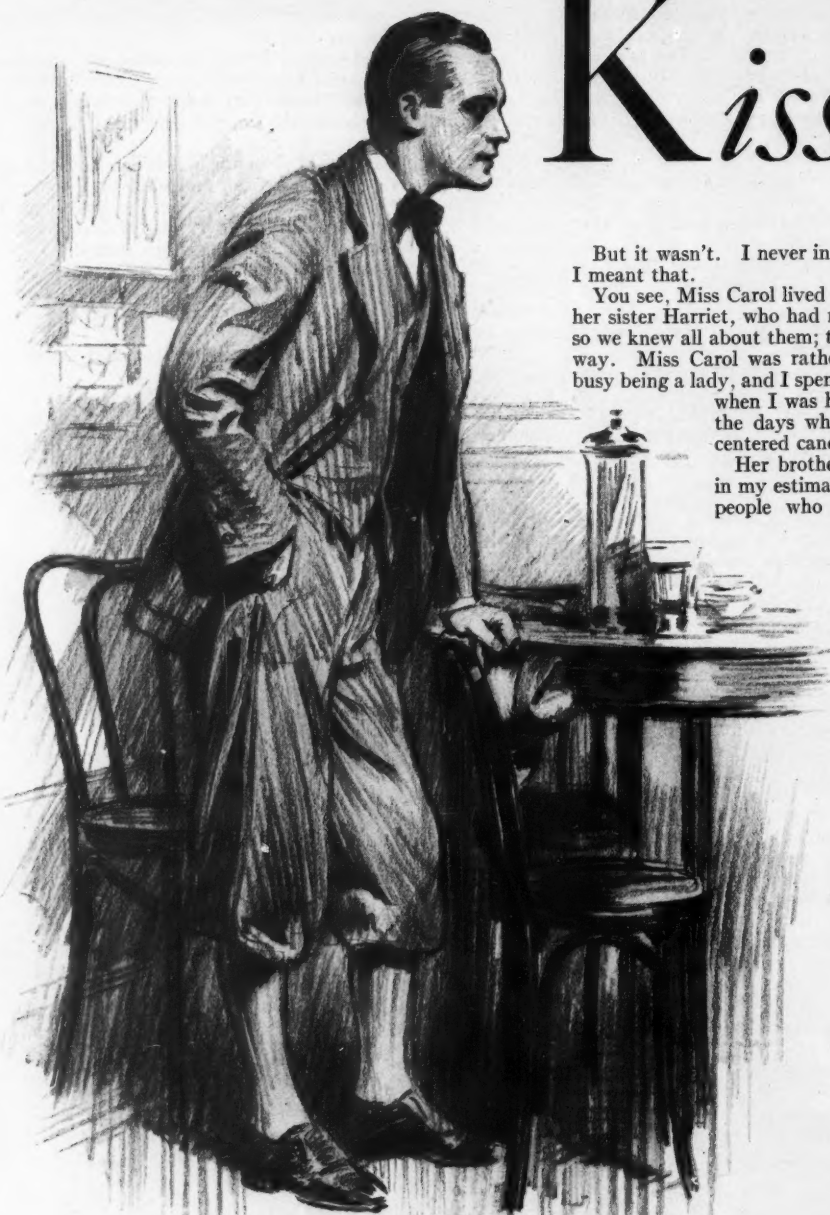
*"If I was her mother——" "Don't worry about Mona Rose, Mother. She's all right," said Ken.*

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# Kiss in the

By Lella



Illustrations by  
Charles D. Mitchell

**M**UZ wondered if I was crazy when I told her and Dad I was going up North to study architecture. A girl architect! And she knew I was when I said that Miss Carol was my reason.

"Now what earthly connection could there be between Carol Belle Gidding and your leaving a nice boarding-school and trapesing off to Philadelphia to be one of those women with horn-rimmed glasses and shiny noses?"

I laughed.

"And it's freezing cold up there in the winter," she went on complaining. "I know you'll come down with influenza, the way you dress. I guess I'll have to see about getting you a fur coat, a good, warm, raccoon one."

"Muz," I snapped her up, "do you mean that? Think how sharp it'll look with a great gaudy store chrysanthemum pinned on the collar when I go to a football game."

I left her then, feeling relieved that I was still going to wear flowers and thinking that my remark about Miss Carol was just some of my smartness.

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But it wasn't. I never in my life meant anything more than I meant that.

You see, Miss Carol lived right next door to us from the time her sister Harriet, who had raised her, married George Weston, so we knew all about them; though in a little town you do, anyway. Miss Carol was rather interesting when she wasn't too busy being a lady, and I spent a lot of time hanging around there when I was home from school. It went back to the days when she used to feed me the pink-centered candies left in the boxes men gave her.

Her brother-in-law was a disagreeable person in my estimation. One of those "ahem" kind of people who always blew on his glasses and wiped them ve-ry slow-ly before expressing an opinion. A man who doled out verbally such of the day's news as he considered fit for the ladies of the family, and carried the paper off with him.

Harriet was a queer sketch. An invalid, but not the handkerchief and *eau de Cologne* sort. A bitey individual. "The idea," she'd snap, "of my having to sit here bundled up like a granny. Why, I never used to wear so much as a shawl, when I went to scatter mash to my chickens."

Miss Carol never said to her, "Yes, that's just it."

"And tatting!" Harriet would fume. "*Me* tatting!" She'd get so cross then with such namby-pamby nonsense that she'd throw the thread and shuttle aside for a whole hour. Until her fingers couldn't stand keeping still any longer.

Once, before I learned to be tactful, I asked Miss Carol if nursing her sister wasn't a trial.

"Whenever I get a little frayed out," she answered, "I just remember all Harriet's done for me. Everything, since I was five and she barely seventeen. And she's never thrown it up to me, either. It wasn't just necessities she gave me. That you might expect. But birthday parties like the other little girls,

and big butterfly hair ribbons, and nickels instead of just pennies to put in the Sunday-school collection."

Miss Carol stared into space over her garden trowel and I waited. But she didn't go on, being a lady. She didn't say that Harriet really married George Weston for her sake, to give her college and music-lessons. But it was the only reason one could see for her marrying that man. I imagine that afterwards she looked back on her dressmaking and preserving as the easier way. Especially when a bank with a lot of George's savings failed, so that little old Spruce College over in the next county was all she could manage. And even that took her chicken and egg money.

But the sisters made the most of it. Miss Carol made people begin calling her Carol instead of Car'line; and I thought her very elegant. She spoke of dinner as lunch and supper as dinner, and would really have had them such, if George would have stood for it. Once or twice on Sundays when she was home from Spruce she tried having tea in the parlor; but people criticized such skimpy suppers.

ella  
the

# D<sup>W</sup>arren

## Dark

The Story of an  
Unintentional  
Flirt



**C.** "With my hair cut so short,"  
I said, "people think that  
maybe I'd be pretty if it were long." "I  
see why they named you Eve," Van chuckled.

She had quite a few beaux in those days in spite of not being as easily kissed as most Southern girls. She had probably taken the "Little Colonel" books too seriously. But she had dimples, and how she could play the piano! That was back when girls down our way learned to play, just as they learned to talk or read or to cut up their own meat at table. And the girl who could play best had an advantage.

Miss Carol always said that she was going to make something out of her music. When she said that, she used to lift her head as if listening to the sound of clapping.

But in the fall of her second year at Spruce, Harriet was taken suddenly ill. So Miss Carol packed up her chafing-dish and burnt-leather cushions, and came home for good. I'll never forget the scornful white look on her face at the fuss George kicked up about the school's refusing to return the rest of the term's tuition.

By the time Harriet was well enough to have company underfoot, the beaux had found other places to go. In fact, some of them were married, and Miss Carol had sent lace breakfast caps to the showers given for their brides.

Well, things just went on at the Westons'. Nothing ever happened except that every now and then they brought a new specialist from Atlanta or some place to look at Harriet. She never seemed to get any better after her first rally, or, as far as I could see, any worse. But Miss Carol still spoke of when Harriet would get well, and meanwhile made up each new dress so that it wouldn't go out of style right away, and tried to persuade Hester, the cook, not to be so wasteful. Specialists took more money than Spruce College even, and she wasn't handy with chickens.

The war came and went and was followed by prohibition and jazz. Flappers quit meaning gawky English girls with manes of blond hair who were still in the nursery, and began meaning very sure, short-haired American ones who went to college house-parties. The dentist took the gold bands off my teeth and suddenly I found out that I was one, in spite of my freckles and straight hair. Soft girls with curls had gone out when John Held Junior came in. Besides, I had learned from a girl at school not to let boys know I wanted to be an architect. And to say "old de-ar" in a poky voice with my eyes up close to theirs. That knocked 'em in a heap all the more because they didn't expect it of me.

Gradually I realized I was feeling sorry for Miss Carol instead of wanting to grow up to be like her. Maybe twenty-nine isn't considered old, if you don't live in a little Southern town. But there, by that time, you've worn out your monogrammed wedding linen and had your third baby; or you've started teaching school or music and the first primer class tots, whose mothers taught them to call you "Miss Carol," have become the eighteen-year-olds who are having the dates nights. And no matter what new face powder you try so hopefully, your skin—which hasn't a line in it, honestly—keeps that slightly loosened texture like a three-day-picked rose.

I don't believe Miss Carol saw that right away. She and I have front corner rooms that look right into each other. I know I'm always forgetting my shades. Sometimes she forgets hers, too, and I can't help seeing her sitting before her mirror holding her mouth all different ways. It is pretty. Droopy and red. But imagine anyone staring for hours into a mirror with half-shut

eyes. And such silly things she said once, in a deep voice like a man's, "My Beautiful" and "Beloved." I squirmed on my bed. And she must have heard someone in their hall, for she began clattering things on her dresser and called out sharply, "I just know that that no 'count Hester has been at my perfume again, and I won't have it!"

One day Muz sent me to borrow a magazine from them and I was thanking Miss Carol ahead of time for lending it to us.

"Oh, tell your mother she's welcome to it, Eve," she called to me from the doorway. "And she needn't bother to return it. It isn't as good as it used to be. The stories get sillier and more improbable every month. I get clear out of patience sometimes with those nonsensical ones where the heroines are always children of eighteen. Anyone with any sense knows—" She stopped short and a scared look came into her face.

I thought she was in pain and asked quickly, "What's the matter, Miss Carol?"

"Miss Carol," she mimicked, and her voice went a little shrill, got away from her. "Miss Carol. It sounds like 'the Henning



**C.** "I love you, Van," said Carol. "But I can't leave her. After all, perhaps it's sacrifice that makes us in the end."

girls.'" And she shut the door with a bang right in my face. "The Henning girls" are fifty-five.

That was before Doctor Van Hadley came home for a restful visit with his uncle and took such an interest in Harriet's case. He didn't seem at all like a doctor. He didn't smell like the inside of pill-boxes and he certainly didn't look anything like old Doc Watson who always had knees in his alpaca-pants and brown corners to his white mustache. Yet he wasn't like Harriet's

specialists either, whose rimless glasses on gold chains somehow gave their eyes such a frosty look. He smelled like a fresh hair cut and hummed parts of new phonograph records. He wore knickers, too, and didn't seem to notice that anyone stared. Only a couple of prep school boys had dared wear them in Wayton.

I hadn't seen him since one summer when he was a medical student home from Tulane, and took an iron filing out of my eye. But I adored him then, because one day when I was being left



out of a tennis match so a boy cousin could use my racket, he lent me his. And taught me a new serve. And then too, he never said "Pooh, nonsense!" at the idea of my wanting to be an architect when I grew up. For a long time I thought him more wonderful than any moving-picture actor I'd ever seen. But when for six years he didn't come home to Wayton other things pushed him to the back of my mind.

I knew him, though, the minute he walked into the Sweet Palace that morning during Easter vacation. And I was quite set up when he came right over to me and said, "Hello, Eve! The same old freckles, eh? I'm glad of that, for I might not have known you otherwise. You've turned out to be so frightfully pretty."

"Wasn't I an ugly little brat?" I agreed. "And I'm not really pretty now. It's just that with my hair cut so short people think that maybe I'd be pretty if it were long."

He threw back his head and laughed and laughed. "I see why they named you Eve," he chuckled. "Shall we have a soda on that, or a milk shake?"

I liked having a milk shake with him. Annie Laurie, who waits on you, served us right away and gave us more than she should have. I didn't like the way she counted out his change to him, though, drawing the quarters across his palm real draggy. He sort of smiled back at her, but I put my hands in my pockets and went on out to my roadster.

"Coming with me?" I called back.

That was the only time I saw him to say more than "Howdy" to, until I came home from school in May. By then he was at the Westons' a good share of the time, and Miss Carol was looking like her own younger sister. If she would only have bobbed her hair, or learned to fix it. It was no good to her that way. For she certainly wasn't the kind of woman a man was going to see with it down in her bedroom. Not even by accident.

Of course Doctor Van really came to see her, though he did always go up to Harriet's sitting-room first and tease her about tattling so much.

"You just do it to show off your lovely hands," he twitted her once. And took one of her hands away from the shuttle and held it in his own for a moment.

"I declare, Van!" she tried to scold him. But I caught her every now and then after that glancing at her hands. And her cheeks weren't nearly so sallow.

He could certainly make Miss Carol look pretty when he caught her arm and held it close to his side and said things real low in her ear. All her dimples would come out and she wouldn't know where to look.

Perhaps he got his unusual ways from being the doctor for a company, and going to countries that were nearly as odd as missionary countries. He had just been through an epidemic, and he told them that God only knew what would come after this little rest.

"I suppose," Harriet later tried to excuse him to George, who was a deacon, "I suppose he used 'God' the way a preacher would."

"Why shouldn't he say God?" asked Miss Carol tensely, then simply flew out of the room.

I slipped off home, embarrassed in that painful way you are embarrassed when you see someone who never lets go, forget herself. I kept thinking, "So that's it!"

EVERYONE in town was going to the concert. Wayton didn't often have music like this, a Metropolitan Opera singer and a man with an outlandish foreign name at the piano. It had really happened by mistake. Doctor Van was taking Miss Carol and I had offered to stay and keep Harriet company. I could tell by the way Miss Carol's voice rippled underneath the outside sound of it that she was terribly excited. We were seeing Mrs. Becker to the door as she left after one of her interminable dropping-in calls.

"Yes, Van is taking me," Miss Carol said as we finally made the porch. "And it's quite a treat to hear some worth-while music. I think I've missed that more than anything else since I left school."

I kept back my smile at her missing the little Chataqua band concerts Spruce College has.

She hurried on as if defending herself from amusement, "And the opera at Atlanta. How I miss that!" She had been twice, I believe. "You're so fortunate, Eve," she turned to me, "to be at school right outside, where you can go in for all the good concerts. What do you like best?"

"Blues, by niggers full of corn," I answered.

"Why, Eve!" tittered Mrs. Becker, pretending to be shocked

but making a snickery face behind Miss Carol's back. The cat.

I looked at her very coldly and tried to make it up to Miss Carol by saying, "But I'm so dumb about music. If I were gifted like you!"

"A lot of good my gift does," she remarked a little bitterly. "Picking out old airs or teaching beginners' exercises is about all I could manage."

"I should think that would be enough," Mrs. Becker commented in a righteous tone. "Nice people don't want to be mixed up with that fast stage crowd."

Miss Carol didn't answer that, but swept me into the hall saying, "Come, Eve, we must see what color that thread is that Harriet wants us to match for her at Rice's." And, smiling, she shut the door real slowly so as not to seem rude.

She was all atwitter when Doctor Van came to take her to the concert. She looked right pretty, with the violets he had sent her and white kid gloves that just would smell slightly of gasoline, even after having been kept in sachet overnight. She buried her face in the violets and whiffed in their moist scent.

"You shouldn't have," she murmured. "And they're Parma, too. You can't get them here in town. Oh, I do love them!"

"May I have one?" he asked and held his lapel out between thumb and forefinger, his eyes holding hers.

She broke the stem off too short.

HARRIET WESTON seemed to have been failing ever since Easter, and they thought they'd better have another specialist. Doctor Van told them of one.

"He's absolutely the best authority in that line in the country," he assured them. "If anyone can do anything about it, he can. And no beating about the bush if he can't. He's too big a man to play a patient for money."

So they told him to telegraph.

I was asked to happen in a little before he got there, to try to keep it from seeming such an ordeal. The specialist was a quick, sharp little man who didn't waste a word. He'd had the history of the case from Doctor Van before he reached the house. And it didn't seem to me as if he were there five minutes all told. He rapped out several questions and looked at Harriet. He made a gray line of his mouth at the answers and said "Hu-um," and dropped his hands uselessly to his sides. After that he looked at his watch and said he had to catch his train. He ducked his head in what must have been meant for a bow, then the two doctors went out. And I wished I weren't there.

Harriet, who for days had been laughing too easily at the least little thing, huddled back again into her plaid afghan and didn't answer anyone until George had called her name, "Har-yet! Har-yet!" twice like that, or maybe three times. Miss Carol went down-stairs to make her a fancy custard for lunch.

That night I had gone around to our side steps to be near the honeysuckle and I must have dropped off to sleep. For the last thing I'd heard from the Westons' porch was George saying to Doctor Van, "I see by tonight's paper—ahem—that—" Then the next thing I knew I came out of a spell of quietness to hear Miss Carol's voice, that hardly seemed like her voice at all, saying, "Van dear," and his, "Carol, Sweet!"

There was silence again. But not the silence I had been in. This gave me both a glad and a sorry feeling at the same time and made me hug my arms tight across my wish-bone. Then Miss Carol spoke out of it, miserably.

"Oh, I forgot. Harriet! I can't, of course."

"But she's got George."

"George!" scornfully. "That stone image. Besides, he can't wait on her, nurse her. Duty—after all, duty is something that has to be done, even today."

"Carol, you're not going to be Victorian and ruin our lives."

"But you can come back later."

"It's India this time and I won't be back for at least three years. Your sister? There's no telling. One year, two, five. Carol, you don't mean it!"

No answer.

"And things won't be the same then, you know that. In story-books, but not in life. Things don't stand still. We're no babies and I want my wife now. My Beautiful. Beloved!"

The darkness seemed to be throbbing.

"Van, don't! I can't stand that. Let me go! There!" She was more steady now. "You don't understand all she's done for me. Everything! She took her turn when it was hard. Now it's my turn, that's all, my turn. I can't shirk it, and you, a doctor, oughtn't to ask me to."

"You think that?" stiffly. "Very well. Then it's—?"

"Yes, it's over." I knew by the (Continued on page 156)

# The Bacchante

*A Novel of a  
Woman  
Who was  
Afraid of Herself*

by  
**ROBERT  
HICHENS**

*Author of*

*"The Garden of Allah"*

## *The Story So Far:*

VALENTINE MORRIS had for years been an obscure actress in what, in America, are called "the sticks." Then she had come to London, been given the lead in a new play by Martin Dale, and become famous overnight.

Some years before, she had had a love affair with handsome young Mark Trever, who was also now in Dale's play. She had borne him a son, but Trever was an essentially commonplace, even despicable character. He dropped Valentine until she became famous; then he made love to her again. And Valentine, though she saw very clearly what he was like, and despised herself, could not help falling into the old trap.

All this she told to Dale, the playwright, whom she made her confidant. Dale loved Valentine, but she could not love him. Her confidences about the man whom she did love tortured him.

When Valentine became popular, she took up with the most exclusive social set, and lived a fast though exclusive life. She rather trampled on people she did not like, notably Campion, manager of her theater. Campion was a domineering man of powerful emotions, rather boorish, but with a sensitive appreciation of Valentine's art. He was secretly in love with her.

Fearing that she might leave his theater, he tricked Dale into signing over his new play to him. This had been written specifically for Valentine and gave her extraordinary opportunities for acting. When Dale signed it over to Campion, Valentine in anger left the Central Theater and went into management with Trever, backed by Carrie Geean, a rich American woman whose chief motive in life was acquisition of money.

Dale went with the Campions to the opening night of Valentine's new play, and realized that she had prostituted her art at the instigation of Trever and Miss Geean. Valentine realized it, too, but she was completely under Trever's domination.

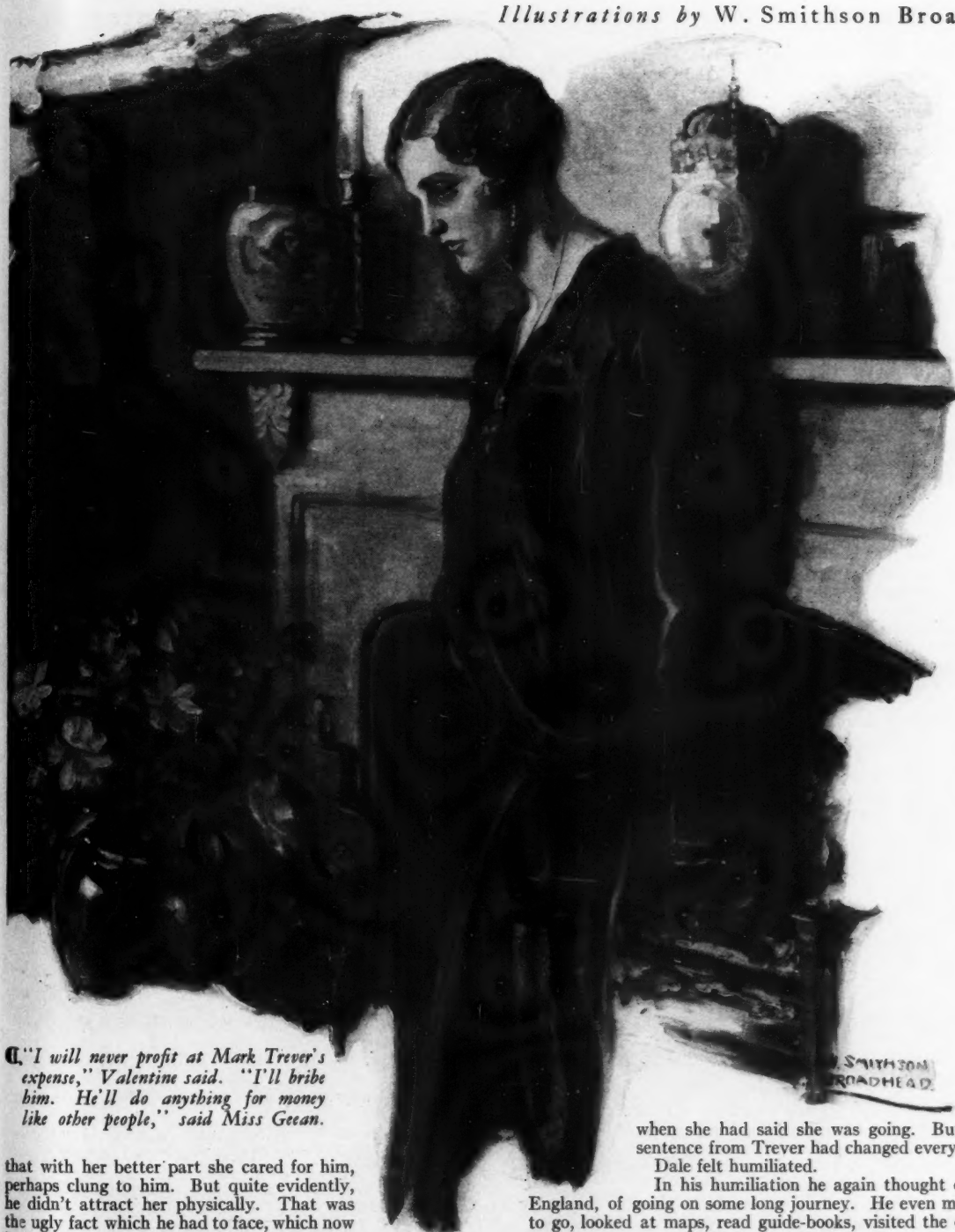
To get away from the whole situation, Dale went to America in connection with the production of his first play there. He

went with the feeling, which Valentine had given him, that Campion was in reality a "wolf man" on Valentine's trail, determined to get her in the end. To test out his theory, Dale tried to get Campion to accept Yvette Lorillard, starring in the first play in America, for a London production of the new play. Campion refused. He was holding that new play for Valentine, when she would some day come back to him.

On his return to London, Dale dined with Trever, who wanted a new play from him. He saw clearly Trever's terrible commonplaceness, and also a new element—Trever's professional jealousy of Valentine's success in the new management. Then Dale saw Valentine. She was more than ever the rioting bacchante, and disgusted underneath with her spurious success. But she was still dominated completely by Trever.

AFTER that night at Ciro's Dale waited in London, expecting at first, hoping still even when expectation began to fade, that Valentine would telephone to him asking him to come to her. But no message came from her. Probably she didn't want him. And yet they were akin. And he knew that she had some feeling for him. He even knew





**C**"I will never profit at Mark Trever's expense," Valentine said. "I'll bribe him. He'll do anything for money like other people," said Miss Geean.

that with her better part she cared for him, perhaps clung to him. But quite evidently, he didn't attract her physically. That was the ugly fact which he had to face, which now he did face squarely. She was fond of his mind. She liked, could even lean on, his nature. Much in his temperament was suited to much in hers. But his hand couldn't give her a thrill when it touched hers. His eyes, when they looked into hers, couldn't convey to her the message which wakes physical longing in a woman. He didn't know—summed up, it all came to that—how to disturb her. And he told himself that if a man can't disturb a woman, he has no real power over her.

Her immediate yielding to Trever's casual, eleventh-hour request on that evening at Ciro's had given him a shock. Trever's manner, if not his words, had been almost insolent. It had suggested to Dale the conviction in Trever, "You are mine to take or leave." And yet Valentine, who had just said to Miss Geean that she was going, had immediately reversed her decision, given up her intention, and begun dancing with Trever. If she had not done that, Dale would have gone away with her, would have taken her home. She had known, perhaps had meant that

when she had said she was going. But a casual sentence from Trever had changed everything.

Dale felt humiliated.

In his humiliation he again thought of leaving England, of going on some long journey. He even made plans to go, looked at maps, read guide-books, visited the office of a travel bureau and asked for information about steamships to China, to South America, about sailings on the various lines to Egypt. But he didn't buy tickets to anywhere.

Meanwhile—and this didn't improve the state of his spirits—he had been in correspondence with both "Georgie" Wade and Miss Lorillard in America. Miss Lorillard beneath her geniality possessed an unusual fund of determination. American women as a class are thoroughly accustomed to getting what they want. And Miss Lorillard wanted London.

She bombarded Dale with cablegrams and voluminous letters. She held him to his promise with an obstinacy which became almost vicious. He had made no promise, and of course she knew it; nevertheless, she held him to it. And presently she directed from Riverside Drive a heavy barrage on Campion, and was joined in it by Wade.

One day Dale was called to the telephone, and on going to it found that Campion was at the other end of the line evidently in a very bad temper.



"A nice thing you've let me in for, Dale. Here's Lorillard swearing you practically engaged her for the Central. What's that? . . . What d'you say? . . . Well, at any rate you gave her the impression . . . You'd better come round. Come round and let's see how we can get out of it. Have you been to Miss Morris? . . . Well, I'm not surprised—she won't forgive you easily for those cables to me about Lorillard . . . For heaven's sake, come round."

Dale went to the Central that day with the intention of speaking very plainly to Campion.

He found the great building humming like a hive. A new production was "on the stocks." Meyer couldn't find Campion in the managers' room but he knew he was expecting Dale. After a great deal of searching he was discovered in the dress-circle of the theater having a secluded row with a male dancer who had been engaged to appear in a cabaret scene.

"Curse the dancers!" he said to Dale, when the dancer had glided away, after showing his very fine teeth in a smile which suggested a strong desire to bite his employer. "They're as bad as a leading actress. I sometimes wish I'd never seen a theater."

"And so do I!" said Dale.

"You've got me into a nice hole, I can tell you. After my cable to Miss Lorillard, what am I to say about not wanting her for London?"

"What have you said?"

"How d'you know I've said anything? Well, I've—I've said—provisionally—that owing to our arrangements here we can't produce your play under any circumstances for over two years."

"And does she believe that?"

"No, confound her, she doesn't! That girl's as cute as a performing cat. And she's got old Georgie Wade at her elbow. Now what are we going to do?"

"Tell her the truth—if it is the truth. Tell her you think she's too bad an actress even for London. Tell her you won't have her in your theater at any price. Tell the truth for once in your life, Campion."

"What the devil's the matter with you?"

"The matter? Nausea, Campion! Nausea of lies! The fact is, the theater infects you with insincerity. 'What are we to say? How shall we get out of it? What shall we tell her? What's the best lie to put over?' They say the Devil's the father of lies. And I say the theater's the home of lies."

"Well, really, Dale, if you've come here to insult me in my own theater—"

"I don't want to insult you. But you asked me here to concoct with you some lie that would save your face with Wade and Miss Lorillard. And I really won't do it."

"Then you shouldn't have let me in for all this trouble."

"I'm sorry I had to do that. But I had a good reason."

"What reason?" asked Campion, fixing his eyes on Dale.

"I can't tell you, Campion," said Dale, returning his gaze.

THERE was a moment—to Dale it seemed very long—of silence. Then Campion said, with no bluster in his voice:

"Boy, as you seem so mad after truth today—"

"Thank you for—today!"

"Cut it out then! As you seem so mad after truth, here's a bit of the truth for you to chew. As long as I hold your play for over here, no woman shall act the big parts in it but Miss Morris. And as I told you, I'm willing any time—today if you like—to buy the world rights of it. Let me have them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You might want to turn them over to Maud Eden."

"That's as much as you know about it!"

A devil of sheer incaution took possession of Dale, absolute possession, and he said: "I know more about it than you've given me credit for, Campion. You left Switzerland thinking me a bigger fool than I really am."

For once in his life Campion looked uncomfortable.

"I don't know what you mean!" he said. He waited a minute, then lifted his big head with determination. "All this don't get us any further."

"I think it does. We understand one another better now than we did when I came here today. At least you understand me better."

"You're the oddest proposition I ever struck, except perhaps—Miss Morris." Dale said nothing in response to this, and after a pause Campion said, "Well, what are we going to do about Lorillard?"

"Write out a cable that we'll both put our names to."

"And what'll it be?"

"Holding over play indefinitely this is final greetings'—and our names. I'd rather tell Miss Lorillard why you're holding the play, but at any rate there won't be an absolute lie in that cable."

"Old Wade'll be mad. When an old man of sixty-five's got a—well, use your own word—on a girl like Lorillard, it ain't very pleasant for him to see her turned down. He'll get it in the neck from her more likely than not."

"Then you'll send that cable?"

Campion shrugged his huge shoulders. When the cable had been written out and given to Meyer to dispatch to America, Dale said:

"Now we're quits, Campion."

WHEN Dale left the Central Theater, he walked to the Garrick Club. There he came across a man whom he knew slightly, who had lived many years in Egypt, and who was an authority on Egyptian antiquities. To this man, Archibald Langton, he mentioned that he thought of going to the Nile, though he hadn't yet been able to make up his mind to leave London.

"Have you ever been there?" Langton asked him.

"Never."

"Take my advice, then, and go. Don't let anything prevent you."

Dale sat down with Langton and they entered into a long conversation which soothed Dale's nerves inexpressibly after his interview with Campion. They talked of Egypt and of things Egyptian, and presently Langton mentioned a name Dale knew nothing about, Neferhotep.

"He lived in Tut-ankh-amen's time. He was a minstrel. Here are some of his words which I"—he hesitated, glanced at Dale, looked away—"like."

"Yes?" said Dale.

The pale gray eyes had become imaginative. The face held a new look of almost strange gravity.

"I have heard those songs which are inscribed in the ancient sepulchers, and what they tell in praise of life on earth and belittling the region of the dead. Yet wherefore do they this in regard to the land of Eternity, the just and the fair, where fear is not? Wrangling is its abhorrence, nor does any there gird himself against his fellow. That land, free of enemies!—all our kinsmen from the earliest day of time rest within it. The children of millions of millions come thither, every one. For none may tarry in the land of Egypt; none there is that passeth not thither. The span of our earthly deeds is as a dream; but fair is the welcome that awaits him who has reached the hills of the West."

A long silence followed the falling of his level voice. At that moment it happened that the club was almost deserted. For the moment Dale and he were alone.

"May I—may I take that down?" asked Dale, at last speaking.

"Yes, of course."

"One minute!" Dale went to a writing-table and took a pen and a sheet of paper.

When he got up to leave the club a little later, he gripped Langton's hand.

"You've done me good today," he said. "More good than you know."

"If you decide to go to the Nile, send me word. I can give you two or three introductions that you'll be glad to have."

"I'll ask you for them, be sure of that."

Late that day, just before closing time, Dale once more confronted the businesslike phalanx at the tourist office and arranged for a passage to Alexandria from Trieste on a boat called the Vienna. Then he went home.

In his library, sitting over the fire, he read again the words of the Egyptian minstrel, and an intense longing came to him to hear them spoken by the dark voice of Valentine. That voice, he felt, was made for such words as those. Again and again he read them and the longing grew in him, till at last he could hold out—against Valentine?—no longer, and he went to his table, copied out the words, and wrote the following note:

Dear Valentine,

I am going to Egypt for a visit at the end of next week "out of this darkness." The words I enclose on a separate sheet are the words of an Egyptian minstrel, Neferhotep, who lived in the time of Tut-ankh-amen. Needless to inquire whether you care for them, as I do. I would give a very great deal to hear your voice speak them. As you said to me—the universal gives one wings.

Martin

He sent off this note by the evening post. On the following

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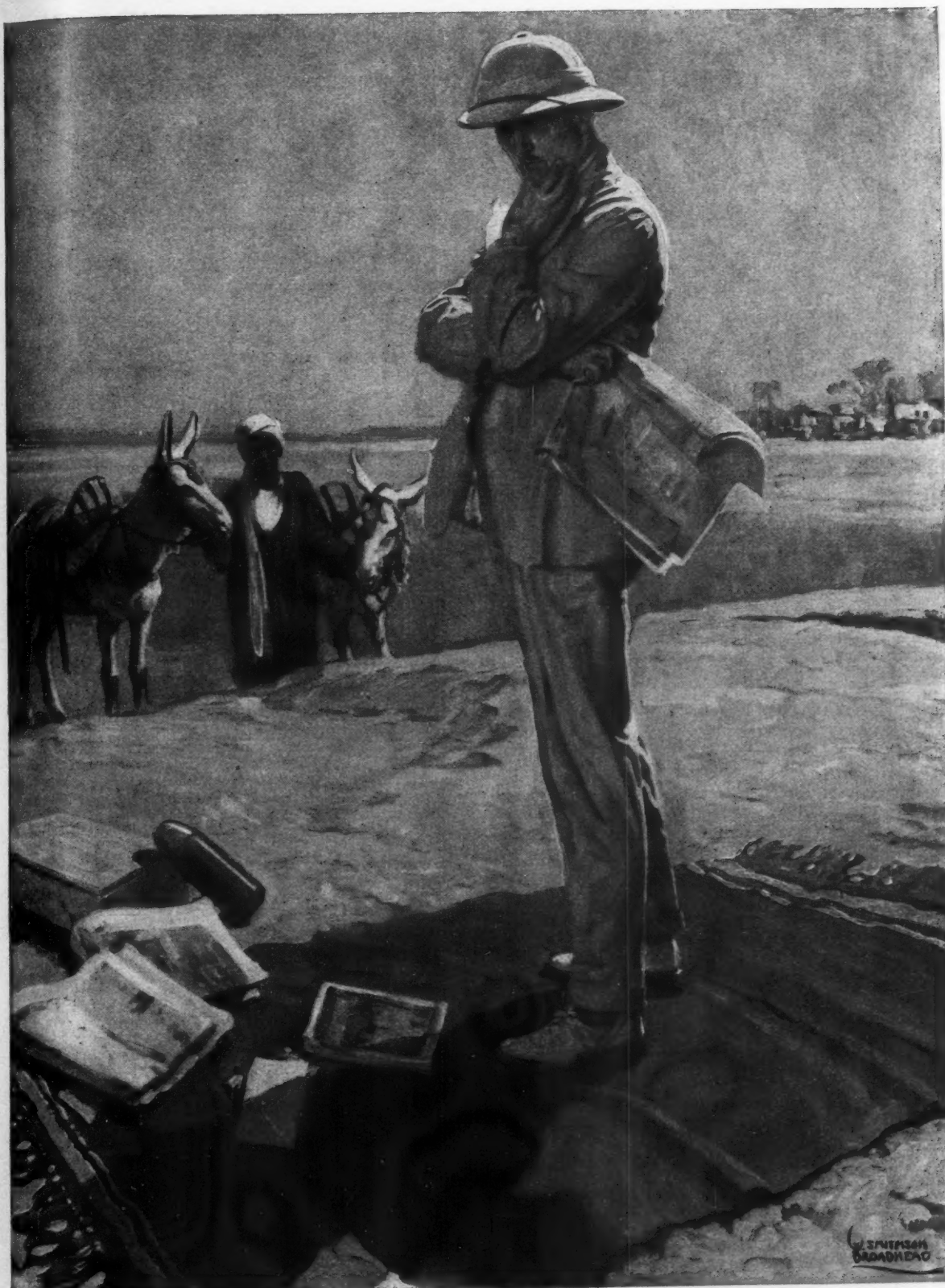
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**D**ale seemed to hear Valentine's voice saying, "For none may tarry in the land of Egypt." But that was no comment on his fate but on the fate of a little boy.

morning between noon and one o'clock a messenger boy brought an answer from Valentine.

*(Written in bed)*

Oh, Martin, my dear, what words! I was dancing nearly all last night and am only just awake. But I am *really* awake because

I have read those words. They made me cry, as Ecclesiastes makes me cry. I will say them to you before you go—only to you. Not today. Not tomorrow. Come on Sunday at twilight. Be sure to come.

I have been angry with you but *(Continued on page 211)*



# W<sup>The World's</sup> S<sup>Street</sup> ickedest

By O. O.  
McIntyre

IT WAS quite by accident that Lisle Bell, an American writer, and I took a turn from the *rue Bolivar* in Paris for a sudden dip into the despairing awfulness of "the wickedest street in the world."

This vice-sodden thoroughfare is the *rue Monjol*, which is reached by climbing several flights of time-worn steps which make up the *rue Asselin*. The streets cut across each other at right angles and symbolize the utter depths of Parisian depravity.

*Rue Monjol* is such a social sore that even Paris, which spawns and countenances the dregs of degeneracy, has decided there is no healing save by application of the pickaxe. A finally outraged citizenry has ordered the street demolished. It has festered there since before the Revolution.

A Paris fête was in progress on this afternoon of our adventure and Paris merrymakers in customary fashion were dancing in the *rue Bolivar*. To avoid the crowds, Bell and I climbed the steps of *rue Asselin* and turned into *rue Monjol*, which we subsequently discovered was not a street at all but a mean, dingy, cobble-paved blind alley.

We felt perfectly secure, for a stone's cast away was the foot of the Buttes-Chaumont with its glittering artificial lake, moss-hanging trees and wisteria bowers. Children were romping the greensward under the eyes of knitting nurses. French families were picnicking *al fresco*. A dying sun with a parting blood-red glare tinted the twilight pink.

*Rue Monjol* is perhaps four yards wide and has never seen wheeled traffic. The frame buildings on either side were hovels with up-stairs cribs and the ground floors were dirty drinking dens.

In front of each on rickety chairs or boxes sat fat, gaudily painted women. Each had the unwholesome bloom of chronic dissipation and faces were hideously scarred and seared in a phantasmagoria of blurred ugliness.

Eugène Sue, we learned afterward, once wrote: "*Rue Monjol* has the thick smell of murder." It had. Here throats were slit for a sou and two months before all Paris had been stirred by the finding of the body of a man whose bones had been stripped white, piled into a heap and topped by the victim's grinning skull.

Of course we knew nothing of this and loitered in the street for a full hour with typical country boy curiosity for big city sights. That nothing happened was perhaps fools' luck, for an amazed prefect of police told us a few days later with much volatile shrugging we "had courted quick death," especially when informed that we had displayed rather well-filled purses.

And, he added, the most harrowing of the knifing affrays in *apache* life of Paris had taken place there ten years ago with the police at dawn finding seven bodies stilettoed through the heart.

In one little bar incongruously labeled "*Printemps*" the patrons were chiefly swarthy men from North Africa and the women of the quarter, all in various stages of intoxicated bestiality. Two of the women were nude.

It was the only place I had ever seen where cocaine was dispensed openly over the bar. The crystal-white flakes were shaken from a bottle into small butter-pat plates and "sniffed" as nonchalantly as the average Parisian sips his *apéritif*.

The bartender was a one-eyed cutthroat with deeply pitted face. We asked him to drink and he shook out "a shot of snow"—perhaps property stuff for such occasions—and charged twenty francs therefor.

Bell, whose working knowledge of French far exceeded mine, was told by him that never before had he seen Americans in the street and he hinted it was not a hospitable haven for strangers.

From every up-stairs beckoning woman leaned forth. If one hesitated for a second before one crib, the others screamed vituperation.

At the blind end of the street was a circular bar; and a few moments after our entrance, a brawl arose between a man and woman at a fly-blown table. The man's palm shot out in a broadside slap on her cheek. We offered no interference, and luckily

so. For the hope of "interference" is the inspiring motive of such attacks. The ensuing excitement gives an opportunity to fello interloper and pick his pocket. It is an ancient trick of the *apache*.

In all the street there was not a single touch of youth or beauty so frequently found in such havens of iniquity. The men were all middle-aged and husky, the women old, coarse, flabby.

At one doorway, at which stood a hag with a withered arm, the interior revealed a bunk nailed to the wall. A flaming poster of the *Cirque d'Hiver* was the single wall adornment. There was a backless chair. Nothing else.

We were told that most of the women had never left the quarter since entering it. Many were those who had been dragged from the Seine in hapless efforts at suicide or had fled from hospitals for one last fling of vice before oblivion. In 1918 two lepers were taken from there to exile.

It was easy to see that outside of the dwellers and wine-shop keepers the visitors to the quarter were made up almost totally of men blinded to its hideousness by drink. Here the baser emotions could run riot without restraint. And men could love, fight and disappear completely in a few hours' carousal.

In an unsavory little hut given over to roulette down a few steps in *rue Asselin* a croupier stood glowering with a shining dirk in his sash. The highest bet accepted was fifty centimes with the sou as the prevailing wager.

Men lurched out of the wine-shops there in the hope of replenishing themselves with a few sous for deeper drinking. When they muttered over their losses—and they always lost—the dirk was unsheathed ominously. The gesture brought quick silence.

Two men and one woman were sprawled out in the roadway in hopeless yet perhaps blissful states of drug or liquor intoxication. Another, ricocheted from a bar by a blow, fell against the curb with a thin trickle of blood oozing from his forehead. And a woman skirted by him with a cackle of derision.

At the sidewalk tables, in tawdry imitation of the Parisian boulevard flair, were the besotted habitués with matted hair, yellow sockets with a tigerish gleam and patched garments, looking more like animals than humankind. It is not exaggeration to record that they eyed us with savage resentment. And there was the shivery impression of hidden eyes.

There are about 300 denizens residing in the gripping awfulness of the area. Once it was almost depopulated by a wave of black smallpox, but it filled again with its human squalor and filth until Paris can no longer stand its stench.

PARIS has never policed the district. The attitude has been "Let it rot!" It has believed—and perhaps rightly so—that no denizen of *rue Monjol* could be restored to useful citizenship. As one official expressed it "They are not fit for jails." So the corrosion of human souls has continued for more than fifty years.

In the entire district no other commodity is sold save drugs and liquor. Fortunately not a home shelters a baby.

All of these things, impelled by a bland yokel curiosity, we saw within an hour. Zola once spoke of it as "the worst hell hole in all Christendom." And we, serene in our ignorance, had rushed in like fools where angels feared to tread and had come out unscathed, at a cost of slightly less than forty francs.

Under the sputtering arc-light at the foot of the steps leading up *rue Asselin* a lonely *gendarme*, in the detached manner of his guild, was adjusting his shoulder cape and plucking at his slight mustache.

He saw us, gave a visible start and demanded our identification cards. We showed them and he inquired what we were doing in such a neighborhood. Bell explained we had come quite innocently upon the street and were simply exploring it.

He burst forth in a torrent of rapid French. And in disgust motioned us away.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said," replied Bell, "that we were the equivalent of what we know in America as two perfect fools."



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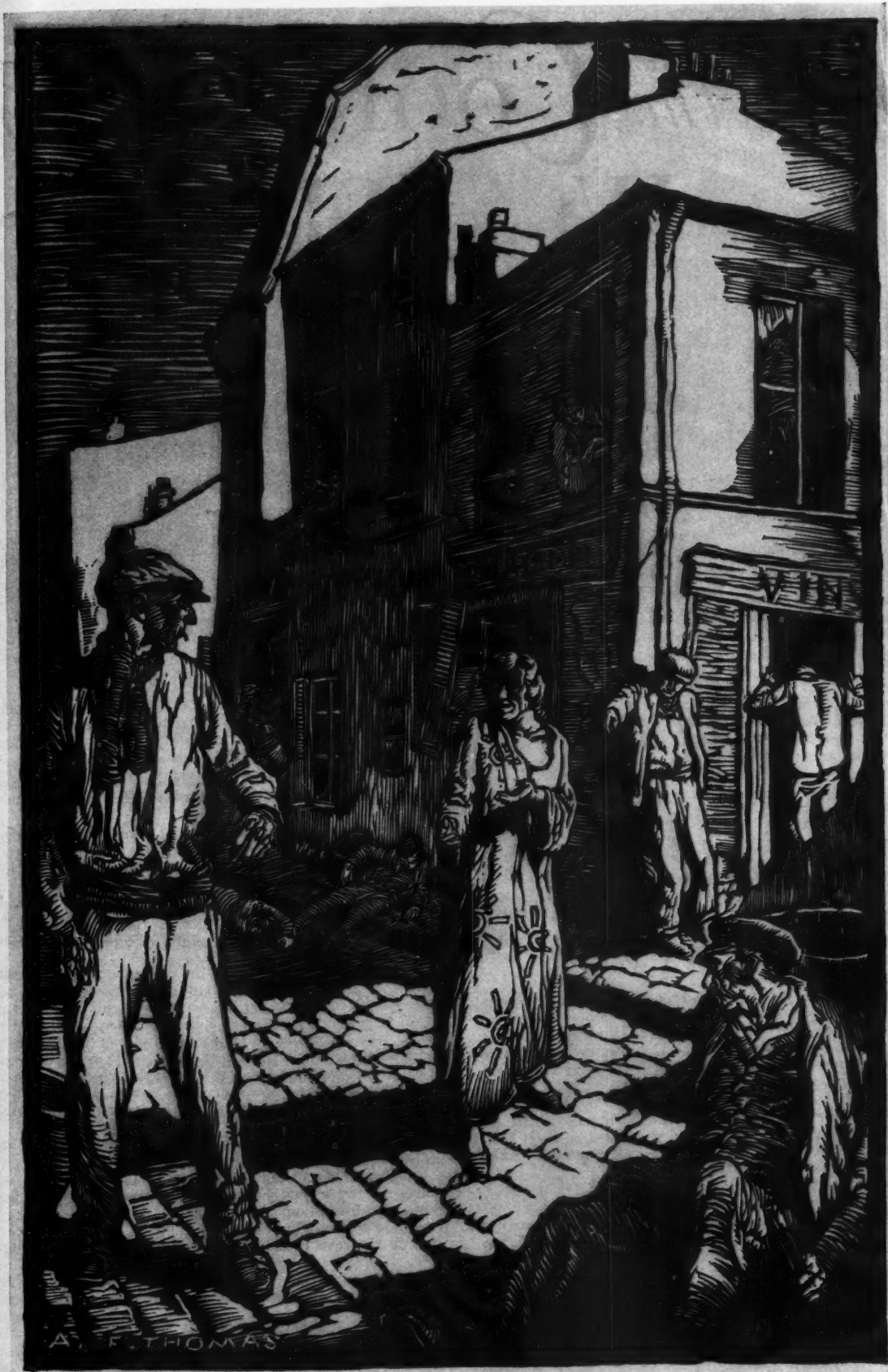
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*Here the baser emotions run riot. Men love, fight and disappear completely in a few hours' carousal.*

# With the Coolidges in the White House

**P**RESIDENT COOLIDGE takes a nap every afternoon—and smokes cigars. These are the only two indulgences the President permits himself.

He is a light eater.

He rarely talks, or smiles.

He seldom goes to the theater.

He plays no games.

He never touches liquor.

He has more clothes than any President in the past five administrations has had.

Mrs. Coolidge, on the other hand, is warm, friendly and talkative.

She is a champion smiler.

She lets nothing interfere with her happiness.

Altogether, these two are, to my way of thinking, the strangest couple that have ever occupied the White House.

Never before has a President taken such keen and active interest in the small domestic affairs that have to do with the running of the Executive Mansion.

Never, incidentally, has a President saved so much money each year as President Coolidge has.

Never before has the President of the United States had an adviser and friend who actually lived at the White House until he became a part and parcel of its daily life, as is today the case with the President's intimate friend, Mr. Stearns, owner of a great department store in Boston.

Almost from the first day that the Coolidges entered the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Stearns have occupied the two-room suite on the southeast corner of the third floor, known as the Blue Bedroom. Often the Stearns make short business trips to Boston, but they have these permanent quarters in the White House and fully two-thirds of their days are spent there.

Another great personal friend and crony of the President is that fine old Vermonter, Attorney General Sargent. Often he drops in for luncheon or dinner—a rugged, splendid New Englander full of the homely wisdom of his everlasting hills. I like and admire Mr. Sargent very much.

Likewise I had great admiration for the President's father. It was a pleasure to have him visit the White House. There was something superior about this gentle old man from his tucked-away village. He had never bothered to own a dinner jacket before he came to the White House, but when the tailor hurriedly made him one he wore it with the dignity and ease and indifference that a really great man should show for such small matters. Colonel Coolidge was much more of a talker than his son, the President. He was very friendly and everybody in the White House liked him.

It was during the few days that Mrs. Harding spent in the White House following the death and funeral of President Harding, that I first met Mrs. Coolidge. A little incident happened then that instantly won me to the new First Lady of the Land.

88



*C. Mrs.  
Elizabeth  
Jaffray*

*Photograph by  
Mr. Lynde,  
Toronto*

Mrs. Harding was with Mrs. Coolidge in one of the up-stairs rooms and sent the footman to my room to ask if I would come to the room.

"Mrs. Coolidge, this is Mrs. Jaffray," she introduced us, and then turning directly to Mrs. Coolidge said without realizing how it sounded: "I hope Mrs. Jaffray will like you."

I was very much embarrassed and at once said:

"My dear Mrs. Harding, it isn't a question of whether I like Mrs. Coolidge but of whether Mrs. Coolidge likes me."

Mrs. Coolidge reached out and gripped my hand in an understanding gesture, dismissing with her quick smile the whole uncomfortable episode.

"I would like, Mrs. Jaffray, for everything to go on just as it has in the past," she said a moment later.

So it was that I started on my long tour with my fifth and last administration.

Frankly, I soon saw that things would be a little different than they had ever been before. As I have already intimated, the President of the United States for the first time took a personal interest in the actual management of the White House.

For the first time there was quite a little discussion of the meals and of the dishes that were to be served. In all the previous thirteen or fourteen years that I had managed the Executive Mansion, the custom had been for the first cook to bring up to me at nine o'clock each morning the menus for the luncheon and dinner for that day, and for us to discuss these meals and make any changes I thought necessary. As a rule when the final menus were settled I would show them to the President's wife.

With the coming of the Coolidges, however, this custom was soon changed. I saw that the President liked at least to have the privilege of discussing the menus, so I ordered that each morning the two menus should be sent up with the President's breakfast for inspection.

Later the cook would bring them to me.

I recall that the President had a great time over his custard pie.

For some reason he didn't like the pies that the White House cook was making for him and he complained about it.

I asked Mrs. Coolidge if she had a recipe that she knew the President liked and she said she would write to an inn in Massachusetts where they had often stayed and get the particular recipe that had pleased the President. She did write and when she gave the recipe to me I asked the cook to prepare a special pie from it.

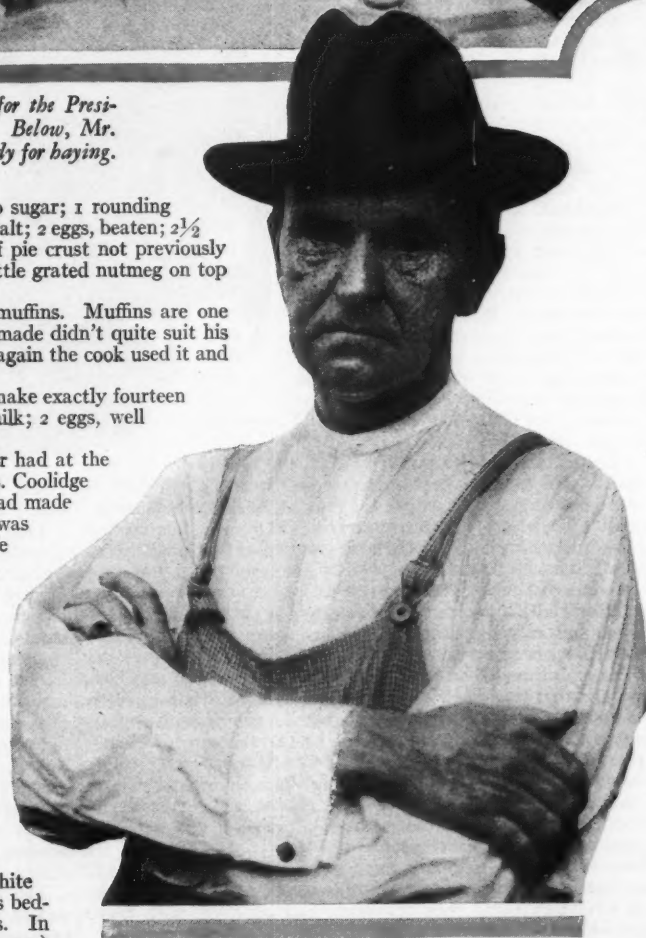
The cook did, and the President was eminently satisfied.

By *Elizabeth Jaffray*,  
Housekeeper of the

who for 17 Years Was  
Executive Mansion



**Above, Mrs. Coolidge prepares light meals for the President when he is too busy for regular meals. Below, Mr. Coolidge, on a vacation at Plymouth, Vt., ready for haying.**



It might be interesting to quote the recipe here:  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar; 1 rounding tablespoonful of flour; mix sugar and flour; add a pinch of salt; 2 eggs, beaten;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of milk. Pour into pie plate lined with thin layer of pie crust not previously baked. Bake in oven until custard is "set." Sprinkle a little grated nutmeg on top when removed from the oven.

We had the same difficulty with the President's corn muffins. Muffins are one of his very choice breakfast dishes and the ones the cook made didn't quite suit his palate. Again Mrs. Coolidge sent for a special recipe, and again the cook used it and the President was pleased.

I am going to give the recipe here. Incidentally, it will make exactly fourteen muffins. Two cups cornmeal; 1 cup flour; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 eggs, well beaten;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls of baking-powder.

One of the most extraordinary official luncheons we ever had at the White House was the luncheon that the President and Mrs. Coolidge gave to the Prince of Wales on his last visit. The Prince had made his official call at the White House with his suite and it was arranged that he should come alone for luncheon. He arrived, accompanied by his equerry and also an official from the British Embassy, and the Prince alone lunched with President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, and their son John.

It was a rather silent affair. Mrs. Coolidge told me afterwards that one of the few remarks the Prince made was "What a marvelous chef you have, Mrs. Coolidge!"

The menu is before me as I write: fruit cup; clear bouillon; fairy toast; speckled trout; broiled chicken; peas; Bermuda potatoes; mixed salad; cheese biscuits; strawberry ice-cream; cakes; coffee; salted almonds; White Rock.

With the coming of the Coolidges, the twin beds—the tragic twin beds that had brought so much sorrow to the White House—were removed from what had been Mrs. Harding's bedroom and placed in a bedroom for the two Coolidge boys. In the place of these twin beds the (Continued on page 193)



# W<sup>A</sup> Woman who Needed Killing

"WHEN does he arrive? This afternoon?"

Frank Gregory favored his pretty wife with an odd glance as he crumpled a scrawled sheet of letter-paper in one lean brown hand.

"This afternoon—any moment now—I suppose. Will you summon up sufficient energy to walk down to the landing-stage to meet him, or shall I perform that brotherly duty alone?"

The woman in the long cane chair with its colorful linen cushions merely stirred idly and yawned, vouchsafing no answer. Her pearly teeth gleamed in the sunshine like those of a small but savage cat; she was singularly catlike, indeed, with her tawny amber eyes, her "mat" ivory skin her thick, tabby-colored mop of untidy hair.

It was bakingly hot. Frank Gregory wore the khaki shirt and shorts, brief but spruce enough, that are the usual garb of the Englishman in the East African bush, but his wife Lena lounged idly in her chair in a shabby kimono of printed cotton, scarlet and green, her pretty feet thrust into trodden-down sandals; the Assistant District Commissioner of Kilima had long ago given up endeavoring to make his wife see the desirability of trying to uphold the dignity of the white woman in this outlying post of civilization.

As he sat swinging one putteed leg on the rickety veranda rail of the little white bungalow, sole stronghold of empire in this wild corner of the world, the man's thoughts were busy in the past. Was it really only three years since he married this lovely, idle, sensual thing half asleep in the sunshine? He had been contented enough before—lonely, of course, sometimes, but one got used to that, and women had never meant very much in his life. He liked his work and the country; got on well with the natives, and in young Allerton had had a companion entirely after his own heart.

Then had come a bad attack of fever after a heavy season's work, and that fatal leave—when he went down to Nairobi with Tom Crutchley, and met that club crowd. A gay place, Nairobi! Plenty to do, and a group of attractive young women with whom to ride, dance, play tennis. To shy Frank Gregory, fresh from his womanless Eden, it was like coming suddenly on a patch of scented flowers after years in an arid desert, and lovely Lena Wesson, acknowledged queen of the small coterie, was the rose beyond all roses in very truth.

Mrs. Wesson had had every man in Nairobi at her feet for so long that a novelty in lovers was absolutely necessary, and as Tom Crutchley said, when the worst had occurred, with that speed with which it generally does occur in the tropics, "Poor old



"Your company isn't so exciting, Frank dear, that I shan't be glad of somebody new to talk to."

Frank hadn't a dog's chance from the start—it was picking a penny out of a blind man's tin!"

Lena Wesson wanted Frank Gregory—so she got him, via a divorce she could certainly have done without, but she was sick and tired of George Wesson anyway. So within a week of the divorce she married the correspondent and disappeared with him into the wilds; upon which sundry less charming but more honest women breathed sighs of heartfelt relief.

Blindly in love with Lena Wesson as he was, Gregory had hated, with all the hot, embarrassed dislike of your true Englishman, the publicity of his unfortunate love-affair, and Wesson had been vindictive, dragged every detail he could scrape up into the light; but luckily the affair was not of sufficient interest to get into the home papers, and Bobby, his beloved young brother, still in far-off England, though chafing for the day when, his final exams passed, he could follow his brother out to the wild lands of which he dreamed, heard nothing of his brother's marriage beyond the bare fact, shyly enough conveyed, in one of Frank's stilted little letters.

The lad greeted the news with an enthusiasm that lifted a weight from the other's anxious heart; Bobby would have been open-eyed had he dreamed how eagerly his brother awaited each

# By Margery H. Lawrence

## A Story from the *Loneliest Place in Africa*

the veranda and down to the little landing-stage, biting his lip. Well, he had done his best. If the worst came to the worst he must tell Bobby, warn him against her.

It was unthinkable that Lena might try to twist her greedy, cruel fingers into the heart-strings of a dear, clean lad like his Bobby.

His heart leaped as the lean black dugout swept round the bend, manned by a row of sleek, dark-skinned Swahili, their paddles dipping and flashing in the sun in perfect rhythm. In the stern sat a slim young figure in white ducks and a sun helmet. The dugout drew up to the tiny jetty, the young man leaped out, and the two brothers, so long separated, clasped hands and grinned with the sudden bashfulness of the Briton in the grip of emotion.

Illustrations

by

Robert W. Stewart

"Frank—my—goodness—it's good to see you again!" The lad's voice was eager, charming as his tiny, absurd mustache, his slender, springy youthfulness, the faint laughter-wrinkles at the corners of his blue eyes. Standing back to stare at the lean, saturnine face that was beaming on him, he laughed, a chuckle of inexpressible satisfaction, and clumped his brother ecstatically on the back.

"Lord—I don't believe it's real yet! Here I am at last, a full-blown police officer—assistant to your High Mightiness. Doesn't it seem extraordinary? After all these years waiting and planning, since I was a grubby little youngster?"

He drew a long breath and looked round him with shining eyes. In the face of his fresh youth, the older man felt oddly old and shy and awkward, though his love-starved heart yearned out towards his brother with a sudden aching affection.

The boy rattled on as arm-in-arm they walked up the sun-baked compound towards the little house, half hidden in its tangle of trees, the rioting jungle growth that took Frank's *shamba* boys all their time to keep cut back. The tin roof was hidden by swarming bougainvillea, a foam of shaded mauve glory, and on the veranda tall Jerogi, the houseboy, beaming on his approaching master, was already placing a tray of the drinks that are the invariable greeting to the visitor in an East African household. It was a cool, inviting little picture that greeted the eye, and Bobby's sigh of appreciation was ecstatic as he mounted the last step and, throwing off his sun helmet, turned to survey the scene.

The little compound, dusty and cracked with the heat of a long, dry season, ran down to the river's edge, swift-flowing Tana, brown in spate as a Scotch trout-stream under the tangle of overhanging mangroves. Upon the tiny pile-supported landing-stage a group of bronze-skinned "boys" were still unloading kit from the dugout, gun cases, crates, trunks, a ukulele, a phonograph—all the gay, useless paraphernalia that youth persists in bringing with it into the wilderness. Watching the absorbed young face with wistful attention, the older man wondered. Would Lena spoil this, this one thing he held dear now in his wrecked life? He started as the boy pronounced her name.

"And Lena? Where's she? I want to see my brand-new sister-in-law. You never even sent me her photograph, you know, you old blighter." To the older man's relief he did not wait for a reply but passed on to another subject, unheeding. "D'you know, Frank, old man, I got an idea—the last year or so—that you weren't so keen as you used to be on getting me out here?" The honest young eyes were terribly hard to face! "Was it all my eye, or did you think for some reason—it wouldn't do?"

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"Lena, understand me! I won't have you try any tricks with Bobby, d'ye hear?"

mail, how deep his disappointment when no letter appeared, how long the time spent inditing those laborious replies.

Lena Gregory had been at first piqued, then amused, finally irritated by her husband's obvious deep love for the young man in England. But now she merely watched, with a faintly malicious little smile, the hawklike face intent upon the river. She was, on the whole, pleased that Bobby was arriving; her passion for Frank Gregory had worn itself out long since, as did all her crazes, and only the fact that she was penniless, and, moreover, had burned her boats as regards her position in East African society, now kept her at his side, in this steamy, mosquito-ridden, ramshackle little up-river station, where her husband, the only white man in the district, ruled so many miles of impenetrable forest.

She glanced obliquely at him.

"I'm glad Bobby is coming. He looks a darling boy, from that photograph you've got!" she observed with deliberate malice. "Your company isn't so exciting, Frank dear, that I shan't be glad of somebody new to talk to!"

The big man rose abruptly; for a second the lovely, insolent creature curled in the deep chair flinched as he stood over her, furiously menacing, a shadow against the brilliance of the sunshine outside.

"Lena—understand me! I know you—too well—and I won't have you try any tricks with Bobby, d'ye hear? Haven't you done enough damage? I know what's in your mind!"

She smiled tauntingly. "Really, really Frank—what on earth do you mean? Don't you want me to be nice to Bobby? He expects an amiable sister-in-law, I'm sure! To show you, I mean to start as I shall go on. I'm actually going to take the trouble to change into a nice dress for him!"

She vanished, laughing, through the open French window, her pointed face with its wide hazel eyes beneath her tossing mop of hair, provocative, lovely, heartless. Frank Gregory strode off



**C.** Watching Lena's gradual enslavement of his

The older man hesitated a moment, then laughed awkwardly and patted the shoulder beside him.

"Rot! Of course I wanted you. Only, you see, you're such a youngster! How old—twenty-three? And I thought perhaps I was forcing my own preference down your throat, so I stood back, you see—to let you decide for yourself."

The young face cleared. "Decide? Of course I wanted to come! Never thought about anything else since I was a kid at school."

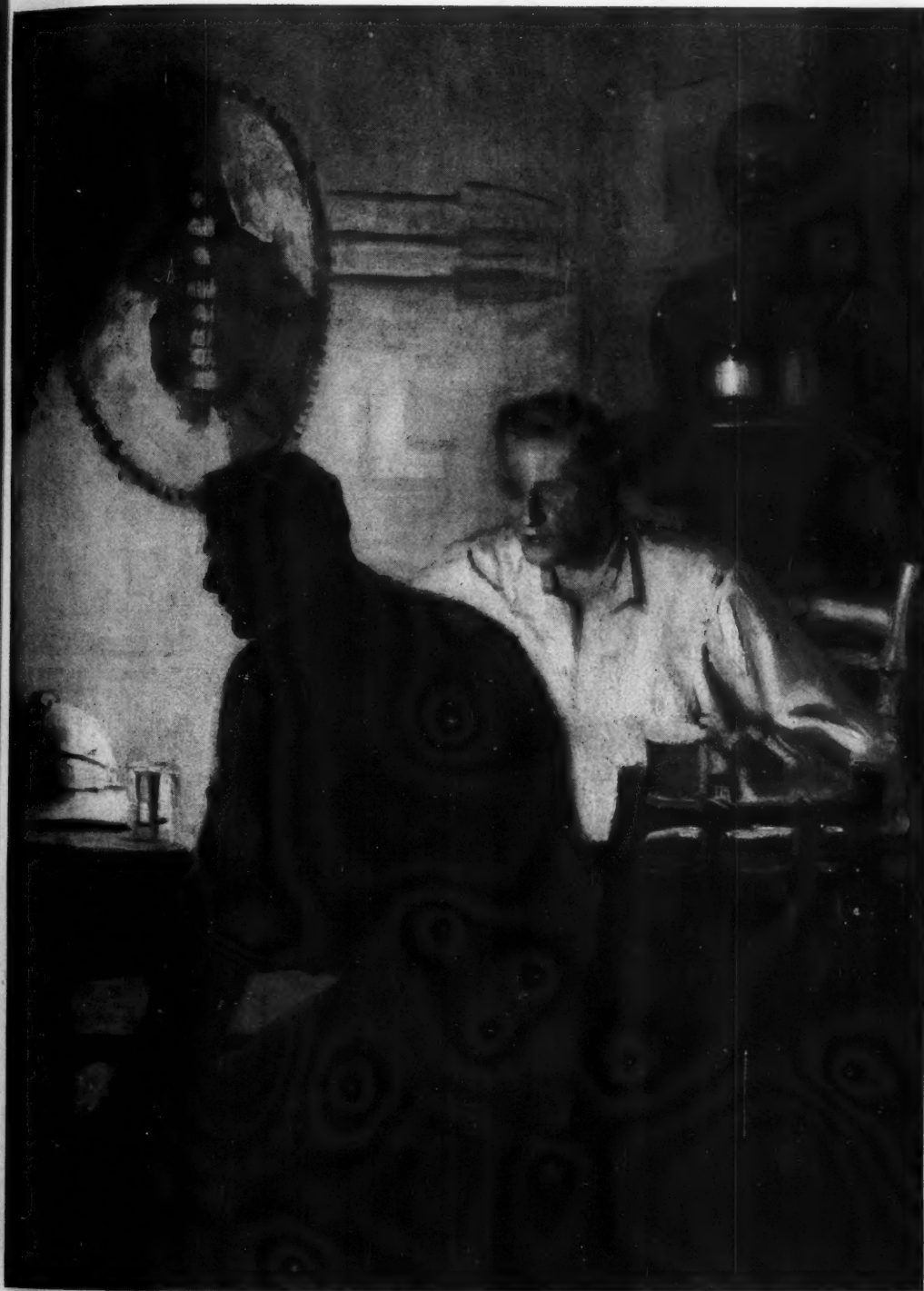
Lena, in a crisp pink organdie frock that made her into the semblance of a drifted oleander blossom, came through the open French window, her golden eyes on the newcomer, one slender hand outstretched.

"Bobby—how marvelous! Frank and I were beginning to wonder whether anything had happened, you were so late. Have a drink? *Let's whiskysoda, Jerogi—pace sana!* Frank dear, have you had yours?"

A sardonic grin creased the older man's brown cheek as he listened. So this was the attitude, was it—"wifely devotion" touch?

Wonder how long it would last—she hadn't troubled to trot out that stuff for Langley or Allerton, poor devils! He accepted his "sun-downer" in morose silence while Lena, her feet curled under her in her favorite chair, chattered eagerly to the newcomer, her great eyes intent under their shadowing fringe of lashes, quiet with the quiescence of the creature that crouches





brother with an odd, detached absorption, Frank Gregory was reminded of the case of Peter Allerton.

motionless that it may spring better when the moment for springing arrives.

Certainly Lena was playing the dear little hostess most admirably. Jerogi was sent scurrying to unpack the young man's kit and pour out his bath.

Bobby, spick and span, his fair hair brushed till it shone, came in to dinner like a hungry young god in a dinner jacket.

With grim amusement, but without comment, Frank noted the fact that Lena had discarded her usual dinner attire, a shabby tea-gown or kimono, for a gleaming spangled frock, relic of Nairobi days; a gown of palest gold that brought out the white perfection of her skin, the depths of her amazing amber eyes. Her tiny feet were poised on the stilt-like heels of a pair of gilded

shoes with gleaming buckles—slippers her husband, with a sudden little pang, remembered seeing upon her feet the first time they had danced together. How life had changed since that delirious night!

They had an excellent dinner; Jerogi, head houseboy, kept the cook in stern order. Lena laughed and chattered with the handsome boy, and wondered why she had ever grumbled at the prospect of her husband's "young cub of a brother" coming out to Kilima. She wished, even at this early stage, that she had arranged for him to room in the bungalow instead of taking over the usual police officer's quarters, a tin-roofed shanty a stone's throw away across the compound.

Curious, as her predatory type (Continued on page 133)



# *The Old Countess*

*Graham heard Madame de Lamouderie's wailing cry: "Insensate! Mad! Cruel! You will drown! The dike is down! You will not find Marthe."*

say to herself then, while the bullets spattered about her on the road, so she now heard herself saying: "Steady, old girl; steady."

Everything was over for her. Everything had come to an end. That was like death. And death came to everyone, sooner or later. Facing death had been one of the easiest things to learn in the war. One might flinch and sicken inwardly; but one held up one's head

and managed to smile. That was what she must do now.

How the rain boiled up about her feet from the disintegrated road! The stones were loosened by the cataracts of water that poured down its cracks and gullies and the rosy white of the lightning dazzled her eyes as it glared incessantly from the sky. It had always been a rather glorious thing to be out in a great storm; a purifying thing. These torrents, this tempest, laved away the taint and sickness of the reptile-house from which she had come.

**T**HE storm had burst over the whole countryside. The forest groaned and bowed under the tempest. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed in a spectral sky. Jill walked in the midst of it, her head erect, her eyes fixed before her on the seething road, and as she found herself thus exposed to the desperate elements she was quieted and strengthened. She seemed to be driving her ambulance again along a road in the firing-line, hearing the crash of artillery and seeing the flame of bursting shells and as she had used to

# By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

Concluding—*A Novel of a Man Who Loved  
Two Women,*

by the  
Author of

"The Little French Girl"



Illustrations by  
Walt Louderback

tenderness, picked it up, toiled on with it for a little way; then set it down again. Its weight was beyond her strength.

Jill watched her staggering up the stony road, and as Marthe approached her a stillness, a whiteness, like that of the antechamber of death, fell upon her.

They were near each other, they were only a few yards apart, when she lifted her face and saw Jill standing in the road. She stopped still, and, through the tempest, they looked at each other. Then, as Jill opened her arms, Marthe came into them. She laid her arms on Jill's shoulders and bent her head upon her breast. The rain was like a heavy shroud enfolding them.

"Marthe—Marthe," Jill whispered. "Nothing is changed between us."

Nothing was changed. She knew that now. Marthe's face, holy and beautiful, had banished, forever, the dreadful darkness. And as they stood thus embraced, an experience transcending any she had ever known came to Jill. Her love for Marthe Ludérac flamed up and enfolded them both; and enfolding Dick, and all her being was filled with rapture. She was filled with life from head to foot; and life was love; only love; and this bliss came to her because she loved Marthe Ludérac and because Marthe was holy; though it seemed only a shattered, helpless woman she held, beaten beyond all thought or feeling.

"Don't cry, darling," she heard herself say; from far away, and after how long a time she did not know. For Marthe was sobbing on her breast.

Under the chestnuts, beside the cemetery wall, Jill saw that they might find a little shelter. The form she held was wet through and through; Marthe's hair streamed rivers of rain into her bosom. Jill drew her down, beneath the boughs, and they

leaned against the cemetery wall. The kid lay down, creeping close to their feet.

"Jill," whispered Marthe, "let me tell you this. I have been faithful to you. I could not deny that I loved him. But not one word, not one look of tenderness has he had from me."

"Oh—poor Dick!" half sighed, half smiled Jill. Paradise was a childlike place. One could smile in Paradise.

But, hearing these words from her friend, Marthe Ludérac lifted her ravaged face and gazed at her.

"You must have made him very miserable, Marthe," said

Wretched old woman. Horrible. Piteous. No—don't think of her.

The cemetery wall was before her now and the chestnut branches dashed themselves against it above Marthe Ludérac's grave. The bristling tin tubs glittered against the black as the lightning struck across them. Jill glanced, and turned her eyes away. Round the corner the woodland road ran down into the *grande route*. It would be better when she was out upon the *grande route*, all the river, all the sky before her. Suddenly, below her, coming round the wall, she saw Marthe Ludérac.

If Marthe Ludérac had been exhausted that morning, what was she now? She was bowed against the blast; half obliterated by the rain. A kid tottered, bleating, after her and as she came into view she stopped and turned to it with a gesture of dogged





**C** "Say that you are glad to die with me as I am glad to die with you," said Marthe. "I am glad because I have you. That is all I need," muttered Graham.

Jill, gently regarding her. "I'm afraid I couldn't have kept that up with a man I loved."

"But, Jill—you do not understand." Marthe's sunken, exhausted eyes dwelt on her. "I have seen him when you did not know. It was not only when you sent him to me on the island. I have seen him at the *manoir*. And this morning, after you and I were in the woods—he came. And we were together in the garden; we walked there together; for a long time."

"Yes. I know. I wanted you to see him. You remember what I said this morning, Marthe; even this morning, when I did not understand as I do now. I knew that you and he must see each other. I knew that everything must come quite clear between you, when you saw each other."

"Quite clear?" A pitiful look of incomprehension drew Marthe's brows to a knot of pain.

"Marthe, my darling—you and Dick belong to each other. That's what's clear now—to all of us. You and he are never going to part," said Jill.

MARthe drew her arms away. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"What I say, Marthe. I am going to set Dick free," said Jill. As she heard the words, Marthe's face assumed a look of terror. "You believe that I am going to take your husband from you?"

"But, Marthe—you have taken him from me," Jill said, odd y grimacing so that her tears should not flow down. "Or, rather—for you've done nothing—he's taken himself from me and given himself to you."

"No," said Marthe after a moment, intently thinking. "No. It is not so. He will always love you. You will always be his loved wife."

"Marthe—I understand"; Jill still grimaced. "No good going into that. He loves me. But it's you he wants."

"Such wants pass."

"Not Dick's for you. When he's with you he's in heaven. That's what it comes to. You'll never make him forget his want of heaven."

"No! It is not heaven! With you it is heaven—not with me! It is wrong with me!" cried Marthe Ludérac, looking fiercely about her, up at the cemetery wall, out at the forest, as though she sought some escape from the anguish of her thought. "He is wrong—always wrong—when he is with me! Let him go! Let him forget me! Let it be like a bad dream to you both! It is a bad dream. It is a spell that has fallen upon him; and upon me."

"No; no; no—Marthe," said Jill. "It only seems like that—because I am there between you—and because he is a man and wants you in every way. If I were not there, if you belonged to him—it would all be beautiful. And it shall be. Do you think I can keep Dick now, after what I've seen? Dick and I have loved each other; we love each other still; but it's nothing, nothing, to what he feels for you."

"Some people love each other when they're young; and afterwards they are kind to each other. It's a habit; and the kindness keeps them together. But with you and Dick age will make no difference. I see it all, now. When you are an old, old woman, you would only have to hold out your hand to him, and he would follow you. He is yours forever and ever. If you were dead and he never saw you again, it would make no difference. As long as he could remember you—he would still be yours."

Marthe Ludérac closed her eyes. She leaned against the wall and her head drooped. "I cannot talk," she muttered. "What you say is like a romantic child. It is not true. But I cannot talk any longer. I am so tired."

"No; we won't talk now," Jill murmured, sustaining and enfolding her. "Listen, my darling Marthe. You can't go back to the *manoir*. You are to come with me; to Buissac. I'll help you. I'll carry the kid. You shall be quietly with me at the *Ecu d'Or*. You shall not see Dick until you feel you care to. I'll see him. I'll explain everything. I will take care of you."

Helpless within her arms, Marthe's head hung against her breast. She seemed almost fainting; but Jill heard the word she muttered: "Impossible. Impossible."

"It's not impossible. It's the only way. You shan't go back to that horrible old woman. She'll kill you. I'm not going to argue with you. I'm not going to torment you. You are only coming with me, your friend, to be taken care of. Do you see? Marthe—my darling—don't set yourself against what must be."

For Marthe was pushing her away, raising her head again,

turning from her. "Never; never; never," she said, with a dulled yet passionate utterance. She stood pressing her hand against Jill's breast, keeping her at arm's length. "Never," she repeated yet again, and with returning force apparent in her voice and mien. "What you ask of me would kill me. I am better now. I am rested. I can go alone. Later, tomorrow perhaps, I will see you. And I will see him. I have promised him that we shall meet once more. Good-by."

"But, Marthe!"—Jill clung to her arm. "She's mad. I've just seen her, and she's mad. I'm afraid for you."

Marthe had passed out into the road and Jill, carrying the kid, still held her by the arm, nearly weeping.

"That is a folly, dear Jill," said Marthe. She took the kid into her arms. "She is very quiet with me, that poor old woman; docile; obedient. See, my kid is rested, too; it can go beside me quite well now, for the little way. I took it and its mother to the meadow early this morning and only remembered when the storm came that they were still there. When I found them the mother had been killed by a fallen tree—the tree beside the cabin had been struck. The kid was lying close beside her; only think how pitiful. I shall buy it from Julie now. I will not part from it."

"Yes, my little one; one more effort and you shall have hot milk to drink and a warm corner by the fire where you can sleep. And Joseph will do as much for me! Now; do you see, Jill, how calm and reasonable I am? There is nothing to fear for me. And you, too, will be reasonable, will you not? And tomorrow we will see each other. Yes; we will meet once more—if indeed you feel that is best, when tomorrow comes." She was strong again, with a strange, resourceful strength; with an almost maternal authority and austerity, that counted every moment, calculated every word and glance, while she stooped to pat her kid and turned her eyes on Jill, appraising her submission.

"Good-by, then," said Jill. She had begun to cry and the tears at last were streaming down her face.

Marthe Ludérac stood there in the storm and looked at her intently for a moment. "My loved Jill," she said. She took Jill's hand in hers and held it against her cheek. "My loved Jill," she repeated, gazing into Jill's eyes with a deep, radiant look. "We shall never forget each other," she said.

Then, turning away, she walked rapidly up the road towards the *manoir*, supernaturally sustained, it seemed to Jill, who watched her until a turning hid her from sight.

Hour after hour, all the hot hours of early afternoon, all the hours of storm, Richard Graham lay sleeping. It was a deep, but not a dreamless sleep, and the dream was sweet. First he was a little boy, sleeping beside his Scotch Nannie. His head was on her shoulder and her arms enfolded his small body. He had been ill, perhaps; or unhappy; for a lassitude like that after fever or weeping was on him; and no thought was in his mind; only the deep, calm assurance of rest.

Then it was in Jill's arms that he slept; it was always the same dream, and he was always sleeping, yet aware. But the arms that held him were now Jill's and the sense of security, of danger escaped, was deeper than before.

And then he lay in the arms of Marthe Ludérac. He knew that the change had come, yet it gave him no surprise. Perhaps from the beginning he had known that this was to be the final bliss, if bliss it could be called when it was so quiet. He lay beside Marthe Ludérac and her arms enfolded him, and his her; and they were one. All fever, all desire, was satisfied; he knew no want. The barriers that life had placed between them were vanished; it was in the grave, or in a field of paradise, that they lay; contented, at one, yet uncommunicating, for eternity. "This, then, was what I needed," was the dim thought drifting through his mind. Time was abolished; want was abolished. Everything was still; yet everything was full of light. Together they sank into unconsciousness.

When he opened his eyes and saw Jill standing before him he looked at her quietly for a long moment while the dream slid in upon itself. Then, in a sudden surprise, he sprang to his feet. Behind Jill was Amélie, with a steaming *broc* in her hand. "Good Lord, Jill—what has happened!" he said, but the dream was about him and he smiled at her.

"The car broke down. I walked back in the rain. That's all." Jill, too, smiled at him. "Put the water in the dressing-room, Amélie."

Graham turned his eyes on the window. "But it's thunder I hear. It's a great storm. Have you been out in this storm? Have I slept all day?"

"Nearly all day," said Jill. She (Continued on page 196)

# Where Angels Fear to



**I** am compelled to admit that our beloved countrymen like to throw missiles.

EVERY year a few heroes, willing to be known as experts, have the supreme courage to stand out and tell us who are really who's who in the Halls of Athletic Fame. I think Walter Camp started the fashion with his All-American football team.

Always I disagreed with him. He remained in the East during the playing season and did not see in action the stars of the far West and Mid-West and South. Walter simply took it for granted that they were not quite as good as the outstanding celebrities of the Eastern campuses.

I think he slighted some of the greatest players who ever mugged up a gridiron because he could not see over the Alleghany Mountains.

Some of my good friends—Grant Rice, Walter Eckersall, Hughie Fullerton, Fielding Yost and others—continue the practice at the peril of their lives.

When they name the Olympian gods of football, baseball, pugilism, basket-ball and tennis, thousands of enraged readers write in and tell them they are either blindly ignorant or corrupted by prejudice.

As I have seen them stand out, year after year, daring the insane public to throw things at them, I have marveled at their

recklessness and envied their nerve. Often I have told myself that some day I would be a Christian martyr and bare my chest to the javelins and unload what was on my mind and defy the mob to burn me at the stake. I am only a layman and I have always remained on the bleachers unless dragged into the arena or propped up in front of the spot-light by main force.

Most of the classifications are wrong. Nearly all of the alleged mirth-provokers I have met are coffin-trimmers when thrown into strange company. I get the cold shivers when someone introduces me as a humorist. I never in my life said I was "humorous" and I never made a deliberate attempt to be comical.

I have written thousands of pages of copy, always on yellow paper with a soft lead-pencil, but my controlling ambition every second has been simply to record facts as I observed them, often reverting to the vernacular, and never trying to be "literary."

I don't know who started the report that I was endeavoring to be a "humorist." The rumor has done me a lot of harm. Every once in a while someone investigates and reports the facts in the case, and then it is made to appear that I am taking money under false pretenses.

Furthermore, I never have given it out that I am an authority on slang. How could I keep posted on the latest catch-phrases and the most picturesque wise-cracks, living out in the country every summer and spending my winters in Florida?

The so-called writers of slang are those who indulge in picturesque figures of speech (similes and metaphors) and who have the courage to use words which are in current use but have not yet been admitted to the dictionaries. These new words and phrases come into the vocabularies very slowly and a few at a time.

It will be thirty years, come Whitsuntide, since I published a little book called "Artie," which was simply a report of the talk of a young desk-worker in Chicago, whose comments on life and affairs were untrammelled by the sodden influence of Lindley Murray.

I will gamble that I can reprint any chapter of the "Artie" book, and by changing a few words on every page, it will be as "fly" and up-to-date as when it first caught the fancy of newspaper readers away back in 1896.

All of this preamble is in the nature of an alibi and also an explanation of the difficulties facing anyone who starts out to classify his fellow men and grade them and name the prize winners.

Tom Masson wrote a critical article not long ago in regard to the comparative merits of the "funny men." He had me in the list. For years I have given my life-blood to building a chapter house for our boys at Purdue, promoting the Student Union Building at Purdue, putting over the Ross-Ade Stadium, providing the Hazelden Country Club with a real golf course, and serving on boards, committees and commissions which were trying to make this world a pleasanter place of abode for all who were serving their sentences.

Last June, when John McCutcheon and I went down to Purdue to receive our Doctor degrees, I felt so serious and important that I was sure no one would ever again refer to me as a vaudeville competitor of Joe Cook or Al Jolson.

Then I ran across the piece written by Mr. Masson. He said I had been making real headway as a jester in a striped suit, with cap and bells, "until I began to read books."

The fact is that I was an omnivorous reader of all kinds of books until a few years ago when golf, and travel, and several unexpected responsibilities bobbed up and made me a scanner of head-lines and a skimmer of short stories. Mr. Masson



# to Tread

By George ADE

Cartoons by  
John T. McCutcheon

had everything right except the reason for my selling off.

Now that I am about to tackle the gigantic job of naming an All-American team which will include the monarchs of art, literature, statesmanship, drama, commercialism, good fellowship, sport, the learned professions, music, cooking and all-round usefulness, I know that I will please no one except myself.

I may as well confess that I am endeavoring to please no one except myself. All that any writer may hope to do these days is to convince the intelligent minority.

You cannot select, at haphazard, any three people who will agree on anything. You have heard the following conversation:

"Do you like Charley Chaplin?"

"Yes, I think he is the heaven-born comic of all times. His art appeals to the savage in the jungle and satisfies the hypercritical highbrows of the most sophisticated capitals of the world. He has carried pantomime to the nth degree. While he is making you giggle, he makes you think and also he puts you into a sympathetic mood. Each perceiving spectator sees in Chaplin a replica of himself—a weakling with the suppressed instincts of a chivalrous knight. He visualizes disappointment tempered with good cheer. He is one of the great men of our generation."

"Well, I don't get him. I don't see anything so amusing in those baggy trousers and that funny walk."

Some critics won't concede anything to anybody. I have watched the coming and going of the champion pugilists. As I cannot lift one end of a trunk, I have a perfectly avid and throbbing interest in the kings of the prize-ring. I have studied and admired Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney. And I recall that, of all these world-beaters, not one of them ever escaped the scorching inquiry: "Who did he ever lick that he's got a right to call himself a world's champion?"

The idea being that anyone defeated by the world's champion must necessarily be a second-rater or, otherwise, he wouldn't have been beaten. Anyone who does not succeed at every try is a failure.

I am compelled to admit that our beloved countrymen like to throw missiles at anyone who is forced to stand on a pedestal. Lucky the man who doesn't acquire too much popularity in this land of the theoretically free and home of the supposedly brave.

Admiral Dewey was as fine a gentleman as ever lived, but the hysterical public made his name a byword and hissing because he transferred some property to his wife, to head off a blackmail suit. The Admiral couldn't explain to the public and the chuckle-headed public jumped at conclusions.

I remember when William McKinley was the most-hated man in America and I recall that within four years after his consignment to purgatory he was everywhere regarded as a demigod and savior.

The men who cursed Theodore Roosevelt in every known epithet now burst into tears at mention of his name.

I am still working up to the great adventure of naming the men and women who, as it seems to me, are or have been the most interesting and convincing and useful of all the specimens coming within my range.

I will have to devote time to the job and I know that I will not qualify as an expert because no one who ever tried to show off as an expert suited the critics in the front seats.

If any handful of people cannot agree on Michael Arlen, Eddie Foy, Roger Hornsby, Nora Bayes, Red Grange, Mussolini and

A LIST  
OF THE  
TRULY  
GREAT



In this gigantic job I know I will please no one except myself.

Judge Landis, how can I hope that the five to six million readers of Cosmopolitan will join in any chorus of amens when I declare that the best hair-cutter in America is named Sharkey and lives in Chicago—while the best "salt-rising" bread anywhere is made by Mrs. Judge Darroch, down in Indiana?

Every reader with an obstinate mind will think that he knows of some hair-trimmer who is better than Sharkey and all through the Middle-West there will be ignorant persons who will brag about their local bread-makers and think they are right just because they never tasted any salt-rising bread made by the champion.

ANOTHER snag will be encountered by anyone who undertakes to make a list of the truly great. Any man who is sincere with himself knows that the people he admires the most and who seem to be most super-gifted never get their names into the papers or enjoy anything more wide-spread than a neighborhood renown.

I know a man who insists that the greatest doctor he ever knew was a horse-doctor living near West Point, Indiana, but of course he never will get any support or encouragement, especially from those who have visited West Point and seen the doctor.

When you stop to consider that a great many people still read the novels of E. P. Roe, put sugar on tomatoes and maple-sirup on cottage-cheese, and get their keenest enjoyment from attending funerals, you will understand that anyone who steps confidently into the witness chair and tries to qualify as an expert witness is going against a tough jury.

Before I get through I will probably weaken on my favorite flower—the hollyhock—and begin to have my doubts as to the boxing skill of Jim Corbett.



*The toll-gate woman had asked him his name. "She smiled nice," he thought. He remembered the girl who had promised to marry him. She had been pretty, like the toll-gate woman.*

# By Zona Gale Just a Homeless Man

The Last Act in  
a Wanderer's Life

IN THE scale house at the Junction it was dark and safe. It was quiet, save for the lowing of cattle in the yard. He swung down his pedler's pack and sat on that. From his pocket he drew the parcel that the toll-gate woman had given him. He had not looked inside and here it was too dark to see what she had put into the sack. His fingers and tongue touched the soft substance—meat, cheese, he knew the tastes. Bread—and when he had finished, eating wolfishly as he did, he remembered that some of the bread had tasted sweetish. That must have been cake. He hadn't noticed.

He sat in the darkness. All day his body had felt heavy and dead, but he had pushed it about, with his one leg. This, now, was rest. This was a kind of home. Not like men's homes, but better than he had ever known, for he had known none. First he had been a bound boy, then a hired man. He had had a room over kitchens. For a summer or two he had tramped it, and slept in groves or in straw-piles or on the hay in barns. But this place here, with no one about, was the same as his own.

He had marked it one morning, crossing the tracks near the stock-yards, with his pack of needles and pencils. The door had yawned, open and friendly, and that night he had come back, had watched, had slipped inside. In the dry darkness he had slept, undisturbed by the shunting trains. He had slept here for many nights undisturbed, even lulled by the lowing of cattle in the little local stock-yard.

He lay down with his head on his pack. He shifted his wooden leg so that it did not hurt his knee. The lamps of the yard fell in a white square on the wall and he looked, feeling pleasure. Now, even if it rained, he was safe. The place smelled of cattle, but his clothes smelled horribly too, and he did not notice either smell.

The toll-gate woman's house had been clean. She had just finished giving her baby a bath. He supposed someone had washed him when he was a baby. Maybe not. He knew nothing about his life until he began himself to remember happenings—cuffs from the farmer, and the sharp voice of his wife. Except for swimming, he had washed but seldom in his life. The smell of cattle in the scale house did not bother him. And he liked to hear their lowing in the yard. He thought: "Company."

He had made forty cents that day. In his pockets were three dollars. Once he had had three hundred dollars, all at one time. He had paid it down on a fortieth of the farm owned by the man for whom he worked. The girl who had worked there had promised to marry him. She had laughed a great deal, but she had promised. He remembered that time the most often of all. But when the farmer's mortgage was foreclosed, they told him that he had no claim, and the girl had married a farm machinery agent. Emma. She had been thick and pretty, like the toll-gate woman.

The toll-gate woman had asked him three times whether he had erasers. He had been feeling heavy and dead and he couldn't think. She had looked at him as if he didn't know anything. He didn't know much. Two winters, wasn't it, at country school? He could write his name, but no one had asked him to write it since he could remember. He thought he could still make it—he thought how the letters went, imagined them in the square of light on the wall: Wm. Leeds. Curious that Wm. spelled William. Sometimes he had wondered who named him, but not any more. The toll-gate woman had asked him his name and that at any rate he had answered quickly. "She smiled nice," he thought, and slept.

He lay inert, breathing. His body was as complex as that of any man. If he dreamed, he dreamed of the same things as another.

In the night he woke. A long freight train had rolled into the Junction and was drawing noisily to a stop. Now rain was falling, streaming from the eaves of the little building. He heard, dozed, felt warm and safe and shut in. He wondered if this was what men felt like at home. He thought: "At home."

He came wide awake at the sound of cries and clatter. A gate grated, the door of the scale house was shoved open, a car door slid, a man spoke angrily, there was the groping muffled fall of many feet. Cattle were being driven into the scale house. Outside a snarling voice protested that somebody was a fool, and the answer was that the yard was full. Cattle came blundering in.

Out there it was raining. He had no place to go. Here it was warm and dry. He edged to the little space back of the scales, held his pack before his knees, waited. From the doorway a lantern swung light over the crowding dusky backs. They came in, as many as the place could hold. The soft sides were pressed close to the scales, the feet trampled his wooden leg thrust stiffly out. The snarling voice swore because no more could be crowded in there. The door slid and slammed.

The place was filled with the odor of the cattle—their untended flanks and their sweet breath. They moved and shouldered, lowed like lost creatures, tossed their heads. The place was full of the odor and movement and breathing of beasts. There was not room enough for them to lie down. They stood, restless, trampling, bewildered.

Wm. Leeds sat behind the scales and thought about the cattle. Tomorrow they would have their throats cut. But they had some place to go, someone had sent them there, someone had paid for them and had taken money for them, someone was expecting them somewhere. His mind clung to that. Someone was expecting them somewhere. And if they had their throats cut, that was what they had been raised for. What had he been raised for? He had wondered about that. Here it was again. Even the cattle . . .

Now, with the restlessness of the animals, he was unable to sleep. He heard them breathing, breathed with them, dozed, seemed to rise and fall on that strong breathing. They and he, safe and dry and shut in from the rain. But tomorrow they would do what was expected of them, while he . . . Forty cents today. But what tomorrow? If it rained they didn't like you to track up the steps of their homes.

AFTER daylight they came for the cattle, came crowding in, driving out those nearest the door—two men, harsh and sleepy. When they saw Wm. Leeds they swore. "The lock-up for you," said one. Wm. Leeds stood up stiffly—red, black, brown, gray, dirty. "Look here," he said, "ship me on with the critters. Weigh me and ship me on."

The men, heavy, unshaven youths, stared at him. One, a wing of black hair in his eyes, jabbed at a cow with his elbow, struck it on a flank and said: "Like to be butchered—eh?"

"Something," said Wm. Leeds.

The two men laughed loudly. "Go to the devil your own way," they told him magnanimously, and when the cattle were gone, they went away.

Now the scale house was foul and close. The man did not move from behind the scales. He felt heavy and dead. Down the yard he could see the cattle moving, leisurely and with direction. They would be fed, watered, shipped on, butchered. Someone was expecting them. He dozed, feeling heavy and dead.

Toward night when someone came to clean out the scale house, there he was, grim and ugly to look at, heavy and dead. The yard man swore at the extra trouble. He was paid to take care of cattle. The newspaper of the town whose name Wm. Leeds hardly knew, announced:

"The dead body of an unknown man was found in the scale house at the stock-yards, where he had been making his home while he peddled needles and pencils about the town. He was apparently about seventy years of age and had lost one leg."

He was buried by the town the next morning, not far from the time of the arrival of the cattle train at the Chicago stock-yards. And the beef quotations were showing an active market.





Illustrations by  
Dalton Stevens

# A Mild-mannered

THE world-famed house of Jennerton and Co., Limited, was busy in all its branches except one. There was movement everywhere in this unique establishment save in one direction only—the top. No event had occurred of recent date in the criminal world of London of sufficient importance to merit the personal attention of the head of the firm.

"Bit dull for you, I'm afraid, my lad," Mr. Jennerton, senior, remarked to his son in the middle of a morning of idleness. "You'd better get down to the country and have some golf."

Gerald looked out of the window and shivered. "Pouring cats and dogs, Dad," he announced—"or rather it's drizzling, and will be doing worse directly. Why couldn't I take on one of these shadowing jobs, just for a lark? I'd love, for instance, to follow the errant Mr. Gregs, the grocer from Leicester, through his hectic evening. Trocadero at seven-thirty, and so onwards."

His father shook his head. "I don't want you to get mixed up in that sort of business, Gerald," he said. "Remember, directly you leave here on one of those bread-and-butter jobs you're marked down. The princes of the criminal world are often as careless as you like, but the rank and file know their job—those who make a regular living of it."

There was a knock at the door, and a card was presented. Mr. Jennerton studied it without particular enthusiasm. There was a great deal to be learned from cards and this one was a printed affair, with the name of a department store in the corner:

Mr. Percy Jayes,  
Bomford's (Branch B.)

"Want to see me personally?" the head of the firm inquired.

"Said that no one else would do Sir," the secretary replied.

Mr. Jennings nodded, and Mr. Percy Jayes was shown in. He was a rather undersized man, neatly dressed but of negative appearance. His face was as smooth as a billiard-ball. Removing his hat, he displayed a bald patch on the top of his head. His expression, if it could be dignified by such a term, was one of inset melancholy. He was the personification of unobtrusiveness. Only his voice seemed unusual; for his size and slight physique it was unexpectedly deep.

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"What can I do for you, Sir?" Mr. Jennerton inquired, as he waved his visitor to a seat.

"I'm afraid when you've heard what I have to say," Mr. Jayes began, "you will consider my visit an intrusion. If you are really a far-seeing man, though, Mr. Jennerton, as you should be to have achieved such eminence in your profession, you will appreciate the situation which I have to place before you."

"Proceed," Mr. Jennerton, who was an economist in words, invited.

"I am engaged in the haberdashery department of Bomford's," Mr. Jayes confided. "I have been there for a great many years. There are times when trade is quiet and customers few. I have become accustomed to filling up my spare time by observing my fellow human beings."

Mr. Jennerton was beginning to lose interest. Amateur excursions into psychology were his *bêtes noires*. He forbore to make any remark, however, hoping to get to the end of the matter more quickly.

"In my department," Mr. Jayes continued, "there is a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, in charge of the neckwear counter, named Miss Florence Barnes. There are also two young men, one a shop-walker, and one a senior salesman, named respectively Harold Mason and Edward Angus. These two young men were friends until the last six months. I believe, as a matter of fact, that they still live together. They are scarcely on speaking terms, however, the cause being Miss Florence Barnes."

Mr. Jennerton sighed. Nevertheless, he reflected upon his empty day and resigned himself to listen.

"The climax of this little affair, which I am afraid must sound very humdrum and insignificant to you," the visitor went on, "will probably arrive during the next twenty-four hours. The post of manager of the whole department has fallen vacant. The two most likely candidates are Edward Angus and Harold Mason. It is the general impression throughout the place that Miss Florence Barnes will marry the successful one. It is also my conviction—and I have studied carefully the characters of these two young men—that should Harold Mason receive the promotion, Edward Angus will, without the slightest doubt, kill him."

"Shop assistants, as a rule, are not a bloodthirsty race," Mr. Jennerton ventured.

"Shop assistants," Mr. Jayes rejoined, "have the same human passions as other men, only the routine of their lives gives them fewer opportunities for a display of them. I have studied Edward Angus for years. He is possessed, without the slightest doubt, of homicidal tendencies. I know what he is capable of in a moment of disappointment."

"Well, whereabouts do we come in?" Mr. Jennerton inquired. "We are professional detectives. We are not moral preceptors. It seems to me that it is for you, who know the young man, to use your influence with him."

"I have done my best," Mr. Jayes declared. "I have spent many hours endeavoring to make the young man see reason. I cannot flatter myself that I have made any real progress."

"You are here, I presume, as a matter of business," Mr. Jennerton persisted. "What is your proposition? What do you wish us to do about it?"

"Anything that occurs to you. You cannot possibly have attained your preeminence in the profession without some knowledge of and interest in the byways of psychology leading to crime. I have no special regard for either of these young men, yet I know quite well that within a few days there will be murder done unless there is interference. If it is known that you



# M By E. Phillips Oppenheim

## Murderer



hold a watching brief over those two young men and that their movements are subject to your surveillance, it is my honest conviction that there will be no crime committed. If, on the other hand, the affair makes no appeal to you because of the unusual stage of its development in which your intervention is sought, then you will open your papers one morning, read of a tragedy, and be compelled to say to yourselves 'We could have prevented this.'"

Mr. Jennerton had had enough of it. He was tired of his visitor and it was almost time for his morning glass of sherry.

"I am sorry, Mr. Jayes," he pronounced, "but this matter does not interest us. We are concerned in the solution of crimes which have been actually committed. We have no interest in hypothetical cases, which may or may not lead anywhere."

Mr. Jayes rose to his feet and bowed primly. Afterwards he took his departure.

It would be hard to imagine a more cheerless place than the haberdashery department of Bomford and Co., at four o'clock that afternoon. Customers were few, but those who were present brought with them an atmosphere of dripping mackintoshes and rain-soaked outer habiliments of every sort. Gerald paused purposely upon the threshold to have a good look around. A young man in the garb of a shop-walker, with pale, sunken cheeks and a slight, black mustache, hurried forward.

"Which department were you looking for, Sir?" he inquired. Gerald studied him for a moment before replying. It was an ordinary face, an ordinary personality, yet there was a slightly nervous twitch about the mouth which might perhaps have denoted the capacity for emotionalism. Just at that moment, out of his cage, where he seemed to have been working upon a ledger, came Mr. Jayes. He passed the two without a flicker of recognition. Only, in passing, he murmured a single sentence.

"I should like the Manchester invoices as soon as possible, Mr. Angus."

"I'll bring them along presently," the young man promised.

"Where can I direct you, Sir?"

"I was looking for neckties," Gerald confided.

THE shop-walker led the way to an empty stretch of counter, behind which a very pretty young woman was yawning. He held a chair for this customer of somewhat unusual appearance, and Gerald glanced into his face as he sat down. It was more than ever difficult to believe in Mr. Percy Jayes' prophecy. If this were Edward Angus, he seemed to belong to the type of man reckoned as being incapable of killing a fly. The whole atmosphere, too, of the department as a breeding-place for the passions seemed impossible.

"What sort of neckties did you require, Sir?" the young lady asked.

"Oh—er—any sort—dark color," Gerald replied, a little vaguely.

So far as regards the young lady, Gerald thought, as he watched her standing on tiptoe to reach some boxes, Mr. Percy Jayes had told the truth. She was not only pretty—she was remarkably pretty. Her complexion was good, her fair hair deftly arranged, her eyes deep-set and of a most attractive shade of blue. Her voice was scarcely so pleasant, but it was at least amiable. Gerald chose the least revolting of the ties offered, in leisurely fashion, the young lady responding to his conversational

overtures in flashes. He noticed that her manner changed immediately. Mr. Edward Angus appeared round the corner during his perambulations.

"Do you sell anything besides neckties?" he inquired presently.

"Silk handkerchiefs," she told him. "We have some very pretty ones."

Gerald shuddered, but he was getting interested in that side-long, uneasy glance occasionally bestowed upon him by the restless shop-walker, and he was also wondering whether Mr. Harold Mason might not put in an appearance. He was making his way with mixed feelings through a box of handkerchiefs, when a rather stout, important-looking young man, with neatly parted light hair and a tooth-brush mustache, came hurrying up with a handful of invoices. He leaned over the counter and murmured an unheard inquiry to Miss Barnes. She nodded.

"That's all right, thank you, Mr. Mason," she said. "I'm not really quite out of stock of any of those numbers."

He passed on, with a keen glance at Gerald, who was certainly not of the type usually to be found in Bomford's. The latter, who felt that his mission was now completed, selected six of the least atrocious of the handkerchiefs and asked for his bill.

"Have you far to go this awful night?" he inquired.

"Miles and miles," the young lady confessed. "Won't it be horrid?"

"Better stay up somewhere near here and have a little dinner," Gerald suggested boldly.

"Wouldn't I just love to," she murmured. "I can't, though. These stupid people here won't let me have a minute to myself."

"Admirers?"

She nodded. "I suppose so. There are two of them quite foolish. One of them always has to see me home, and then I'm in trouble with the other. If I tried to get off alone, though, it would be worse still."

"Another time, perhaps?"

She smiled at him doubtfully. "I'd like to come all right," she confessed, "but you don't know how much trouble there is if we take up with anyone who doesn't belong to the place. Do you mind paying over there? . . . Oh, I say!"

For a moment she absolutely forgot him, stood motionless, in fact, with his parcel still in her hand. A businesslike-looking young woman had hurried into the department, and tapped Mr. Harold Mason upon the shoulder. A little flush seemed to spring into his face at her words. He turned and followed her.

"Well, I never!" Miss Barnes exclaimed to herself. "Harold Mason, after all! Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir," she went on, turning to Gerald. "Here's your parcel. If you wouldn't mind paying at the desk over there."

"What about Harold Mason?" he inquired, smiling.

"Silly of me," she apologized. "The Chief's just sent for him, that's all. There's rather an important post vacant up here, and we've all been wondering who'd get it."

"Are you glad?"

There was a slight expression of discontent in her face as she looked at him. "I don't know," she answered. "Mr. Angus is more refined in a way, but I suppose Mr. Mason is more of a man. He plays tennis beautifully, and he's going to buy a motor-cycle this year."

Gerald made his way over to the caged-in little office, behind which sat the sphinx-like Mr. Percy Jayes. The latter scrutinized the bill and the five-pound note which Gerald produced, and proceeded slowly to count out the change.

"If you would care to delay your departure for one moment, Sir," he suggested—"I'll be as long as possible over the adjustment of this little matter—you may see something."

Gerald, not greatly interested, nevertheless accepted the invitation. After all, though, there wasn't much for anyone to see. In a minute or two Mr. Harold Mason returned, the personification of a somewhat arrogant and vain young man, elated with what he was perfectly convinced was a well-deserved success. He shook hands with Miss Barnes, and there was a touch almost of condescension in his manner. One or two of the other assistants came hurrying up. From round the corner in one of his ceaseless perambulations came Edward Angus, stopped short when he saw the little group, then came on with nervous, unsteady steps.

"Watch him," Mr. Percy Jayes whispered.

Gerald watched. They were really only a few yards away, and he could see the blue veins standing out upon the tightly clenched hand, the sallow shade of fury which had crept into the young man's face. His voice, too, was harsh and unnatural—very unlike the suave monotone in which he had greeted Gerald.

"So you've got it, Harold Mason?"

"I have the appointment, if that is what you're referring to," the other replied affably. "I've been offered the general managership of the department at a satisfactory salary. I take over tomorrow morning. Won't you congratulate me?"

"Blast you, no!" was the emphatic retort, as Angus passed on through the wide opening into the next department.

"One pound, two and eleven-pence change," Mr. Percy Jayes said. "Thank you, Sir."

Gerald pocketed the money. The little man behind the wire grille dropped his voice.

"At least, Mr. Jennerton," he continued, leaning forward in his cage but still without the slightest change in his expression, "however humbly it may have been staged, you have seen the makings of a very human little drama."

Gerald nodded. "That may be so," he agreed. "I don't fancy there's enough vitality, however, about either of the actors, to carry it any further."

Mr. Percy Jayes looked at him almost wistfully from behind his spectacles. "You don't propose to take any action, then, Sir?" he asked.

Gerald shook his head. "I can't see," he decided, "that it is a matter for anyone's profitable interference."

He took his leave, and Mr. Percy Jayes bent once more over his ledger, only for several moments he made no entry, for his eyes were fast closed.

"It's hades, I tell you! I can't go back. If I see him—Mr. Jayes, if I see him with that fat smile, I shall go mad! He'll be snoring by now, blast him! He doesn't know what it is to lie awake. He snores half the night."

Mr. Percy Jayes poured whisky from the half-emptied bottle which stood between them into his companion's tumbler, and helped himself to soda-water.

"Angus," he said, "it's hard luck on you and, believe me, I am one of those who agree that you have been treated unfairly. The post should have been given to you, and if it had—"

"Don't go on," the young man groaned. "That's what I can't bear. Florence! It was my turn to take her home, but they'd gone before I was ready. To think that they've spent all the evening together. They've been talking of getting married!"

"You'll have to face it, my lad," Mr. Jayes warned him. "You'll have to think of them as man and wife, and before long, too."

"Oh, don't, don't!" the other sobbed.

## A Mild-Mannered Murderer

"Drink your whisky," Mr. Jayes enjoined. "I'm a temperate man, as you know, Angus, but tonight I think that you are better drunk. If you are going home at all, you had better go home drunk. You can stay here, if you like."

Angus glanced around at the bare tidiness of his host's room, and shivered. It was not a room to dispel depression.

"I don't want to go home, and I don't want to stay here," Angus muttered. "I'm afraid!"

"What of?"

There was an ugly, a venomous light in the young man's eyes. The will for evil things lurked there, if not the courage.

"Of seeing Mason," he groaned.

"Rubbish!" his companion scoffed. "Finish your drink."

Angus drank. Then his head sank forward, his chin upon his folded arms. In a moment or two he was asleep.

When he woke, Mr. Jayes had removed the greater part of his apparel and was glancing patiently at the clock.

"I don't want to turn you out," he apologized, "but I think you'd better go home. I will join you in one more glass of whisky."

The young man held out his tumbler, which his host filled with no niggardly hand.

"You'll understand, Angus," he said, "that in a general way I detest excess in any form. Tonight I look upon as being an exceptional occasion. You need oblivion; drink can supply it."

Angus drained the contents of his tumbler, and rose abruptly. Curiously enough, this last drink seemed to have steadied him.

"You're a good chap, Jayes," he declared. "Whatever happens, you've done your best. Good night."

He went out, and stumbled down the stairs. Mr. Percy Jayes listened for the closing of the door. Afterwards he removed all signs of the night's debauch, and in a few minutes was sleeping peacefully.

MR. JENNERTON, senior, laid down his newspaper, just at the same time Gerald abandoned his.

"Well, that little fellow knew what he was talking about, all right," the former remarked. "I don't see what anyone could have done to prevent it, though."

"According to the evidence at the inquest," Gerald pointed out, "Mr. Percy Jayes himself seems to have done everything possible. He kept Angus with him throughout the evening, gave him some dinner, tried to soothe him, kept him in his rooms until nearly morning, offered to let him stay there. All useless! The young man's mind must have been made up beforehand."

"My paper doesn't give the full details," Mr. Jennerton observed. "What actually happened? Did the fellow give himself up, or did they hear the shot?"

"He rushed out into the street into the arms of a policeman," Gerald recounted. "He took him up-stairs, and there was Mason in his pajamas lying across the bed, shot through the heart. According to the policeman, Angus began to stammer out an incoherent story, but he naturally stopped him at once."

Mr. Jennerton clipped a cigar and lighted it. "The person who commits a murder under such circumstances," he observed, "is either a fool or a man of immense courage. Apparently this young man Angus makes no attempt at concealment. He bought the revolver in the store where he worked. For the last few weeks he has been threatening what would happen if Mason got this promotion instead of him, and took his girl away. He doesn't give himself a chance. He goes home at night half crazy with drink, shoots the man as he had threatened to do, and then blunders out into the arms of a policeman. The Archangel Gabriel couldn't help a fool like that, who declares that he is going to commit a murder, and does it."

"All the same," Gerald ruminated, "I see that he is going to plead 'Not Guilty.'"

It was a week or so later when Gerald found his way once more to the haberdashery department of Messrs. Bomford and Co. Mr. Percy Jayes' cage was occupied by a stranger, but Miss Florence Barnes, wearing a black dress, was still in her place. She welcomed her prospective customer with a wan smile.

"You haven't worn out all those ties yet, Sir?" she remarked.

"I never shall in this world," he confided. "I thought I'd like to see you again, though."

She sighed. "Such a time I've been through! You read all about it in the papers, I suppose? You were in that very afternoon."

"I was indeed," Gerald assented. "I have been so sorry for you, Miss—er—"

"Barnes," she told him—"Florence Barnes. And indeed



I've needed sympathy," she proceeded. "He was always a little crazy, was Edward Angus, but although he'd threatened it often enough I never dreamed he'd got it in him to do a thing like that."

"I suppose he became thoroughly worked up," Gerald suggested.

"That's it," she agreed. "Between you and me, I think he should have been made manager. It was the injustice of it that made him furious. And then there was me," she went on. "I'm sure I couldn't help it. One's dead, and the other's worse than dead, so I don't want to say anything that might sound unkind, but neither of them was exactly my sort. And yet, what could I do? They were at me all the time. At last I made up my mind that I'd marry the one that got the raise, and could keep a servant for me—and I told them so. You don't think I'm to blame, do you?"

"Of course I don't," she assured her. "As soon as you're feeling a little more settled, we'll have that dinner, if you like, and do a theater."

"I'd love it," she whispered, leaning towards him, after a nervous glance around, "only we mustn't let anyone know here. They're so gossipy, especially after what's happened."

"Of course we won't," Gerald promised.

"Do you mind buying some little thing now, please?" she begged uneasily. "Mr. Howard, the new shop-walker, is very strict about gossiping, and it's about time he walked around."

Gerald selected three black evening ties—the only article of apparel he could think of which he was ever likely to wear. While she was folding them up, the new shop-walker turned the corner and passed. She shivered.

"Do you know," she confided, "I am sometimes terrified here. I look up, and I think that I see him—Edward—coming round the corner, just as he used to, always looking out to see that I wasn't talking too much to the customers. It's been awful to stand here day after day."

"Where's the gentleman who took my money last time?" Gerald inquired as he received his bill.

"Mr. Jayes? Oh, he's manager of the department now."

"He's the man with whom Edward Angus spent the evening before he committed the murder, isn't he?"

She nodded. "Mr. Jayes did his best to stop him," she said, "but Edward wouldn't listen to any advice. He just drank and drank, until he didn't know what he was doing."

"What about next week for our little dinner?" Gerald suggested.

"Not until after the trial, please. I couldn't stand it. And besides, you wouldn't believe how difficult it is—I'm like a prisoner here."

"Don't keep me too long," Gerald begged. "How do the people here feel about poor Angus?"

"Well, they're all very shocked and sorry, of course," she replied, "although he wasn't exactly a favorite. They're going to get up a petition. Two disappointments like that in one day—he was perfectly crazy, anyhow."

Gerald raised his hat and took his leave.

Mr. Percy Jayes bowed to Mr. Jennerton, senior, and to Gerald, and accepted a comfortable chair. He was as imperturbable as ever.

"I was interested to get your letter, Mr. Jennerton," he said, "and naturally I made it my business to see you at once. If anything can be done for that poor young fellow, it is my wish to help."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Jennerton, senior, remarked approvingly. "It's my son who's been moving in this affair. To tell you the truth, I am rather in the dark about it all."

Gerald drew up his chair exactly opposite his visitor's. "Mr. Jayes," he began, "what my father says is quite true. You succeeded in interesting me in these two men on your first visit. I paid a visit to Bomford's that same afternoon, as you know. I even indulged in certain other activities."

"Certain other activities," Mr. Jayes repeated mechanically. "I do not quite understand. I came here hoping for your intervention. You refused it."

"My father refused it," Gerald corrected. "I myself was sufficiently interested to bring a man down to Bomford's and have Angus watched—Angus and one other person."

Mr. Percy Jayes made no remark. His manner, however, betrayed an intelligent and sympathetic interest in Gerald's recital.

"Through the courtesy of his solicitor," the latter went on, "I have had a few minutes' conversation with Angus. His solicitor and I have succeeded in getting a little further than that blundering statement of his—he didn't know he'd done it. I dare say I may surprise you when I tell you I believe Angus to be innocent."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Jayes blinked several times rapidly; otherwise he showed no signs of surprise or shock.

"This interests me exceedingly," he confessed. "You mean, perhaps, that he shot poor Mason when he was drunk, and was, therefore, not morally responsible for his action. That is my own view, and is to form, I understand, the basis of his defense."

"Not that at all," Gerald declared a little brusquely. "My idea is that Mason was shot by someone else."

Again that silence, a little curious in the high-ceilinged room.

"Shot by someone else?" Mr. Jayes repeated, and in his strange immobility he seemed like one of Madame Tussaud's waxen images of old.

"But who else could possibly have had any motive in killing him? Nothing was stolen from his rooms, so it could not have been robbery."

He had no other enemy except Angus."

"I think that he had," Gerald objected. "I think, Mr. Jayes, that there was a third person who had proposed marriage to Miss Florence Barnes, a third person who had been twice passed over as regards that managership. That third person might also have been Mason's enemy. What do you think, Mr. Jayes? You ought to know, for that third person was you."

For the first time during their acquaintance, Gerald saw a singular phenomenon; he saw Mr. Jayes smile. The lips parted and a little noise came from behind his throat. Gerald leaned further across the table. His voice had acquired a new sternness.

"With the help of certain evidence which I have collected, Mr. Jayes," he said, "I reconstruct what happened after this fashion. It was you who for the last month or so had been inciting Edward Angus to go about threatening what he would do if Mason got that managerial post instead of him, and if Mason married Florence Barnes. It was you who persuaded Angus that he could frighten Mason. He never meant to murder him really—he hadn't the pluck—but you took him by the hand up to the threshold of crime."

"You brought Angus home with you the night of the murder—out of kindness, of course! You made him drunk. You probably drugged the whisky. When he was fast asleep and incapable, you took his key, and you made your way to Broughton Street. You let yourself in, you crept up the stairs, you knew where to find the revolver, you went to the bedside, and you shot Harold Mason. Then you left the revolver where you found it, came back again, and when Angus woke up you were preparing for bed. You forced more whisky upon him. You sent him out, primed, as you knew, to believing anything when he reached that place and saw the revolver waiting."

"He was quite right in what he said—he didn't know he'd done it." You murdered Harold Mason, Mr. Jayes—you who are now the manager of the haberdashery department of Bomford's, and engaged to marry Miss Florence Barnes."

"I came to you the first time from the best of motives," Mr. Jayes said thoughtfully. "Edward Angus would never have had the courage to kill Mason. I had. I thought if I could interest you in the case, if you would accept, say, a watching brief, that then I should no longer dare to listen to that murderous little whisper which was in my ears night and day. However, I made a mistake."

"So far as you are concerned," Gerald replied, "you certainly did. You have succeeded, however, in your ostensible object—you have saved a human life."

Mr. Jennerton, senior, spoke through the house telephone. "Send Sergeant Shields up with that warrant," he directed.

## Too Many Dreams by Wm. J. Locke (Continued from page 39)

English or American. Perhaps you are the only Anglo-Saxon who has ever been inside these gates."

I thanked Tombarel for gaining for me the privilege of admission; and, as the château itself—although the old tower was classed as a historic monument, and although the house was a palace of all the luxuries—conveyed a lesser sense of artistic homogeneity than the copy of a Loire château set up by a millionaire on the outskirts of Dollarville, Pa., and as the châteline seemed perfectly glad to get rid of me, I dismissed both faked castle and artificial lady paramount thereof from my mind. I doubt whether, during my subsequent three years' friendship with Tombarel, there was ever a further reference between us either to place or to lady.

But now Tombarel, before luncheon, had revived these three-year-old memories. After all, they recalled something of the picturesque. I wondered why they had lain hidden in the

dark of my mind. The sham castle starting from a genuine eleventh-century anti-Saracenic tower, which commanded the triangle of sea—the band of horizon on which any day might gleam the flash of dreadful Moorish oars—and ending up with a drawing-room of all the Empires, ought to have made permanent appeal to my imagination. So ought, surely, the white-vested seneschal, Mario, with his astonishing white Vandyke beard and mustache; and the slender, corn-haired, unreal lady in her panniered silk dress; and the glowing Southern girl, her daughter. But it required Tombarel's magic wand to revive all these dead impressions.

"Yes, yes," said I, as we went into the dining-room, "I remember it all perfectly."

We sat down to table. François handed the first dish.

"*Mais, dites donc,*" cried Tombarel, with uplifted hand. "What's this? *Pilaf fruits de mer?* Sybarite, Lucullus, Vitellius, you were going to eat this all by yourself?"

"There's only cold meat and salad to follow," said I.

"Death itself can follow, for all I care," he cried, helping himself.

For a pilaf of sea-fruits is a succulent dish, composed of rice and as many fruits of the sea as you can imagine—shrimps and prawns and mussels and oysters and *oursins* and shreds of lobster, with a freshening, perhaps, of crayfish from the mountain streams, and specks of truffle and piments, all drenched and held together by a subtle sauce, and served within a circle of little red crabs by way of decoration.

François, who appreciated the tastes of Monsieur Tombarel, had opened a bottle of old Sauterne.

"*Mon cher,* you spoil me irremediably," said Tombarel.

My cook, thinking that I couldn't possibly exist during the day on the scrag end of ham and *disjecta membra* of chicken which furnished forth the cold course of the banquet, had

presented us with this sea-fruit dish, the specialty of the house, to the great joy of Tombarel. He forgot his troubles. He no longer envied the unruffled existence of Mussolini. When at last his plate was taken away, he said:

"There is only one thing a guest can do, and that is to ask to have the honor of congratulating your chef."

"My dear friend," said I, "I have no chef—only a humble cook, whose name is Victorine."

"All the more reason," said he.

Whereupon Victorine was summoned, and appeared, hot, fat, flushing, half-scared, and Tombarel rose and paid her his compliment, than which none more flowery or obsequious could have been addressed to a princess. She retired overwhelmed.

"To great artists tribute is due," said Tombarel with a flourish.

It was only the accident of the presaged thunder-storm keeping Tombarel a prisoner in the Villa d'Estérel most of the afternoon that brought out of him the story of his present official worries. He was all for going back to Creille in his little yellow car in the pouring rain. I had to explain to him that if his car drove into Creille with a dead man at the wheel, his municipal council would rightly call me an assassin, and to present him with a freshly opened box of the cigarettes he loved, which I placed by his side, in order to prevail on the courteous old man to stay.

"By the way," said I when we had settled ourselves in the studio, which seemed to be cozier than the drawing-room with its outlook on leaden sea and cloud enlivened only by the angry lightning flashes, "before lunch you were talking of Madame de Castelin."

His serene features clouded. "Don't talk of her. She and all the rest of them have put me into a pretty mess (*dans de jolis draps*). That's why I'm here—to consult my old friend, Maître Duplex, about my legal position as Maire de Creille. Ah! It's a dog's life." He rose and walked about and presently he sat down again. "It's like this," said he.

And this, somewhat rearranged, is what Tombarel told me.

When the new Marquise de Castelin descended, three and twenty years ago, with a husband, an architect and an army of workmen, on the Château d'Ecrabouilles, she was the daintiest and most fragile corn-flower of a girl that the countryside had ever seen. Everyone, including a much younger Tombarel, was at her feet.

The Marquis and herself were a gallant pair. They were in love; they were happy; they belonged to the end of a fairy-tale. Like a fairy castle rose the new château on the ruins of the old. To the inhabitants of Creille, accustomed to changes that took at least half a century to effect themselves, this sudden metamorphosis of ruin into palace within eighteen months seemed the work of magic.

When the roof was completed and the flags went up, not only were the workmen regaled, but the town of Creille ate and drank and danced for a couple of days at Madame de Castelin's expense; and never had there been such a *festa* before or since in the memory of man.

As soon as the place became habitable, Madame, loyal to Creille, chose most of her servants from the town. For their characters she could do no better than consult Monsieur le Curé and Tombarel. Of course, high officials like the chef, the *matrre d'hôtel*, Madame's personal maid, Monsieur's valet, and the head gardener, were beyond the resources of Creille. Just as one couldn't have expected Creille to provide a *chef d'orchestre*, or a librarian, or a curator of the picture gallery. But all the *vale-taille* came from the little town. And among them were one Mario Zarena, *valet de chambre*, and the prettiest girl in Creille—Jacquetta Durois—who entered Madame's service as sewing-maid.

Now, it has to be said that Mario was a handsome fellow, with an engaging manner. He was about thirty at the time, and had led

the adventurous life in the hotels of Nice and, as single man servant, in one or two villas. He had ambitions. As second in command under the majestic major-domo imbued from birth with the traditions of the Quartier Saint-Germain in general and the Castelin family in particular, he saw his opportunity of becoming the perfect *matrre d'hôtel* in a princely house.

The perquisites of such a post were enormous. He had visions of merchants of wine, coal, tapestries, sanitary appliances, and such household furnishings as did not come within the predatory province of chef, valet, personal maid and gardener, encircling him on bended knees, with bags of gold proffered in beseeching hands. Mario, the model *valet de chambre*, quickly won the esteem of his employers.

Now, Jacquetta, the sewing-maid, was of a different type altogether. She was gentle and unambitious and beautiful. Tombarel's sentimental description of her, I must admit, was rather sickly. Anyhow, you must realize the flowering of a pretty girl transplanted from an unimaginable dark bedroom in a sour little street, and a poky corner in the tiny shop of Monsieur Guiol, which had not, in those days, developed into the magnificent emporium known as "Aux Arcades de Creille," into a fair chamber, amid lavender-scented linen and dainty fabrics, and the sweet and radiant atmosphere created all around her by the chate-laine of Ecrabouilles. Jacquetta, dark-eyed, docile, and possessor of the neatest figure in the world, soon attracted the attention of Madame de Castelin; so that, when Madame's personal maid left, for some reason or other, Jacquetta took her place. And Madame loved Jacquetta like a sister, and Jacquetta adored Madame la Marquise. Thus a couple of years passed to the happiness of everybody.

"We come now," said Tombarel, "to the incredible part of the story. But it's true, all the same. Otherwise I shouldn't be trembling as to what Monsieur le Procureur de la République will do to me when he gets to learn what has happened."

Well, the incredible was a coincidence in motherhood. The chate-laine was preparing to add to the line of the Castelins when, to her dismay, she discovered that *pari passu* her loved Jacquetta was in the same condition. The weeping maid confessed her guilty passion for the handsome Mario.

"Madame sent for me," said Tombarel, "Monsieur le Marquis being away on business in Paris. What was to be done? Mario must marry Jacquetta out of hand. 'But, Madame,' I cried, 'this scoundrel of a Mario has a wife in Venice. They were married before me five years ago, and she isn't dead yet.'"

"He must leave the house at once," said Madame. And it was I who told him to pack his box and disappear from Creille."

Tombarel's dark eyes glowed, and he pointed the dramatic finger of a patriarch expelling an unwilling member from the congregation.

Monsieur le Marquis came post-haste. He was for casting Jacquetta out also. But Madame would not hear of it. On the contrary, as the time of the two women approached, they grew very near to each other. Never did girl-mother expect to pay less penalty than Jacquetta. Madame de Castelin, perhaps ever so little unbalanced, insisted on the same care being taken of Jacquetta as of herself. Raoul de Castelin, worshipping his wife and by her worshiped, had nothing to say. The maid was installed in the next room to the mistress.

To this day Tombarel is at a loss to account for the desperate illness of both women. Was it damp in the walls of the new wing of the château where they lay? Or faulty sanitation? Or—? He could apply no other alternative. But they were both at the point of death. It was the worst November known in the Midi. Tempests and rains and floods hampered trains and brought sides of mountains down on the main road from Nice, so that Creille and the Château d'Ecrabouilles were cut off for a fortnight from the outside world, and neither the families of Monsieur and Madame nor the greatest doctor from Paris could arrive in

time. There was only the old Doctor Carabousel of Creille.

Raoul de Castelin, at his wits' end, summoned Tombarel to keep him company.

I must condense into the merest statement of fact Tombarel's vivid and detailed account of the happenings of one last night of howling tempest. When thunder and lightning and hail and everything dreadful center themselves on a building on top of a hill in the middle of a mountain range, the racket is that of Hell, and the terror inspired that of the Destroying Angel. On that night two children were born, one dead, one living, and of the two mothers only one survived.

Three men stood ashen-faced in the corridor outside the adjoining rooms, Raoul de Castelin, Doctor Carabousel, and Tombarel. "Why not? Who is to know?" said Raoul de Castelin. "When she recovers consciousness and finds a dead child, she'll die. If she finds a living child, she may recover."

And so, with the help of the nurse, or village midwife, sworn to secrecy, the living child of the dead Jacquetta replaced the dead baby of the yet living Marquise de Castelin. In consequence of which, all four of them, including the Officier de l'État Civil, the Mayor of Creille, august representative of the State, committed the unpardonable crime of making false entries—a death and a birth—in the sacred registers of the French Republic!

"You see," said Tombarel, "that, as I said, I am *dans de beaux draps*! And that isn't all!"

Said I, somewhat confused by his picturesque narrative: "Then the young lady I saw three years ago—"

Tombarel threw up his arms. "Naturally. She is the daughter of Jacquetta and that rascal of a Mario, the *matrre d'hôtel* you saw when I took you to visit the château."

"But," said I, "I don't quite understand. Does the blond Madame de Castelin believe that the dark little girl is her daughter?"

"If you interrupt me like this, *cher ami*," said Tombarel, lighting a cigarette, "how can I get on with my story?" He threw away the match. "She came back to life and found the baby. That ought to be enough for any woman. And she had a husband who adored her; unfortunately he died two years afterwards—killed in a motor accident. Ah! Twenty years isn't such a long time as it seems. People broke their necks in automobiles just as they do today. If it hadn't been an automobile, it would have been a horse—he was that kind of man. Madame de Castelin never quite recovered from the shock. She is a little eccentric even now, as doubtless you observed."

He paused, and lighted another cigaret. "This story I am telling you," he suddenly remarked, "is not one of mad gaiety. There are so many deaths in it that you may find it morbid. The next death was that of the old Doctor Carabousel. And, soon after, Madame Zarena."

"Who?" I asked.

"The wife of Mario. I told you his name. Mario Zarena. She died in Venice, where he had rejoined her, and had lived the model life of the good husband and perfect little inn-keeper. Then one day he came to me."

"Monsieur Tombarel, my heart is broken. I can't carry on the *auberge* at Venice without my good Zenobie. It seems that all I love die. *La pauvre petite Jacquetta* . . . I want to retire from the world. Do you think Madame la Marquise would take me back into her service? She, too, has greatly suffered."

"Save for his fault with Jacquetta, he had lived an irreproachable life. I said: 'Go yourself to Madame la Marquise, and for your character you can count on me.'"

"And behold, in a day or two he comes to me again, saying that he is installed as *matrre d'hôtel* in the Château d'Ecrabouilles. And then arose a situation which, for many years, I did not understand. I'll try to explain to you."

All I can do is to trace the main path of Tombarel's explanation through the luxuriant overgrowth of picturesque and imaginative detail.



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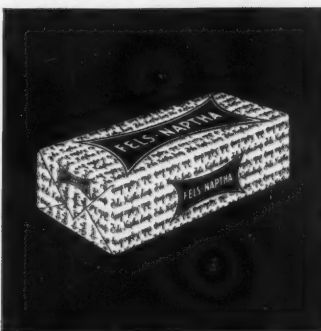
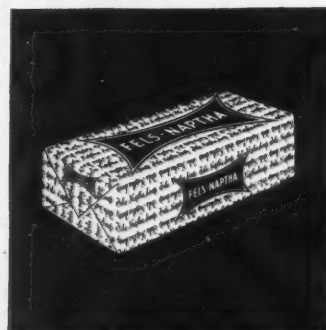
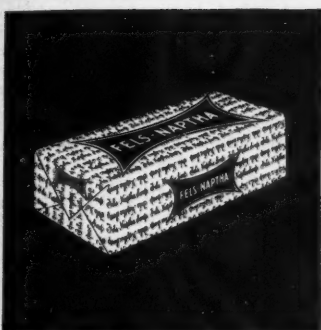
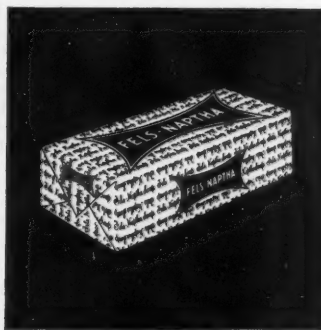
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## What would you give for extra washing help?

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together in Fels-Naptha, give you extra washing help you'd hardly expect from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price.

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**FELS-NAPTHA**  
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR.



Mario came to Madame de Castelin, penitent and suffering. He had loved Jacquetta, who, he said, had never thrown herself on the mercy of Madame as the victim of a base seducer; she had declared her love, passionate, loyal and devoted, for the *beau* Mario, to the very end. That perhaps was the great bond between the two women. Madame herself loved romantically. In her case, wealth, position and what not had commanded the sanction of Church and society. But there was Jacquetta, by accident cut off from such sanction. All the more reason for the great-hearted lady to take Jacquetta to her bosom. And, afterwards, when the romantic lover and she herself stood face to face, each having passed through furnaces, it is not contrary to the working of human impulses that she should have forgiven Mario and set him in a position as head of her household.

You see, the man touched depths. Her own recovery had been long retarded by the tidings she had, of necessity, received of the joint deaths of the beautiful companion mother, and of the child that had been the subject of so much exquisite communion between them.

That's the only way in which Tombarel—and I interpreting—could read the situation.

Now there comes into the story the opening bud of what was to be the splendid Southern flower, Mademoiselle Sidonie de Castelin. She was a child of three when Mario returned to the château, the idol not only of Madame but of the household. A beautiful, fatherless child in a mountain castle would appeal to the most frost-bitten imagination. Mario fell into an atmosphere of adoration. That he should bow down and worship was but natural; had he not done so, Madame would have suspected him of unregenerate black-heartedness and cast him forth. You see, the stars in their courses warred, from the beginning, against Madame de Castelin.

Mario was a man of peculiar suavity of manner and force of character. He appreciated shades. An early established friendship between Sidonie and himself gradually transformed itself into a mutual devotion subtly defined on the part of Mario by the impassable barriers between servant and mistress. It was Mario who set aside the faded English governess and constituted himself governor of the simple pleasures and garden walks of the child.

In the meanwhile, the house ran like an exquisite machine. Madame had but to issue an order or express a desire, and the thing was done. In those early years of her widowhood she made many eccentric additions to the château. Mario, Admirable Crichton, was her responsible clerk of the works. Thus, as the years went on, Mario's influence grew into a vital force, while Madame de Castelin lost color and power and personality—and became the woman of my remembrance, who looked through you as she spoke at vague things happening far, far beyond. If you are to believe Tombarel, she looked through Sidonie in the same fashion.

You must not, however, imagine a disconsolate widow living desolate with her rosebud daughter on the top of a mountain crag. Paris saw her for a few months of the year, and, as during her brief married life, she had a short winter season of hospitality when she entertained personages of the great world at the Château d'Ecrabouilles. Mario made himself master of all such ceremonies.

"It was to impress himself, *ce sacré bon-homme*," said Tombarel, "upon the guests, and show that he was not the common *maître d'hôtel* into whose hands one could slip a hundred-franc note, that he dared to grow the little pointed beard and mustache. Did you ever see a butler in your life with a beard and mustache like an ambassador? He invented it, *le sale type*, to give himself importance! There were many other ways of making money than accepting '*pourboires*.'"

Mario, then, became a personage—a chamberlain, a comptroller of the household, an administrator of careless wealth; yet Admirable Crichton all the same, and ever

the devoted slave of Mademoiselle Sidonie.

During the war, the château became a convalescent home. Sidonie was slipped into a convent. Madame flitted through the place, unreal yet efficient. Mario, *réformé*, after six months' warfare, thanks to Madame's insistence on the precarious condition of his heart, came back to the convalescent home as its responsible head.

The war over, everything went on much as it had done before. The depreciation of her husband's fortune caused Madame de Castelin no great anxiety. Her own American fortune stood solid.

Again I interrupted Tombarel. This general sketch of affairs was growing unusually tedious. I wanted to know what all the fuss was about. One can be interested in ancient history up to a point. The point to which he seemed to have reached was my meeting with Madame and Mademoiselle de Castelin and the apparent villain of the piece, Mario, three years before.

"Listen," said Tombarel oracularly.

Sidonie had grown into a very beautiful young woman, and many gallants, scions of impoverished noble houses of France, came a-wooing. More dowagers still, living on great names and little else besides, in crumbling châteaux all over France, came a-match-making.

But Sidonie, for reasons known to her own heart, found to her taste none of the pretensions to her hand and fortune. Her mother frowned and sighed. Outwardly she had kept in touch with the modern world, but inwardly her development had been arrested on the day of her husband's death. Sidonie was a girl of modern growth, nurtured, Lord knows how, on the spirit of feminine freedom. She had lived with her mother in a curiously remote intimacy.

"*Mais, dis donc, Maman*," she would say. "This Gaston de Feuillères. I don't know him. I've only seen him once, and he struck me as the most more than perfect imbecile that the *bon Dieu* ever made when He was tired. I spend the rest of my life with a *type* like that, and be the mother of his half-witted children—for how could they be else than half-witted? Oh, no! The good days of Madame de Maintenon are passed. Let me choose for myself!"

Sidonie was a girl of varied accomplishment and charm; also of considerable Southern fervor. It was the fervor, unsuspected by the brain and chilled by the cold mist of memories of Madame de Castelin, that led to catastrophe.

"The most idiotic solvent of human mysteries—being one-sided," said Tombarel, "is the phrase: '*Cherches la femme*.' It gives one to understand that no affairs are important save those which concern the male sex. But the affairs of women, *mon Dieu*, are equally important in this stew, this vast casserole of male and female existence. In the puzzle of a woman's life, you must seek for the only clue—a man. *Mon Dieu!* Didn't your great Shakespeare say it? 'If a cat will after kind, So be sure will Rosalind!'"

I acquiesced, with the mental reservation that Shakespeare wrote it but could not possibly have said it in the weird pronunciation of my remarkable friend Tombarel.

And in the most peculiarly literal sense of the word the accomplished Mademoiselle Sidonie de Castelin went after kind in the person of one Angelo Zarena, nephew of Mario, and, as far as I could gather from Tombarel, a perfectly gallant and fascinating young man. The war had made him. The war had raised him from the humble *poilu* to the rank of captain; it had covered his breast, when he wore uniform, with the military medal, the *Croix de Guerre*, with all kinds of palms, and the cross of *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur*.

Angelo was really a devil of a fellow. But in his efforts to maintain himself in the rank to which he had attained, he had fallen on evil days. Mario, Lord Paramount of Ecrabouilles, informed the dreamy chatelaine who, though hearing and seeing and smelling in the

present, lived in some far-away past, that she needed an *intendant*, or steward, or bailiff, or secretary—no matter what. Then the penniless hero was installed in the château at a substantial salary.

"You may imagine," said Tombarel, "that the good Mario no longer lived in the servants' hall. He had his own suite of apartments. He ate in his own *petit salon*, and the chef brought him up the menu, just as he did to Madame la Marquise. Thus you see uncle and nephew beautifully lodged and cared for. And, mind you, all this time, the devoted friendship between Mario and Sidonie continued. She stood between Mario and Madame, whenever Madame revolted against Mario's autocracy. 'But, *Maman*, what do you know about it? The good Mario is devoted to us.' And so on."

So the handsome and romantic Angelo took up his abode in the château, and Sidonie fell incontinently in love with him. He with her. "And—*voilà*," said Tombarel. "One fine day flight, elopement. Mademoiselle de Castelin, the bearer of one of the greatest names in France, the heiress of American millions, goes off, *sans tambour ni trompette*, with the soldier of fortune, Angelo Zarena. Can you understand that?"

"Why, yes," I answered modestly. "The call of the blood. He was her own cousin."

Tombarel threw himself back in his chair and his jaw fell. "I never thought an Englishman could comprehend that!"

Perhaps the greatest barrier between us and the Latin races is their preconceived idea of our psychological obtuseness.

"*Eh, bien!*" said he, with a gesture of admission. "You will all the more appreciate what follows."

It was a maid who, rushing into Madame's bedroom at seven o'clock in the morning, had given her the startling news that Mademoiselle's bed had not been slept in, that hurried packing had obviously taken place, and that neither she nor the *beau sabreur* of an Angelo Zarena were to be found within the precincts of the château. The whole staff were overwhelmed by consternation, most of all Monsieur Mario, who desired, at Madame's pleasure, the instructions of Madame la Marquise. Madame de Castelin rose from her bed with the air of a *ci-devant* awakened to take her place in the tumblers of the Revolution. With the assistance of the maid, she made a careful toilette and entered her boudoir.

"Send Monsieur Mario to me."

Mario appeared, attired in a neat lounge suit—it was only later in the morning that he changed into the white linen of his predilection—and looking, with his sleek, well-trimmed silvery hair and white pointed beard and well-cut dark face, as handsome a man of fifty as one could hope to meet on a May morning.

"It is true, Mario?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What have you to say about it?" She stood unemotional, cold-eyed, accusing.

"I know as much about it as Madame."

"Where are they?"

"How should I know, Madame?" asked Mario.

"You will telephone at once to Monsieur Tombarel and the Commissaire de Police."

"I think, Madame, it would be better to see Monsieur le Maire and obtain his advice respecting the police."

Mario went to a telephone in a corner of the room and summoned Tombarel on behalf of Madame. It never occurs to a Frenchman that human beings are not up and doing at the comparatively small hours of the morning. Monsieur le Maire would come at once.

"You knew that this was going on between Mademoiselle and—?" She waved a disdainful hand.

"I permit myself," said Mario, with a bow, "to recall to Madame la Marquise that I have loved Mademoiselle all these years like my own daughter. I will go further and say that, if I were her father, I would entrust her, in all confidence, to my nephew Angelo, who is a remarkably fine fellow."

# Among the Society Debutantes of Eleven Cities

this soap leads all  
others in popularity  
for the care of  
the skin

**Y**OUNG society girls of eleven American cities, asked what soap they use for their skin, replied overwhelmingly, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

From luxurious, jazz-loving New York to straight-laced Philadelphia—from Boston, aristocratic and high-brow, to lovely, romantic Baltimore, Nashville, New Orleans—the answer was the same.

In New York, Woodbury's is nearly three times as popular among society debutantes as any other toilet soap.

Among the lovely debutantes of Southern cities—Baltimore—Nashville—New Orleans—Savannah—Birmingham—Richmond—Atlanta—Woodbury's is nine times as popular.

In conservative Philadelphia, Woodbury's is preferred seven times to any other. Two-thirds of Boston debutantes are using Woodbury's; more than half the Washington debutantes.

"Its purity" is the quality they name oftenest, in telling why they prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap. "Its soothing, non-irritating effect on the skin."

Send for the new  
large-size trial set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 1607 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial  
cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream  
and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to  
Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,  
1607 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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That last lingering look in the mirror—does it show a skin clear,  
smooth, radiant with fresh beauty?

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



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## Love Sends Convert to Pipe-smoking on Tobacco Hunt

Of course a young man in love will do anything to win favor in the eyes of his lady fair. And pipe-smoking seems to be one of the credentials that admit young male America into the graces of the fair sex.

But while smoking a pipe seems to solve the feminine problem, finding the right tobacco evidently is the male problem.

Probably that is what prompts such letters as this:

New York, N. Y.,  
June 30, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

I started smoking on cigarettes, but after meeting a young lady for whom men who smoked pipes had a greater charm, I promptly switched to one.

Then my agony began. I tried one brand of tobacco after another, always working on the theory that the more you paid for tobacco, the better it would be.

Then came the day I tried Edgeworth. It was at a ball game. I had run short of the certain brand I was smoking, and a casual acquaintance offered me a pipeful.

Imagine my delight when after the first few puffs, I did not feel the old familiar bite. I puffed on, inhaling the delightful aroma, and oh, boy! it was sweet right down to the bottom.

Nothing has separated me from my pipe, or my pipe from Edgeworth since then.

Yours very truly,  
(signed) David Freedman, Jr.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4-P. S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holders holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants:** If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Thus far Tombarel was able to repeat a coherent hearsay account of the conversation. When, half an hour afterwards, he was shown into the room, he found Madame de Castelin sitting in a straight-backed Empire chair, a drawn-faced ghost of a woman, and Mario comfortably sprawling on a divan. Mario sprang up as soon as Tombarel entered.

"My old friend," said Madame de Castelin, in a toneless voice, "I have sent for you at a time of great crisis."

Tombarel looked from one to the other. "Indeed, Madame—"

"Monsieur Mario Zarena has done me the honor of asking me to marry him."

Tombarel turned on the serving-man. "*Toi, Mario? Tu es fou!*"

"I'm not in the habit of being addressed as '*tu*,' Monsieur le Maire."

"You'll have to get used to it if you go on talking to me," cried Tombarel, still using the familiar, and, in this case, contemptuous second person singular. "And you, Madame?"

Madame de Castelin made an ineffectual gesture with her thin hands. "Sidonie ran away last night with Angelo."

"Angelo?"

"My nephew," said Mario.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Tombarel.

It was not fair to land a man in a situation so fantastic at that hour of the morning. And, instead of Madame storming in furious indignation, there she sat with haggard face below the mass of dyed corn-colored hair, a bloodless and emotionless being.

"Permit me, Monsieur le Maire," said Mario in his suavest manner. "Allow me to explain. It is true that Mademoiselle de Castelin has run away with Capitaine Angelo Zarena—I deplore it. But it is an accomplished fact. My nephew must marry her as soon as possible. Madame will not give her consent, and consent is necessary, seeing that Mademoiselle is not yet quite twenty-one. Then I have to tell Madame la Marquise, reluctantly, that it is I who will give the consent, seeing that Mademoiselle Sidonie is my daughter—and my poor Jacquetta's who died so many years ago."

"What abominations are you talking?" cried Tombarel.

"You know even more about it than I do, Monsieur le Maire," said Mario. "Do you suppose such things can happen without people talking? Do you suppose that jackdaw of a nurse—*sage-femme*—whatever she was—a relation of my wife—would hold her tongue? You are innocent in the ways of this wicked world, Monsieur Tombarel."

"He had the insolence to say that to me—who have studied human nature for nearly seventy years. It was the last insolence." So spake Tombarel, melodramatically acting the scene in his studio.

Tombarel turned to the Marquise.

"Again, Madame, what have you to say to this folly, this conspiracy?"

She passed a weary hand across her brow. "I don't know. I am all overwhelmed. Listen." She beckoned him to approach, and waved Mario away. She whispered: "I am not surprised. I never had the feeling for Sidonie that a mother should have for her child. Then there was something that Raoul told me. I forget what." Her blue eyes looked through him into inchoate immensities. "I was content with a daughter, but I was not content with a changeling! That was what it must have been. I did not know. But I felt it."

"One minute." Tombarel, flaming, went to the door and flung it open and gave a sharp command to the serving-man: "*Hors d'ici!*"

"I retire for the moment," said the imperious Mario.

Tombarel went on his knees by the side of Madame de Castelin. "*Ma très chère amie*, tell me all that this scoundrel has said to you."

It appeared to be the prettiest stroke of blackmail, matured for many patient years, that one could imagine. The vulgar side of it reduced my old friend to despair. Look at

the crude facts. Mario had known from the beginning of Raoul de Castelin's desperate yet foolish substitution. He had gained the child's affection. He had planted his irreproachable nephew in the chateau. He had counted on the call of the blood, and things had happened as he had planned.

Then he came forward. Mademoiselle was his child. He could prove it. He could prove in a court of law that the wealthy heiress, Mademoiselle Sidonie de Castelin, was the love-child of himself and a peasant girl of Creille. This proof would create a scandal throughout the noble families of France, with whom the house of Castelin was inextricably allied. It would also involve Monsieur Tombarel in most unpleasant complications.

The solution was simple: a formal price of silence. Let Madame de Castelin go through the ceremony of marriage with him, the faithful steward of her estates for many years, under that one of the three marriage settlement laws of France—the system of community of property; give her consent to the union of Mademoiselle with the gallant Capitaine Zarena, Officer of the Legion of Honor, accept him as her son-in-law, and happiness all round would be the result.

Tombarel vociferated and attitudinized majestically; he sent off the semi-inanimate chatelaine of Ecrabouilles to friends in Paris; but he was eaten up with fear of the silver-haired and bearded, saturnine Mario. It is only just to say that he was as much concerned for Madame de Castelin as for himself.

But to me there seemed a side to the matter less vulgar and infinitely tragic. I can only convey my feeling either in a few, or in multitudinous words. There was this woman, romantically Latin, with a strain of restless American blood, loving and beloved, widowed in an instant; left with nothing but a child resembling neither her father nor herself; feeling in her soul's core no outpouring of instinctive maternal love for her; haunted through all the artificial years, which she devoted to vain pursuits, by some unknown terror, some insoluble mystery . . . always groping, with her dead blue eyes, through every human being with whom she came in contact, towards something that might be clear in the infinite distance beyond . . . This aspect of things haunted me long afterwards.

The storm was over. Tombarel rose. It was high time for him to get back to Creille.

"So you see, *mon pauvre ami*, what a desperate mess we're in, Madame de Castelin and I. She is willing to give her consent, in spite of herself, to this dreadful *mésalliance*. But that is not enough for the villainous Mario. He must marry her and become Seigneur d'Ecrabouilles. Otherwise scandal, and the end of poor Alcide Tombarel, Maire de Creille, who has falsified the registers of the Republic."

"But the eminent *matrre* whom you consulted—what does he say?"

"What do lawyers ever say that can ease a soul in pain?" said Tombarel dramatically. He swept his white mane and smiled. "I've wearied you to death, my dear Fontenay, with my insignificant troubles. A thousand thanks."

He was all bows and courtesies all down the stairs until he drove off in his little yellow car.

A week afterwards I opened the *Éclairneur*, the faithful accompaniment of my morning coffee, and there on the first page was an arresting head-line, "*Drame d'Amour à Nice*," and before my dazed eyes swam the dreadful reproduction of an unmistakable portrait of Zarena. And there was his name beneath it.

The printed facts were startling in their explicit commonplace. The noise of quarreling and eventually of revolver shots had disturbed the neighbors of a flat in a good quarter of the town. Alarmed, they rang the bell, and getting no answer, summoned the police. The police found Monsieur Mario Zarena, the well-known *intendant* of the Chateau d'Ecrabouilles, stone-dead, and the tenant of the flat, a Madame Behague, semiconscious with a revolver wound in her body. Madame Behague,



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These Two Creams will safeguard the loveliness of your skin

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**D**ISTINGUISHED in name and position, the beautiful women of the smart world demand for themselves an equal distinction of appearance. They know that nothing adds so much to a woman's presence as a smooth skin and clear, fresh coloring. So they choose two delicate creams and maintain the traditions of feminine beauty that taste and good breeding have established.

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the pores and lift out the dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. If your skin is dry, a little cream left on overnight will restore suppleness.

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The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

## Film—Enemy of Your Teeth and Your Smile

To which many serious tooth and gum disorders are charged

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube

**I**N a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised as embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

### Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then re-

moves it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

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**FREE**—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1116, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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## PEPSODENT

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transported to the hospital, recovered so far as to confess that she had killed Mario Zarena and had attempted suicide. After that, she had collapsed and died.

That was all. Apparently the tragedy had occurred late at night, just in time for the news to be rushed through to the *Éclairéur de Nice*.

It was none of my business, but having nothing to do that afternoon I drove out to Creille to see my old friend, Tombarel. Murders and suicides and sudden deaths, if one knows any one of the dramatic protagonists, have a way of flashing scarlet across the gentle sky of ordinary life.

I found Tombarel sitting peacefully beneath the straggling cedar in front of his house, reading a book and smoking a long Italian cigar. He put the book down and came to me, as usual with outstretched, welcoming arms.

"My dear friend, what a joyous surprise!" "Not at all," said I. "Have you heard the news?"

"In the *Éclairéur*? Of course. I've been occupied with the matter all this morning. Ah!" said he, with an ample gesture. "What a relief. Now I can breathe again. And so can my dear friend, Madame de Castelin."

"I suppose it does simplify things," said I. "Simplify? Why, it solves them. Come and sit down and let me tell you all about it."

So I sat down, and listened to Tombarel.

"You know what nightmares this rascal of a Mario had caused me? There was a moment when I felt he had me—like that—in the hollow of his hand." It was not only a figure of speech but a figure of action, Tombarel's long fingers picturing the inescapable claws of a demon. "*Eh, bien!*" I said to myself that there must be some way out for us. Then I thought. He tapped his broad forehead to indicate subtle processes of the brain. "A fellow like Mario Zarena doesn't live for eighteen years in a mountain château like an anchorite, a celibate. There is some woman somewhere, secret in his life. He wants to marry this poor afflicted lady. Aha! we shall see; we shall find out something about this good Monsieur Mario."

"It was easy for me to do so. The police of the Department of the Alpes Maritimes will tell me anything. I tracked down his little *ménage* in Nice with the unfortunate Madame Behague. I didn't quite know what good it would do; but in his fixed idea of compelling Madame de Castelin to marry him, it would cause him much annoyance if I interfered and proclaimed this *liaison*. It was only to put stumbling-blocks in his way—you understand. It is our nature in the Midi to *embêter*, to provide all the trouble one can think of for people we dislike."

"Incidentally, I learned other things of our friend Mario and the *dea ex machina* that Madame Behague turned out to be. I learned that she was a woman of the most violent temper. I made it my business to visit her, and I told her things I judged it useful for her to know. *Voilà, c'est tout.*" He smiled at me. "Like this everybody is satisfied. Madame must give her consent to the marriage. She is safe from scandal, and I am no longer in danger of losing my position as the Mayor of Creille. I have always found that the *bon Dieu* with just a little suggestion"—his eyes twinkled—"has His own way of arranging things."

He beamed with an air of complete satisfaction. The double tragedy seemed to arouse in him no emotion of horror or pity. A danger was eliminated, presumably by the act of God, from his little world. Both the lady and himself were free from menace. He could now enjoy, in peace of mind, his comfortable leisure.

He turned and picked up his book. "By the way, my dear friend, you know that I am trying in my old age to improve my English, and justement I have come on a passage which is not clear to me. Have the kindness to explain."

He pointed to a sentence. The book was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

But yet, I am wondering what those expressionless blue eyes of Madame de Castelin are still seeking in the infinite distance.

# "For three years I dragged along —half sick"

"DAILY HEADACHES—tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.

"I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast, but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.

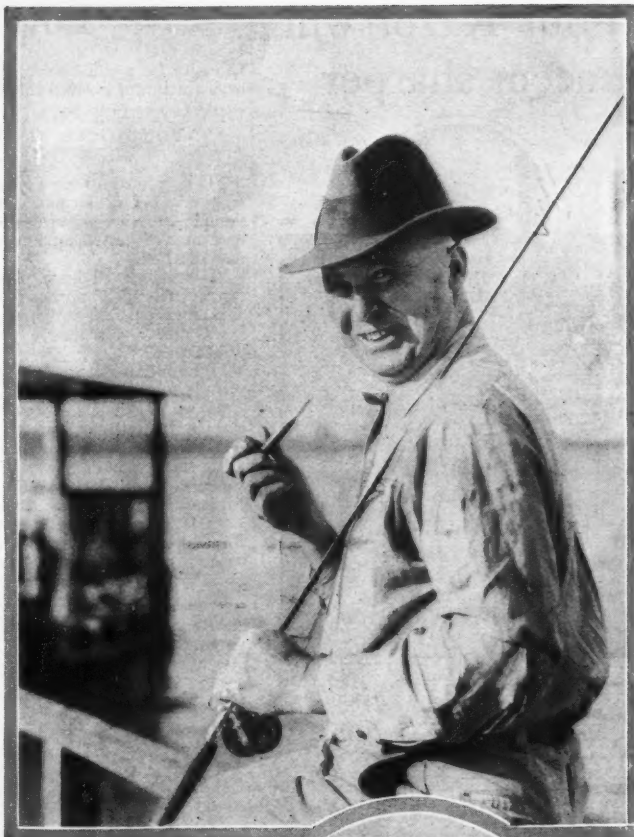
"Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness."

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

**FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST**—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-51, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



Mr. A. L. Dixon taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells above how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.



SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.

"I WAS of course familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had not occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down. It proved so efficacious in correcting my fatigue, nervousness and loss of appetite that I have since taken it whenever work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. By aiding digestion Yeast creates a healthy appetite."

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City

## This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

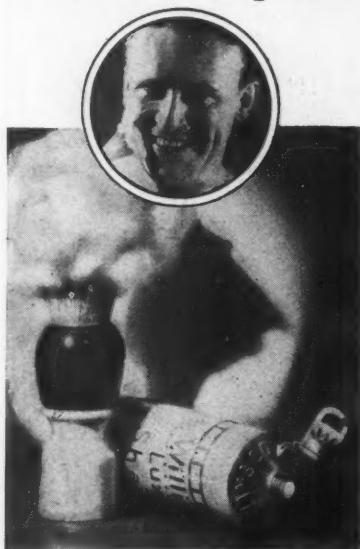
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with difficulty that I could shave. I became grouchy, unhappy. I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast daily. My skin is smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.



## Your Razor will seem sharper



### with this Saturated Lather

ALL razors seem sharper when the beard they cut is as thoroughly softened as it should be. Williams Shaving Cream springs into a thick bulky lather simply saturated with moisture. It is this extra moisture, held by Williams lather that works wonders in beard softening. No half-cut hairs—no annoying razor "pull."

Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving and gives your face that "barber's massage" feeling after the shave. Your face actually feels better after a Williams shave than before.

Let us send you a week's supply of Williams Shaving Cream FREE. Send us the coupon below, or a postcard today. Two sizes—35c and 50c.

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 94.

## Williams Shaving Cream



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 94, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Cosmo-4-27

## Love in Paris (Continued from page 47)

necessity for a still bolder boast, and by way of distraction, I evolved the following:

WHY NOT TALK FRENCH IN 48 HOURS?  
YOU WOULD FIND PARIS  
PLEASANTER.

"This seemed to me so much superior to all the rest that I could not help feeling it should be marketable—and I crossed the road and requested an interview with Monsieur de Boo.

"I was received by a portly, middle-aged gentleman who approved my looks. His countenance fell, however, when he discovered I was not a prospective pupil. He asked, 'What then?'

"I said, 'Monsieur, I have called to give you the first refusal of a great idea. Our city teems with foreigners who desire to talk French without the labor of learning it—'

"Your idea is not new," he said.

"I said, 'But I have invented a new announcement. If you find it attractive, how much will you pay me for the rights?'

"Mademoiselle," he said, 'it is obvious I am addressing a charming lady, but not a business woman. I will therefore be entirely frank with you. Your invention does not stimulate my curiosity, but you may exhibit it if you choose. In the improbable event of its having any value, we will talk terms.'

"Alors, there was nothing else to do. He permitted me to sit at a desk, and I made the thing as striking as was practicable with pale mauve ink. 'Behold,' I said.

"Quite clearly it was arresting. He gazed at it round-eyed. I proceeded to explain that forty-eight hours signified a lesson of half an hour's duration on ninety-six days—and he regarded me with interest.

"It is bright," he acknowledged. 'You have a gift. I compliment you on this work. All my literary instinct applauds it. Nevertheless, my commercial judgment turns it down. Not ten percent of the inquirers could be appeased when I broke the "ninety-six days" to them.'

"But since they would not be able to talk French, you mightn't understand what they said," I pleaded.

"He seemed to take increasing interest in me, if not in my advertisement, and he urged me to accept a position there as professor. When I had induced him to guarantee a minimum wage, I agreed to the suggestion gladly, and he said, 'I have made an exceptional arrangement with you; I ask you impressively to keep it to yourself.'

"You may depend upon my mentioning it to no one," I assured him.

"Sapristi, I believe you!" he chuckled. "You have a highly intelligent head. Your visit refreshes me so much that I regret I can make no offer for your invention."

"I learned from other ladies employed in the Institute that Monsieur de Boo was a widower, prone to gallantry, and as he made many pretexts for summoning me to his office, it was not long before I found their assertion was correct. When I had been here a week he told me of the sadness of solitude, and the inadequacy of a school of languages to satisfy the secret yearnings of his heart. My reply depressed him; and he sent for me on the morrow to say he had passed a sleepless night.

"Often I was called to the office twice a day, and in a month's time I could not doubt his sincerity when he declared my virtue was a bitter sorrow to him. Well, he was not youthful, and he was not handsome, but he was comparatively prosperous, and a girl without a dot must not expect everything in this world. I began to question if the circumstances, handled tactfully, might not yield an offer of marriage.

"But he said no, his devotion would not stretch to such lengths as that. He said, 'My single experience of matrimony suffices for me. I adore you. I would die for you.

I would commit almost any madness for you—but one must draw the line somewhere.'

"The man is a fiend," moaned Casimir.

"Yet it was plain that he was torn. His face, when I bowed to him serenely in the passage, was even more entreating, and now I was called to the office to hear that he suffered from chronic insomnia."

"I shall liberate you from his persecution—it shall cease!" raved Casimir.

"Before long he was struggling so hard to resist my high-minded conditions that I was aware of a rising esteem for him—I had not divined that he possessed such force of character. When the struggle had endured for weeks, however, my esteem acquired a tinge of irritation. I am being candid with you. To see that his antipathy to wedlock might prove the winner was disquieting to me. You hold me mercenary, you condemn me, but the prices of provisions were going up every time the franc fell—and when the franc rose, the prices didn't come down; I saw that to marry the Institute was my only insurance. I am not mercenary in my heart—my heart was free. I had said to myself, from the beginning, 'It is not as if your affections were engaged elsewhere—you would be sacrificing no one who cares for you, no one for whom you care.' Then, only three days since— Ah! Pardon, Monsieur!"

"Devil smite that bell!" roared Casimir, stamping with frenzy as she fled.

Reaching the compartment, with a rush, for the fifth lesson, he was chagrined to be kept waiting. Five infuriating minutes passed while he stood straining to hear her footfall. He foresaw that she would be compelled to get up and go none the less promptly when the bell rang, and he cursed the unknown mishap that was stealing his minutes . . .

His wrist shook fearfully as he attempted to consult his watch. Nearly a quarter of an hour! . . . Seventeen minutes! His knees failed him, and he sank into his chair . . . Twenty-two now! Ah, at last!

She appeared with a blithe smile upon her lips, but subduing it to an expression of concern, she said, "A thousand apologies, Monsieur. I was detained by Monsieur de Boo."

"Your last words," gasped Casimir, "were 'Three days since.' My life hangs on that unfinished phrase. Continue!"

"Monsieur, I cannot remain. I come to say that Monsieur de Boo has decided to withdraw his concession to you."

"I shall talk legal measures to him," snorted Casimir, with a gesture of defiance; "I am not a notary's clerk for nothing! Continue."

"But he will assure you that other professors on the staff are equally capable."

"Continue!" clamored Casimir. "What happened three days since?"

She said, "A new influence arose."

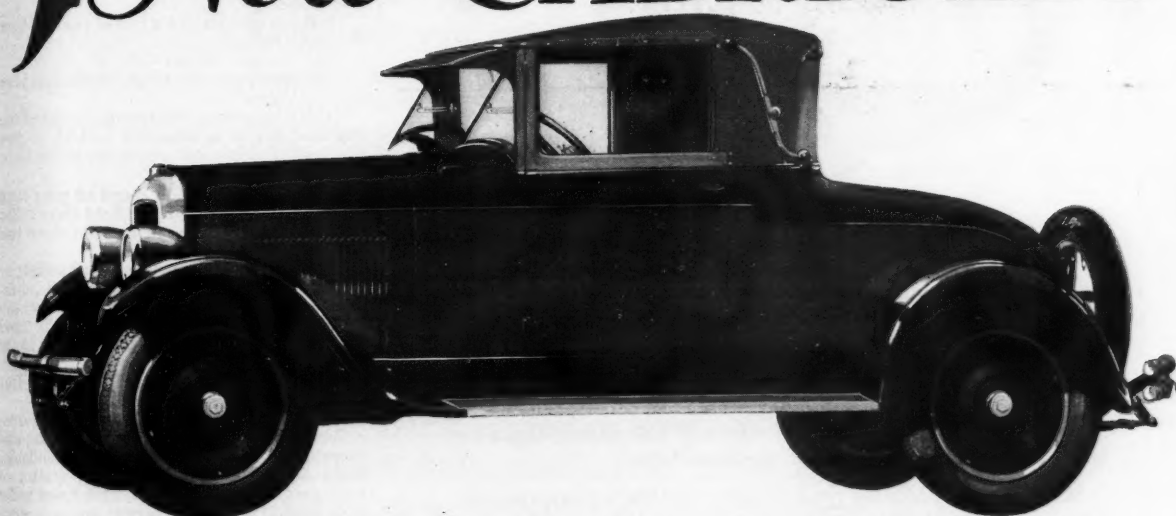
"Ah, rapture!" He made to clasp her in his arms. "In you—the dawn of love?"

"No, in him—the pangs of jealousy. You have been a thorn in his side. He has questioned me incessantly about the 'Frenchman who paid to learn French from me.' Well, you know, he was having a bad time already; when I found he had jealousy to contend with, too, I was pretty sure he would give in. I come to you from the scene of my betrothal! You have rendered me a service, Monsieur, and I felt it was your due I should put you wise that your attendance in future will yield not a glimpse of me."

The young man stood dumb, with heaving breast. He drew the sixth ticket from his pocket, and tore it across, and threw the pieces to the ground. Not till then did he find voice to speak the words within him, words that she was never to forget. He said, "Before we part I shall say one thing, and one thing only—"

"Pardon, Monsieur!" she exclaimed. "Adieu—the bell!"

# Paige OFFERS A New CABRIOLET



~ at a Startling Price ~ \$1295

If ever a motor car was manufactured in response to popular demand—this new Cabriolet by Paige most surely was. For its earlier companion car (which is still continued on the 6-75 chassis) has been by all odds, the outstanding sports car of the season.

This new Cabriolet is an exact prototype of its older and larger sister. Mounted on the 6-45 chassis—this charming car can be acquired for only \$1295, f. o. b. factory.

And what a beauty it is in duotone colors of blue and gray, with its fashionable semi-landau top, which is fully collapsible, bullet-type cowl lights and flowing body lines. Two adults, even of generous girth, are comfortably seated on luxurious

cushions, covered with blue colonial grain leather. And lo!—you simply touch a button—inside the car—and the rear deck cover opens to reveal an equally comfortable seat for another couple.

This Cabriolet is a capable car. Its enlarged motor provides greater power and speed, and much quicker acceleration. It has all of the latest mechanical developments, such as an air cleaner, rubber cushioned clutch, silent chain timing and bronze-backed bearings. Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, of course, provide the very maximum of safety.

Be quick to see this charming car at the nearest Paige showroom. For at its amazing price, it is certain to be in high demand from the outset.

*The Paige line comprises twenty models in a charming variety of body types and color combinations. Factory list prices \$1095 to \$2795.*

(860)

The  
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



*"How do you keep your hands looking so lovely?"*



ONCE A WOMAN dabbed a bit of her husband's tube of Mennen SKIN BALM on her hands.

Now she has her own supply of SKIN BALM, the big tube for her dressing table, the Vanitie size for her handbag. For, from the first touch her skin took on a soft and pleasant glow, a freshness and smoothness she had often admired in others; which she had despaired ever of attaining for herself. Her friends began to compliment her. They too, now use SKIN BALM.

SKIN BALM is a Mennen product, discovered by a house specializing for years on helping the human skin to comfort and beauty. It is non-greasy and quickly absorbed. Mildly astringent. Use it after you have had your hands in soapy water. See and feel the difference.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

# MENNEN SKIN BALM



*SKIN BALM is a wonderful base for face powder, and a preventive and corrective for chapping and weather roughness.*



## The Mating Call

(Continued from page 71)

contend with nowadays is an unsophisticated parent. She has to do so much explaining. Must I tell you what the gossip is?"

"You needn't tell me anything," her father declared testily. "I never listen to gossip about ladies. Miz Henderson is a splendid woman and above reproach."

"Very well! If that's the case, it's all right for her to see Leslie Hatten. If it's all right for her to see him, it's o. k. for the rest of us."

"Not without a chaperon."

"Oh, Lord! I'd hate to think I was so dumb that I needed a chaperon. You're years behind the times, Pappy, but—that's all right. The world moves."

"You don't believe in chaperons, eh? You've advanced beyond 'em, I suppose. Is that in line with the 'modern thought'?"

"It is. They're merely a confession of ignorance. They're all very well for girls who need them—"

Peebles uttered a strangling sound. "Every good-looking young lady needs a chaperon. I—I want you to quit making a fool of yourself over Leslie."

"Will you quit making a fool of yourself over the Dolly Sisters?"

"Eh? What? Who—"

"You see more of them than Phyllis and I see of Mr. Hatten."

"This is ridiculous, outrageous!" stormed the father. "You're nothing but a child, so you don't understand. But you're too young to be alone in the company—"

"And you're too old to spend all your time at Three Bold Oaks. 'Three Bold Oaks'! Do you know what people call you and those two crazy-quilts? 'Three Old Jokes'!"

Judge Peebles's face reddened, it swelled; he pulled at his enormous mustache as if he intended to tear it out by the roots. "Never say anything like that again," he barked, "and never again refer to those ladies as 'The Dolly Sisters.'"

"Oh, I didn't mean to be nasty. But you—"

"The Misses Baker are charming, cultured, estimable ladies. They are clients of mine and they have honored me with their friendship. They called on Leslie once, as a matter of politeness, but you wouldn't catch them going back there. I refuse to permit anyone—even my own flesh and blood—to speak lightly of them."

"Oh, I know! They're right nice when you get acquainted with them, but—they are queer. You'll admit that—"

"No! I'll admit nothing of the sort."

"Well, they are! And it's their own fault that they're talked about. They're so—so silly! Look how they dress! Look how they act! Why, the mere sight of a man gives them hysterics. They're products of that old training you're always talking about. Repression! Smothered yearnings! Suppressed desires! Chaperons! Don't you see how different things are nowadays? Don't you see the improvement? That's what I mean when I say times have changed."

There was a moment of silence, then the father said: "You're growing away from me, Jessie, and I don't reckon I can keep up with you much longer. Maybe times *have* changed, but human nature hasn't. Not greatly. Maybe some of the old ideas are outworn, but not all of them. Young people appear to know more than they used to, but I can't see that knowledge has improved 'em. After all, there's a great difference between knowledge and wisdom. Wisdom comes from experience and, by the way, it usually goes hand in hand with charity—something you'd do well to learn."

"I'm going to tell you something about Miss Irma and Miss Norma and when I get through I hope you'll feel ashamed of what you just said. They're not frivolous-minded old maids



# Recommended by . . . . . . more than *a million*

**I**F the opportunity presented itself, more than a million Buick owners would recommend this car to you. And they would tell you reason after reason why they buy Buicks whenever they need new cars.

They know the excellence of the Buick Valve-in-Head engine—today *vibrationless beyond belief*.

They know a driving ease which makes other cars feel inefficient. A Buick starts smartly, even under handicaps—it parks and unparks handily—and steers with no effort at all.

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Let the supreme confidence and the outspoken enthusiasm of Buick owners be your guide to satisfaction. Buy a Buick!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN  
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



as you seem to think; they are two sprightly young girls in mature bodies. Time has played a mighty cruel prank on those ladies, Jessie, for they never had any girlhood such as yours and they're clutching at youth—reaching backwards and snatching at it as it runs away.

"It's a right pathetic story, the way I piece it together, and it ought to teach you something about tolerance. Their people were witch-burning, psalm-singing, nickel-squeezing New Englanders, who believed in Hell-fire and worshiped compound interest. Miss Irma told me the sort of man her grandfather was and how he came to settle in Massachusetts. It seems he was shipwrecked. All his mates were drowned, but he was washed ashore on an island and when he crawled out on the beach he had his arms full of eels. The first thing he did was to fall on his knees and give thanks; then he swam two miles to the mainland, and never lost an eel! That's the kind of people they were, prayerful and usurious. Those two girls were raised in the strictest piety and the deepest gloom; they weren't allowed to go with boys because boys were wicked, and besides, none of the local boys had money. By that time, you see, the Baker family owned all the money there was in the country—besides Grandfather Baker's original armful of eels."

Miss Peebles laughed. "You'd never guess they were Pilgrim Aunties, the way they go on. Mind you, I've got nothing against them except the way they act and the clothes they wear, but—Why, Pappy, they simply blind a person and—"

"Why shouldn't they wear pretty things and bright colors?" the Judge demanded beligerently. "They always wanted 'em and they never had 'em when they were young. And, anyhow, why should elderly people dress in black when they crave beauty and gaiety and cheer? You youngsters don't need gay colors, for the morning of life is rosy and you walk on rainbows. I say brilliant colors are made for people whose eyes are growing dim. Music and laughter, too! Yes, and dancing, and bright lights and perfumes. Youth, Jessie, is more than a matter of years, more than mere inexperience; real youth means innocence, enthusiasm, clean minds, and those ladies whom you so flippantly refer to as 'The Dolly Sisters' are more truly girls at heart than you and your sophisticated flapper friends."

"You think you're a young lady and you've got a bad case of this 'intellectual freedom,' but to me you're just a child and I propose to look after you according to my narrow, old-fashioned ideas. I don't want to hear any more scandalous insinuations about Miz Henderson, or any decent married lady, and I warn you to speak with becoming respect of the Misses Baker. One thing more." The Judge had turned away, but he halted before leaving the room. "If I catch you chasing Leslie Hatten, I'll turn you over my knee and spank you."

Miss Peebles stiffened, she colored with indignation.

"I mean it," her father declared, with an ominous light in his bold blue eyes. "I'll teach you what a real, old-fashioned suppressed desire feels like—the desire to sit down!"

In spite of his liking for and his confidence in Leslie Hatten, Judge Peebles felt a certain resentment against the young man as the indirect cause of this unhappy scene, a feeling which, he discovered, was shared by Uncle Rowe Knight. Uncle Rowe, it seemed, had talked with his daughter Phyllis and the result had left him bewildered, gasping. Phyllis had flared into open rebellion against her father's protest; she, too, had referred to Rose Henderson's conduct and had demanded the same freedom as to her own. What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the goshawk, as she put it, and what if Mr. Hatten did have an affair with a married woman? It probably wasn't his fault. Good heavens, you couldn't ask the poor man to run away from every good-looking woman who made eyes at him, could you?

One had to be broad-minded in these matters and put the blame where it belonged. Leslie Hatten certainly was a fascinating person and

the girls were wild about him, but so far as Phyllis herself was concerned, she could discover no deep appeal in him; he caused no emotional vibrations in her. She merely liked him as a friend. After all, sex appeal is a subtle force and there is no telling in what direction it is likely to exercise itself. Receptivity has so much to do with it. It is a good deal like radio, Phyllis declared: you either get it strong and clear or you don't get it at all.

"What was she talkin' about?" Uncle Rowe demanded of the Judge. "She never used an indecent word except 'sex' and yet all the time she was talkin' I was as red as a tomato. Looks to me like Hatten is fillin' our kids with a lot of low-down New York ideas."

Peebles shook his head. "Not Leslie. He isn't to blame."

"I allow he's kind of a sheek and is tradin' on it."

"Not at all. It's the—'modern thought.' We're both back numbers, Rowe."

"Yeah? Well, whatever it is, it's got to stop. In my time it was us boys that were hard to raise. Now a parent lies awake listenin' for his girls to steal up the back stairs. He don't have to worry none about his sons—he knows they're doomed to destruction. What d'you think about Rose and Leslie goin' on like they do?"

"I think it's none of our business. I refuse to discuss it."

"Me, too. But look at the example. I don't know but what I'll have to speak to the Ku Klux about it."

In all probability Peebles's vague displeasure against Hatten would have died out, along with his exasperation at Jessie, had it not been for something that occurred shortly thereafter. During his very next evening at Three Bold Oaks conversation quite naturally turned to the problem caused by Marvin Swallow, Jessie's picturesque and picaresque suitor, and inasmuch as the father was in a declamatory mood he voiced an impromptu diatribe against the incorrigible tendencies of modern young women.

The Judge cited as an example the matter which had caused so much concern to him and to Rowe Knight. He interpreted some of his daughter's sophisticated doctrines and, with pardonable pride, he quoted his own scornful rebuttal thereto. He told the Misses Baker what he had said about chaperons, and what he thought of women who would call on a man just for the "kick" it afforded.

After a while Peebles became aware that he was causing consternation to his hearers. Consternation and panic! Timidly at first, then more defiantly, they came to the defense of their sex. It transpired that they, too, had been out to the Hatten place. More than once. And just for the fun of it. Yes, and they appeared delighted with themselves; they actually echoed some of Jessie's sentiments about feminine freedom. The Judge was aghast.

What obscure power, what mesmeric attraction did Hatten exercise over women, to draw them as fluttering, blinded moths are drawn to a flame? What anesthetic did he breathe to deaden them to their danger?

Peebles was not actually jealous, nevertheless he experienced a queer feeling of dismay. Incredible as it seemed, these paragons of virtue, these crystal gems of womanly perfection were slaves to that malignant lodestone which had affected his own daughter. Jessie and Phyllis, and the whole new hatch, were no doubt safe enough with the hermit—they knew how to protect themselves against the snare of the fowler—but these two trusting doves! What did they know about sex? Who had told them anything? How could they recognize the shadow of the hovering hawk, or how avoid its swoop? Hatten might be a perfectly upright gentleman, but no man is absolute master of his passions.

What was it Rowe had called the fellow? A sheik! By Gannies, he was all of that! He was a menace to the community. Whelpley swore that these two innocent women should not fall victims to the base appetites of this solitary Bedouin.

Leslie Hatten had declared, as forcefully as he knew how, that he proposed to live his life as it suited him to live it. That struck him as a simple and a reasonable undertaking; nevertheless, he was in the way of discovering, as Rose had warned him, that it is a task beyond the powers of the most determined, the most self-sufficient man to accomplish. Forces over which he had no control appeared to be shaping his for him and this fact was brought home to him in divers ways, as for instance by an unexpected encounter with Uncle Rowe Knight.

Uncle Rowe had never been accused of diplomacy and when suffering the discomforts of embarrassment he was apt to be pretty gruff and pretty blunt. He intended to convey to Leslie, in a jovial and a friendly manner, that the behavior of Phyllis and Jessie and certain of their impulsive friends in turning the Hatten place into a sort of road-house or juvenile tea-room was not only an impertinence but also an imposition and to suggest that the owner could render a service to the parents of those girls and rid himself of annoyance by discouraging the practise. But Uncle Rowe floundered, he bogged down—a father's loyalty, no doubt, was to blame—his geniality curdled and he was about as jovial as an angry bull. What he actually managed to convey was a hint of his displeasure and a veiled reproof.

Offended by the elder man's words and irritated by the knowledge of his own complete innocence in the matter, Leslie responded ungraciously. He was curt; he left Uncle Rowe nursing the uncomfortable conviction that he had been warned in a left-handed manner to look out more carefully for Phyllis or to take the consequences. It was a reproof which no father could stomach.

Here was a fine how-do-you-do, Leslie angrily told himself. Uncle Rowe seemed to think he had encouraged the girls. This scene, following not long after that nocturnal adventure with those masked men, rankled. What the devil ailed these people? They made him feel ever more keenly the weight of their disfavor. They went out of their way to show disapproval of his every act. They were polite enough, as a rule, but they radiated no real warmth of friendliness and they did not even try to counterfeit an interest in him or his affairs; such business accommodations as he asked were either rendered without enthusiasm or refused. When they were refused, it was always because of some good and valid reason, to be sure, but they were refused nevertheless and without any semblance of regret.

Evidently the community had turned against him because Rose Henderson was too careless of public opinion to conceal her interest and because its code did not permit the blame to be placed where it belonged. Fortunately, nobody suspected the latest turn Rose's interest had taken or there would be no living here at all. Nevertheless, it was unfair and it was all but intolerable.

Rose certainly was of a caliber twice the size of these people; hers was no village mind. In spite of her astounding behavior upon the occasion of their last meeting, Leslie had never for a moment considered her unmoral; nor did he believe that she had used her seductive powers upon him for the mere purpose of gratifying an impulse of her own. She was not that kind of woman. No, Rose had found herself tied by bonds not to her liking and she had promptly cut them off—or attempted to do so. There are people who respect laws of their own making and who scorn those not of their making, and perhaps the world has gained as much from some of them as it has lost by others; at any rate, Rose had waited until she made sure of herself, then she had acted, knowing full well the consequences she would have to meet.

All this, of course, did not in the least alter the fact that she had jeopardized his standing in the community and had seriously disturbed his peace of mind, nor did it lessen his resentment against her for having stirred him so profoundly. At the height of his emotional



# CADILLAC welcomes LaSalle

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Only within the past twenty-four months has it been possible for Cadillac to look beyond its own particular field and arrange to satisfy that other great market which has long demanded a companion-car of Cadillac's calibre to fill a slightly varying field of usefulness.

The congenial task of creating this other-brother to Cadillac has gone on carefully for nearly four years. It has proceeded with those inch-at-a-time precisions and precautions which exist only in the Cadillac engineering department and shops—supplemented by

the facilities and the resources of the General Motors laboratories and proving grounds.

The luminous result is a rarely beautiful car of most brilliant performance—the LaSalle—companion-car in every sense of the word to the Cadillac as *Sieur Rene Robert Cavalier LaSalle* himself was companion in distinguished achievement to that other great early-American, *Sieur Antoine de la Morbe Cadillac*.

*The LaSalle is manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plant.*

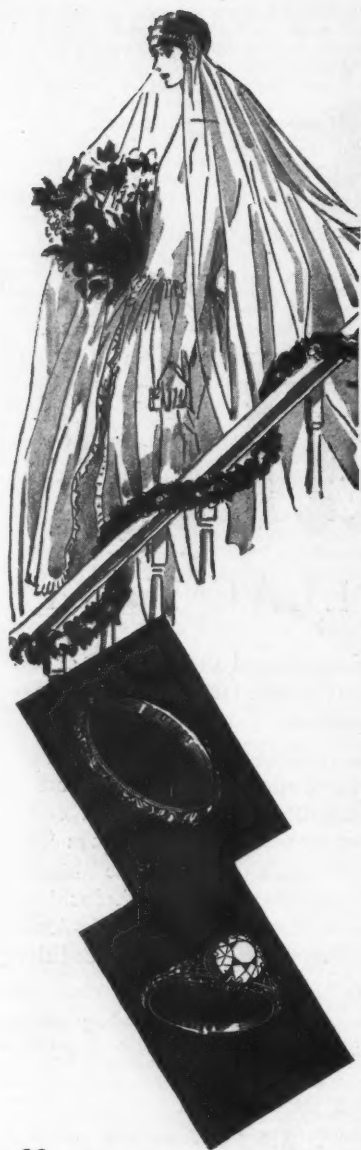
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Detroit, Michigan • • Oshawa, Canada  
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Iridio-Platinum Narrow Band	30.00
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New York City

# Juliet

upheaval he had cursed her; he had cursed her again and again since that day, for certain things she had said were seared into his brain and they plagued him incessantly. She was his. He was a fool to think he could hold her off. She would tell Lon. She would divorce him or compel him to divorce her. In all her life she had failed of but one desire. He could hate her, beat her, but she would follow him even though it meant degradation.

There was something heroic about a passion like that, however selfish its motive. That was just how old John Burkhardt would have talked and acted. Hatten could not bring himself to hate the woman, although he told himself, quite honestly, that if she were free and came to him with all her possessions and laid them at his feet he would not marry her. No. He had fled once, he would do so again if necessary. He did not wish to marry—memories of Mavis were still too fresh in his mind—and, besides, he could not afford a wife. All he craved was to be left alone.

One thing and one only would ever force him to yield and in his calmer moments he thanked God that he had managed to hold himself to earth during that storm. Had he allowed himself to be swept away he would have felt himself bound to carry out his obligation. But there were times when he was not calm, times when he longed for Rose Henderson with a yearning so frantic that he cursed himself as well as her.

He was preparing his dinner one windy, boisterous evening when Rose drove in to his place and without awaiting an invitation stepped out of her car and up on the porch beside him. She wore a gray, fur-trimmed coat with gloves and shoes and stockings to match; a small, close-fitting gray hat rested well down upon her head and revealed barely a glimpse of her bright hair. Leslie had never seen her in a more becoming outfit; he had never beheld a trimmer, more smartly gowned woman.

She was not in the least embarrassed at their meeting; on the contrary, she held out her hand and smiled frankly at him.

"Hello, Leslie! Well, I broke my promise. I came without being sent for." She laughed as if amused by the memory of her parting speech on the occasion of her previous visit. "Now, don't look as if you intended to order me off the premises—your place isn't posted. I had a good reason for coming. Brrr! It's chilly, driving."

"Won't you step inside and warm yourself? I just started a fire."

"Thanks! You bet I will." Rose entered the living-room, drew off her gloves and flung them aside, then extended her hands towards the blaze in the open fireplace. "There was a time when you'd offer to warm a girl's freezing fingers, but—I reckon you've forgotten all those gallantries."

The air was fragrant with the odor of freshly lighted fat pine knots and she sniffed it appreciatively. "Umm! How good it smells! We've been burning oak and hickory but there's nothing like good old light wood. Funny how odors revive old memories: the smell of pitch-pine takes me back to our farm when I was a girl. Back to the age of innocence." She smiled over her shoulder. "How have you been behaving yourself, Leslie?"

"Admirably, so it seems to me. And you?" Rose shrugged. "Things have happened. I have a lot to tell you, but my tongue won't work when I'm cold." Her eyes fell upon the table in the next room set with its scanty array of dishes and she inquired in surprise: "Haven't you had supper?"

"Not yet."

"You're late. What have you got?"

"Ham and eggs."

"And fried potatoes?"

"German fried."

"Oo!" Rose pursed her red lips and widened her eyes. "Got enough for two?"

"Haven't you dined?"

"No. And I don't want to 'dine.' But I would love to eat supper—if it's going to be ham and eggs and fried potatoes and coffee.

You behold a starving lady, a stalking famine, a tottering apperition of want. Invite me, Leslie! Feed me before I become merely a beautiful wraith, a sweet and haunting memory. Have you got corn-bread?"

He shook his head with a smile. "Nothing but biscuits, and they're cold."

"All right. You invite me to have supper, provided I make some corn-bread, and I'll accept. I'll even fry the ham and eggs if you're mean enough to make me. Oh, it's quite safe even if it's slightly improper! Lon's out of town and I'm on my way to Gulf City for a visit. Forget I'm the impulsive Rose Henderson and imagine I'm one of those tittering flappers like Jessie Peebles, just in for tea."

"If I hesitate it is only because of the circumstances—"

"Oh, darn circumstances! They're as changeable as I am and that means they're never the same two days running. They, I, everything is different from what it was the last time I saw you. I'll tell you about it later. All I care about now is, do I get asked?"

Hatten made a sweeping gesture and a profound bow. "Will you do me the honor to—"

But Rose stamped her foot and interrupted him: "No, I won't! Say it like one cracker to another so I'll know you mean it."

"Very well." Leslie paused an instant, then he said: "You're just in time for supper, Mia Henderson, so pull up a chair. Rest your wraps while I go see what the neighbors brought in."

"Thanks, Mist' 'Atten! I don't mind if I do, although I ain't hardly hungry enough to touch a bite."

Rose laid off her coat and hat and followed her host into the kitchen.

Outside the wind was rising, the evening sky was filled with scudding clouds which were evidently fleeing the wrath of some blizzard far to the northward. There was enough of a chill in the air so that the warmth of fireplace and kitchen stove rendered Hatten's house almost cozy and when the lamps were lighted its unattractive interior took on something of a homelike appearance.

Rose was in a singularly buoyant mood and although Leslie's discomfort at her presence did not greatly diminish, he gradually became less self-conscious. After all, the situation was not of his making, he was responsible only for his own acts. For her part, she appeared quite unconcerned by what had gone before or by what was now going on; she pretended to derive a real pleasure from the homely tasks she set herself. When she so expressed herself Leslie told her:

"Housework is all right for a while but the fun doesn't last. It's the difference between doing a thing for fun and of necessity. I've discovered something I had forgotten, and that is that a person can't be poor and retain his self-respect."

"No? You seem to be doing it."

"But I'm not. Poverty is degrading. It's bound to be. It breeds a feeling of inferiority, a sense of failure that you can't escape. Why, I'm all in a panic at having you here. A rich lady. Quality folks. I'm not the man I was when I came here, and I don't guess I will be until I put the place on its feet and get the grove in bearing."

"Then when you make a crop the market will probably be off and it won't pay to pick your fruit."

"Possibly. A farmer takes those chances."

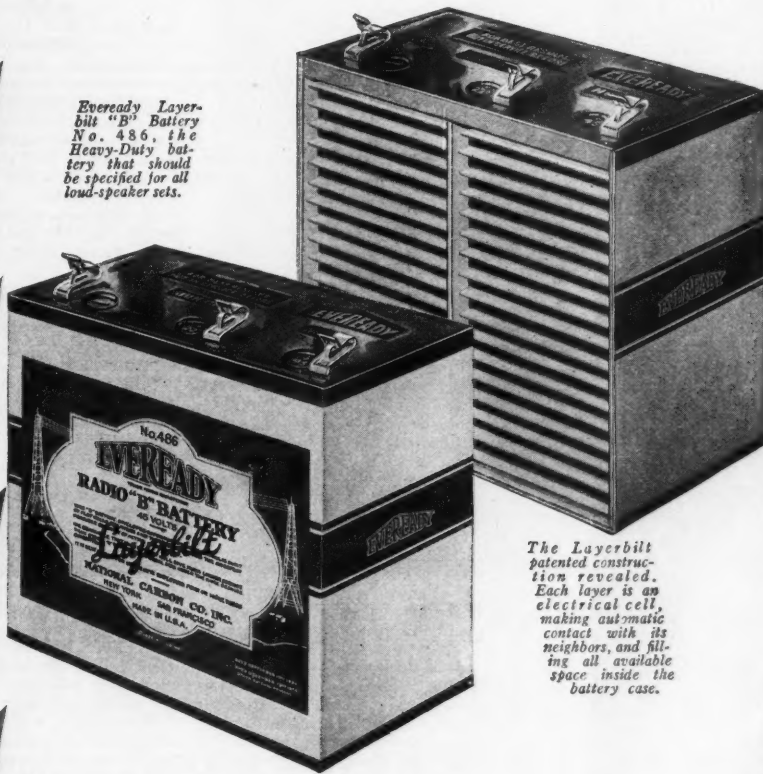
"Father was one of the few men whose groves always paid. But he had a way with citrus fruit. He used to say there were two things that require constant attention—an orange grove and a woman. Give them enough and they'd both yield."

"He should have known. He had as great success with one as with the other, I've been told."

"Yes. He acknowledged two hobbies—good-looking groves and good-looking women. He had plenty of both. Father was a strong man: I admire his type. But about this work; if

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you've deteriorated in one way, you've certainly improved in another. You don't look much like you did when you came home."

"Home!" Hatten smiled faintly. "The people of Evergreen haven't made me feel much at home. They're pretty hostile. I've gained something and I've lost something. I've got my nerve back but—I'm getting close to the soil. I'm growing coarser than burlap."

"Of the earth, earthy. Is that it?" He nodded. "I dare say it's inevitable. No man can follow a furrow and keep his eyes on the sky. When he works barehanded in the dirt, grit is bound to get into his skin."

"Then you don't look on labor as a prayer? That's how somebody put it."

"Hardly! I get a certain contentment out of it, but it's an animal contentment. Hard work stupefies a man. It brutalizes him."

"Then cut it out."

"Bless you, that's exactly what I like about it. It's making an animal out of me. I'm getting strong and hard-fibered and dull and stubborn. I eat heavily and I can stand pain. It's bully, when you've gone too far in the other direction."

"Hm-m! You never did tell me about that woman, Leslie."

With a laugh Hatten countered, "And when you get an idea in that pretty head of yours you never let go of it, do you?"

"Not without a struggle. I'm right stubborn, too, as you know. But why not? I never got very far from the soil myself. I'm still John Burkhardt's girl. By the way, I hear you've become a naughty boy: a menace to the morals of our younger set. I'm surprised at you, robbing cradles and—"

"Is that what they say?"

"Um-hum! You're a vile tempter, a werewolf. If the news spreads I dare say the married women will storm you in a body. Jealous cats! What evil spell do you exercise upon the minds of the innocent? What is this new plague you have imported which discolors the fragrant bloom and sucks the juice from the bud? The aphid Lesliensis? The hermit scale?"

"It's a subject I don't care to joke about."

"I assure you it's no joking matter. I understand the Klan has instituted regular weekly Hatten nights and the price of pillow slips has gone up. The meetings are opened by the pious admonition, 'Let us spray!'"

"It wouldn't surprise me. Curse such people!"

"Amen to that."

It was not until an hour or more later, not until Leslie and his self-constituted guest had finished their meal that the latter proved she was indeed John Burkhardt's daughter and that the Burkhardt strain had not run out. She lighted a cigaret, crossed her knees and leaned back with her fingers interlocked behind her shapely head, then she announced:

"Of course, you're wondering yourself sick why I blew in here at such an hour and you're too polite to ask. Well, Lon and I have split."

"You mean—you and he have separated?" Hatten was amazed, shocked. "When did this happen?"

"Today."

"It's positive? Definite?"

"Oh, quite! What God has joined we have rent completely and permanently asunder. Truth and error, heat and cold, ease and earache are no more strangers to each other than Lon and I. His idol is shattered, my archangel has fallen. He is my—fallen arch, and I'm his flat shoe." The speaker laughed at her own fancy. "It seemed necessary to tell someone and I chose you."

"I'm astounded, of course. How did it happen? Why?"

"The how of it is simple. We merely agreed, like sensible people, to do the logical thing. There is something divine about marriage, Leslie, and I've discovered what it is: it's the blessed relief of being single again. The why of it takes more explaining; it goes back several years and involves such provocations as moral turpitude, unchastity, mental brutality, cruel and inhuman treatment—"

"Don't tell me he abused you!" Hatten broke in with an ugly frown.

"Oh, no!" Rose showed her gleaming teeth.

"I abused him. But thanks for the scowl, just the same. No, I was guilty of the mental cruelty and the inhuman treatment: he was merely crooked and unfaithful. I like to be fair. I made him a rotten wife— But why not? You remember that black cook of ours, Aunt Iris? Well, Jerry, her husband, died and we all wondered why she didn't take on as a widow should. She seemed to feel no sense of bereavement whatever, she had a grand time at the funeral and enjoyed the ride and didn't request a single day off. Dad reproached her for her lack of feeling; he asked her if Jerry hadn't worked hard and given her his money, if he hadn't been a true and loving husband and a splendid father. Iris admitted that he had done, and been, all those things, then she confessed: 'But the truth is, Mist' John, I never could manage to git up no real liking for that nigger.'

"I never could get up no real liking for Lon, either, and he never cared much for me, after about so long. I've known for quite a spell that he's untrue to me."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, positive! I have the proof. Oceans of it. Young girls have a peculiar and an irresistible fascination for him—there's a pathological term for it, I believe. What could be more insulting to a woman of my age and looks?"

"I assume it means an immediate divorce."

Rose shrugged carelessly. "I haven't bothered to think much about that. There's only one man I'd ever marry and he's a confirmed, or a confounded, hermit. The fact that I'm free, that it's done, over, and the dishes washed up, is enough to think about for the time being. I feel as if I had come out of a dark mine. I'm drunk on fresh air. I couldn't resist telling you and giving you a chance to crow with me. Don't be afraid: nothing you say will be used against you."

The speaker was indeed drunk, intoxicated with a sort of ecstasy, her cheeks had become flushed, her eyes—splendid eyes they were—had a wildness and a sparkle to them such as Leslie had never seen and now that she had let herself go, new currents of vitality flowed through her. She was electric.

She talked about her plans, all vague as yet but rainbow-colored and vastly interesting. She would probably run over to Palm Beach, Miami, Havana. Havana was lively. Music, gaiety, freedom, life: how good they would seem. Later, there was New York, London, Paris. She had no one to consider now, nothing to do except amuse and entertain herself. The more Rose talked, the faster she talked; she grew breathless. She was whirled along by a storm as gusty as the one outside which bent the orange branches and bore the leaves ahead of it.

In no wise did she actually suggest that this change in her fortune might involve a similar change in Leslie's, nevertheless he well knew that she implied it; that she was tempting him. She was offering to strike the chains from his limbs with the same blow that freed her own. Havana, New York, Paris, the world was his—theirs. That was what she was saying.

Hatten's eyes traveled over the bare room, down to his coarse and homely garments, to his sunburned hands, the nails of which were split and broken. Poverty! Work! Slavery to the soil as long as he lived! He wore the badge of that debasing servitude even now and what was more, his soul was branded with it. Daily he was becoming more like a beast of burden. Nevertheless, Rose's offer did not allure him.

He wondered that it was that she saw in him, and for the life of him he could not imagine. At his best, he had never been much of a man, and now, at his worst, he was a mere clod. How maliciously the Fates—those three cruel old spinners—tangled their skein. Rose could take her pick of men and preferred him. No man had ever longed for a woman as did he and yet he could not bring himself to think of





**THIS** type of tire rides more directly on the wide rider strip at the center of the tread. That is where the weight and wear come, so that is where extra rubber is needed. The walls and tread of this tire are thick and stiff, making necessary the use of large tread design for high pressure tires.



**THIS** type of tire—low pressure Balloon—carries the load on a wider surface, therefore grooves are cut directly in the center of the Firestone Tread to permit easy flexing. Greater amount of rubber is placed at outer edges of tread where most of the load is carried. Instead of large, heavy rider strips and projections which retard flexing and cause skidding, the Firestone Tread is provided with small projections and narrow rider strips which increase flexibility and give greater safety and skid-protection.



## Scientifically Designed BALLOON TIRE TREAD

### Another Reason why Firestone Tires are Better

When Firestone engineers were developing the Balloon Tire they found it necessary to design a tread altogether different from that which is required by High Pressure Tires. The tread of a Regular Cord, or High Pressure Tire is usually designed with what is known as a wide rider strip at the center. Here the bulk of the rubber on the tread is concentrated.

With the Balloon or Low Pressure Tire this extra amount of rubber must be placed away from the center toward the outer edges of the tread. Because of the low pressure conditions the displacement is greater and most of the weight and wear is at these outer points.

Notice how the Firestone Balloon tread has a deep groove at the direct center, with narrow flexing rider strips and additional grooves on either side. These grooves nearly close up when the tire is under load, as they provide room for the rubber to spread out. Next come the outer rider strips—at the points of greatest wear—with numerous angular sharp-edge projections for non-skid qualities.

The Firestone tread was not designed with large, massive projections for appearance or to make plausible sales argument. On the contrary, the projections of the cross-and-square tread are small and the rider strips narrow, permitting the tread to yield to depressions and cling to the road, giving the greatest non-skid surface. This tough, pliable tread has the wear-resisting qualities that give thousands of extra miles of service.

The tread, however, is not the only important part of the Balloon Tire. Such a tread as this, designed to yield to every depression of the road, must be placed on the carcass that also has the qualifications to withstand the terrific flexing that this design tread permits. Firestone provides this extra strength and endurance by dipping the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. By this process, every fiber of every cord is saturated and insulated—to withstand the extra flexing of the Firestone tread.

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this one as his wife. In him she stirred only a transient emotion, powerful to be sure, but of a sort that would not bear scrutiny. It was the same tonight as it had always been: time had not in the least hallowed it. That was the thing he had run away from years before.

Under the circumstances, he could find little to say to her.

After a while she rose and roamed about the room, still talking, then as if to put her restlessness to some useful purpose she began to clear away the table. When Leslie leaped to his feet with a quick protest she begged him to sit still.

"Let me earn my supper. This is my final act in the domestic comedy so allow me to play it out. Your dishes are the last I shall ever touch; you're the only man who ever made me feel like a willing bond maiden. Let's get the most out of it. Besides, I've got to do something: I'm on edge. When I hit the hard road to Gulf City I'm going to step on the gas—I'm going to keep stepping on it, always. No loafing, no looking back, no memories, no regrets. Every mile I cover will be a mile gained on the way to—well, freedom.

"Lord! How I detest this place, the people, the life, everything. Stagnation! Whispers! Gossip! Envy! The fools! . . . Don't mind if I smash a plate, Leslie. I'd like to smash their heads, the way I've smashed their feelings. The only fun I've had is in shocking them: trampling on them. And Lon! I've enjoyed getting even with him more than anything." Like an Amazon she strode out of the room, Leslie heard a crash at the sink, then a noisy gush of water from the faucet as she wrenched at it. There was a moment of silence, then, "Oh, darn it!"

"What's the matter?"  
"I've drenched myself." Rose reappeared. The front of her dove-gray dress was wet, it was soaked. "That's pretty! I've ruined it," she declared.

When her host expressed his concern she shrugged and said carelessly: "Oh, I have others with me, thank Heaven! But it matches my coat. I'll have to change— You can wash your idiotic old dishes: I won't! That's as long as a virtuous impulse ever lasts with me. Be a good boy and fetch the big suitcase from my car. And do hurry! I'm wet to the skin."

Hatten obeyed. When he returned, Rose had taken one of the lamps with her into his bedchamber and was preparing to remove her dress. He withdrew only to hear her call, after a moment, "I'm sorry, but I packed in a hurry and the dress I want is in one of the other bags. Do you mind?"

He made a second journey out into the turbulent night.

"Thanks again. You might open them, if you will." Rose had slipped into some sort of shimmering robe, a "creation," trimmed fluffily with ostrich fringe at neck and hem. The irrelevant thought occurred to the man that it had cost more than all the furnishings in his house. Her gray dress and another garment, soft and sheer and pink, lay upon a chair. The contents of the large suitcase—intimate, perfumed woman-things—were strewn upon his bed and a heavy fragrance hung over them.

Their owner was saying something but Hatten did not hear her. What was it she had told him about odors provoking memories long dead? Sachet! Scent! Perfumes of Arab! There was a pounding in his ears, and his fingers, as he fumbled with the suitcase fastenings, had grown clumsy.

Rose was at his shoulder now, bending beside him; their hands touched. In negligée she was another woman to the one he knew: her hair was bright and shining; her neck was milky white, round, soft; he was conscious of the outline of her figure, doubly tantalizing by reason of the fact that its curves were suggested rather than revealed. So close, too!

Again their hands came in contact. This time it was as if some current flowed from her flesh into his, and spasmodically her fingers

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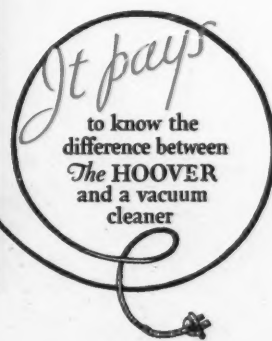
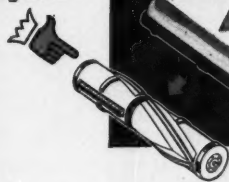
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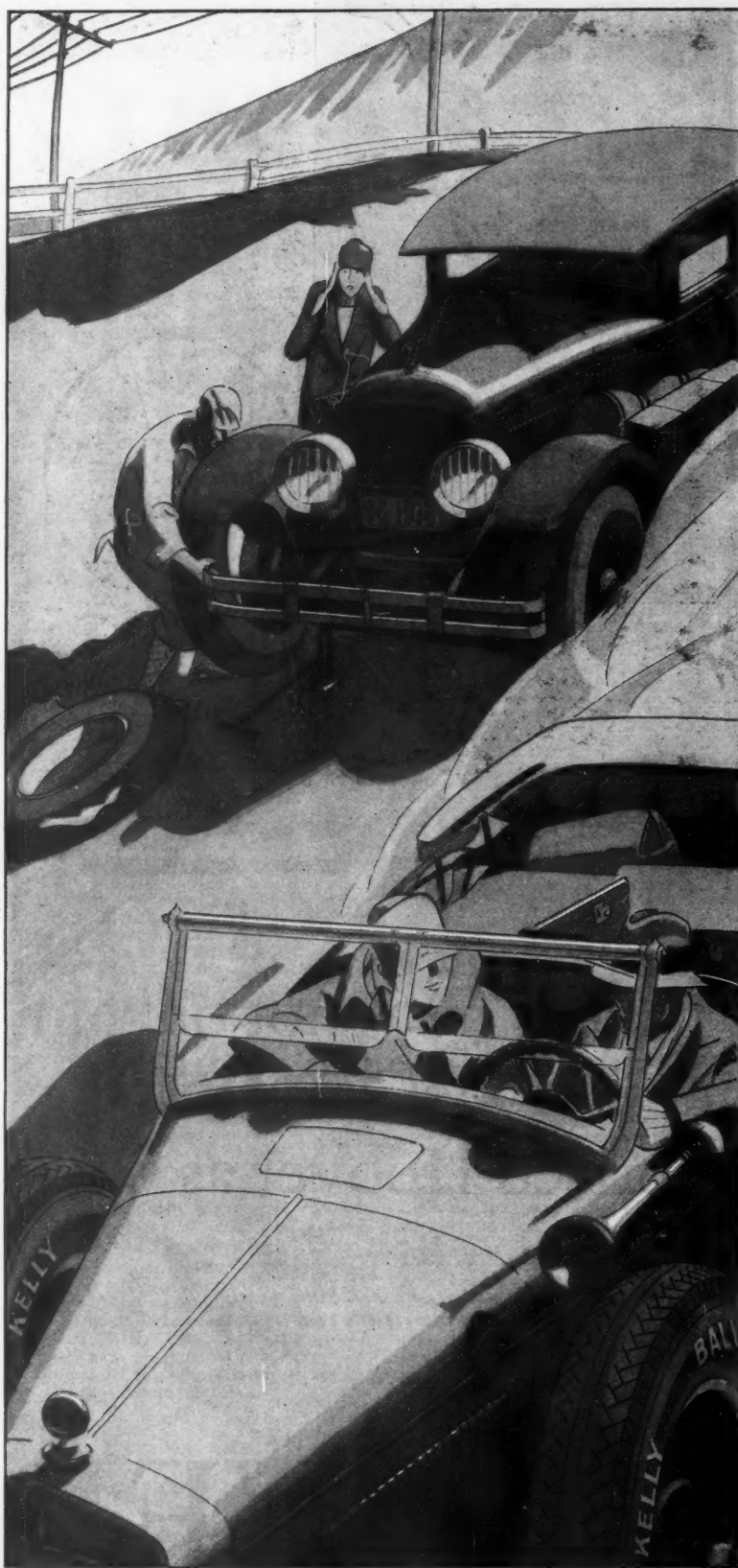
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"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields."

closed over his. Or perhaps it was his that gripped hers . . .

They were facing each other now and Rose's eyes were fixed hypnotically upon his. The strangeness of her gaze added to the turmoil that possessed him. Ordered thought was impossible; Hatten felt himself shaking, his brain was in a shouting tumult.

Not a word had been spoken, nothing but a startled indrawing of Rose Henderson's breath, nevertheless a message too vital for words to express had passed between them. For a breathless, suffocating eternity they regarded each other, and then Rose's hands stole upward, took hold of him. She swayed closer.

Hatten had never been more acutely conscious of being two men in one, or of possessing two warring personalities, than at this moment. He could hear two voices and their clamor was almost unintelligible. One seemed to be shouting that Rose had deliberately betrayed him. It warned him that this was her contriving, even to that seductive robe which advertised the nakedness of her body underneath, and to those lacy scented things that had set his brain to reeling . . . He heard the other voice: that was her nightdress, yonder, flung across his pillow! She was free! Was he man or mouse? What use to fight forces older than time and vaster than the universe?

It was the moment he had dreaded. Here was that which would deliver him in chains. It was the end, the crash of his plans. It meant the remolding of his life. And he did not love her: he hated her! . . . But she was not and warm and beautiful. He could hear her murmuring his name in a voice thick and queer—like the voice of a woman talking out of a dream . . . He'd have to marry her, of course. No! Not that! Cursed if he would! Anything but that.

Then she was in his arms, her body was crushed close to his, their lips were together.

*Rose's astounding trick ends in near tragedy, and a drama she herself did not expect—and that strange woman, Catherine, enters Leslie's life—in Rex Beach's instalment for May*

## If I Were 25

(Continued from page 73)

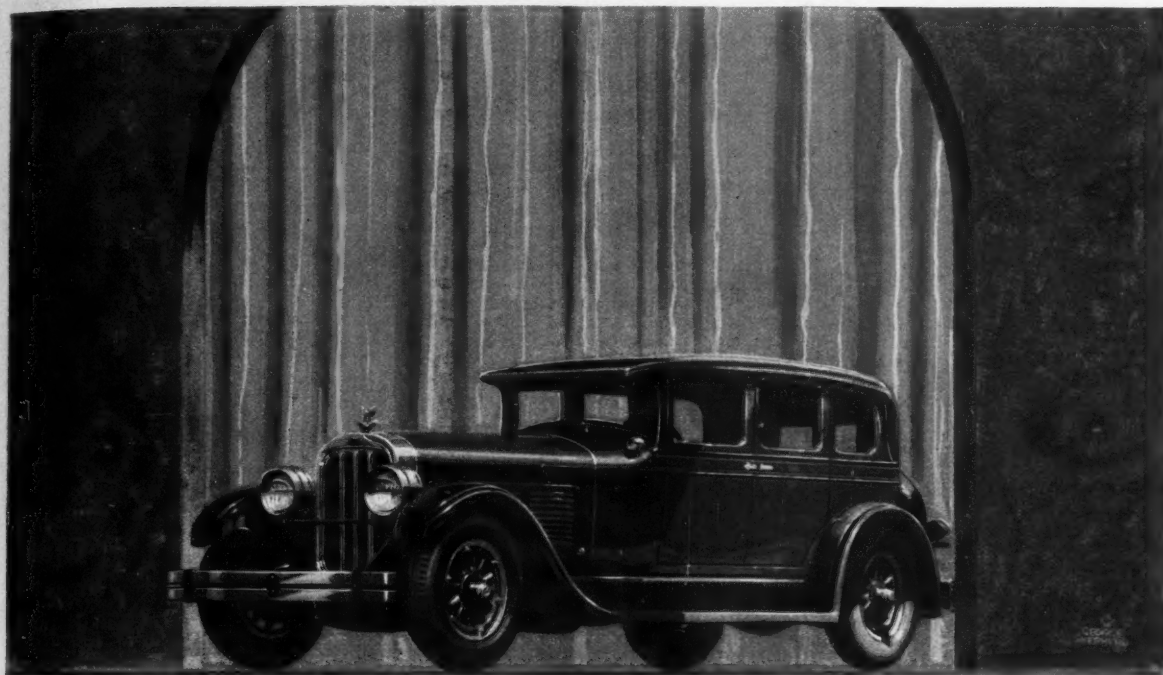
her quite a while to catch up. As it stands now, Los Angeles secretly is envious of San Francisco, and San Francisco openly is disdainful of Los Angeles, and each, in my humble opinion, has reason to be so, and there you are.

Approaching middle age, most of us are fond of describing how differently we would live our lives could we but relive them. So perhaps I only am reciting tiresome old stuff when I say that if I could start in all over again back at twenty or twenty-five I should choose for my earthly abiding place some spot in a hundred-mile radius of San Francisco.

On second thought, I beg leave slightly to amend that plan. Half the year I should like to spend in the city itself; the other half on a roving commission somewhere—no, anywhere—within that magic hundred-mile circuit, with license to go for occasional excursions on farther southeastward, to the verges of the desert, or on and up northeastward into the high country where there are peaks so numerous—and some of them twice as high, nearly, as any to be found this side of the Rockies—that here and there is one which hasn't even been officially named.

What a range of changing scene I might have! Now I might tarry a spell in one of the incomparable fruit valleys, which always are gorgeous but which in blossom-time become visions of such incredible beauty that the very clods of the earth and the birds of the air get drunk on the glory. Or I could find spots, plenty of them, where the rounded,

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full-breasted mountains of the Coast Range come right down into the blue sea. Or cruise among the tule marshes where a million resident fowl skitter on still waters and for every red-winged blackbird and every meadow-lark that you would see back East, there is here a vocal thousand.

Or, choicest of all, if one may be permitted to pick a particular gem from a diadem of flawless gems, I might skirt the edges of Monterey Bay.

There are a few things of nature's molding and a few more of man's contriving which never have disappointed me—the Naples waterfront by moonlight, pre-war Pilsener beer, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Riley Wilson's dialect stories, McIntyre and Heath, the Place Vendôme, the smell and taste of a young, healthy, clean baby when your lips brush the back of his plump pink neck, and Monterey Bay. And I'm not sure but what the last of these is the most dependable in its everlasting, never-wearying lure.

Then, when I grew tired of rambling, I could go back to that city which, by my way of thinking, is of the American cities of whatsoever size the most friendly on preliminary inspection, and on further acquaintance the most likable—the one which on all counts wears the best and the longest. Los Angeles already is and, I reckon, always will be California's diamond-studded stomacher, but San Francisco is the poppy blossom in her hair.

The architecture is nothing to rave about, or rather, a good deal of it is something to rave about—monotonous miles of narrow-chested, high-shouldered, jumber-jawed houses strongly reminiscent of the scroll-saw period of our creative artistry; sky-scrapers no different from the run of sky-scrapers elsewhere and almost altogether lacking in the grace with which New York has begun to endow late models; on the hill slopes and the hilltops rich men's palaces which apparently were designed by the Mad King of Bavaria; homely public buildings; cobbled streets running so steeply up and down that they could have appeal only for Miss Anna Peck or the bounding chamois of the Alps.

The far-famed Barbary Coast, having, by the hand of the reformer, been sterilized, has become sterile. True, this scoffer has looked personally into the merits of the Barbary Coast only since it was cleaned up, but still is inclined to think, quoting an ancient song, that it wasn't so very dirty when it first came in. Or at least not nearly so dirty as the old-timers claim it was. The night life is just as stupid and just as sordid as the night life, let us say, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, although, of course, carried on upon a more elaborate scale.

At the risk of being shot at sunrise the next time I dare venture out that way, I furthermore wish to go on record as saying, quite frankly and aboveboard, that to me the matchless Golden Gate is not quite as superlatively matchless as the folks there advertise it as being. There are other harbors I'd as soon have as a steady scenic diet, Havana's, for example.

And then there's Chinatown, which palls quickly on this palate. But then I was never one to rhapsodize over our Occidental Chinatowns, anyway. Their fascination flits away; it is their smells that linger on in the olfactory department of my recollection. As regards San Francisco's Oriental quarter, so-called, I have much the same impressions that I have of Los Angeles's movie colony. In one afternoon spent in either locality, I can get enough of Chinatown or of Hollywood, as the case may be, to last a reasonably careful and saving person—not stingy, you understand, but just moderately frugal—for seventy or eighty years.

It is something else other than the site and the physical accessories and the historical values—a something else not exactly definable in words, but certainly compounded of the temper of its people, the swing and rhythm of

its social life, the intangible but ever-present element that we call atmosphere—which makes Frisco what San Francisco really is, and that is the happiest-hearted, the gayest, the most care-free city on this continent, a community of ardent lovers of good cookery, good storytellers, good company, good cheer and good fellowship.

Yes, sir, there must be something of higher human value than mounting census figures and increasing bank clearings to render it possible for this town to have produced a greater number of native-born or, anyhow, home-grown actors of distinction, fictionists, sculptors, landscape-painters, silver-tongued orators (loud cries of "No! No!" from Lexington, Kentucky, and Richmond, Virginia), dramatists, wits and—oh yes!—pugilists than any other city, great or small, in this Union.

It is a natural gaiety, too, that this town has, not the artificial made-to-order sort. Your true San Franciscan does not depend exclusively on the bootlegger's wares for his holiday enthusiasm; he can brew his own out of the infectious essences of his temperament, and the temperaments of his neighbors. They know how to play in San Francisco—the adults do—know just how to haul off and play, naturally and spontaneously and without taking aim beforehand. And this is a rare trick and one practically extinct in some parts.

San Francisco's grown-up children play by groups, by parties, by the hundreds of thousands at a time. No American community of like size could have a Bohemian Club with its Grove and its Jinks, or a Family Club with its Farm. Nowhere else in this country in the same given area and space of time will you find so many individuals engaged at every chance in getting their fun out of the out-of-doors.

It may be a couple of young married folks in laced boots and riding breeches and khaki shirts starting away on a hiking tour through the foot-hills, with a burro to bear their camp kit for them. Or it may be a family, crowding themselves and their dunnage into the tin Lizzette and going off for a day or a week of gipsying.

There are splendid highroads for them to tool over, and somewhere across and beyond the shoulders of the great bronzy ramparts that wall the city in, the head of the expedition knows where there is a ferny cool canyon with a stream of icy water threading down through it, and a knoll where the redwoods will shade the pup-tents.

Without conscious knowledge of the fact, they are expressing a phase of the tribal instinct of Northern California; are obeying the bugle-call of their blessed land. It's in the blood out there, and the very marrow of their bones.

Certain people are given to saying that the old San Francisco passed with the Fire. Curiously enough, it most frequently is a native San Franciscan that you hear saying this bewailful thing. Begging everybody's pardon, not a single word of it do I believe.

If another fire, infinitely more devastating than the first one was, should come along and burn down every house in every street and crumble all the bricks and warp all the steel, and blast away each green thing and make the molten iron to run like rain-water in the gutters, and if, of all the dwellers there, it spared but two to live unscathed—a young man and a young woman of the authentic San Franciscan stocks—and if these two should mate, I am surely of the opinion that the unquenchable spirit of San Francisco would endure in them and be perpetuated in their progeny after them—that heritage of the fused and intermixed traditions of the old Padres and the early Conquistadores and the Nordic pathfinders and the Argonauts and Forty-niners and Vigilantes and Regulators and top-booted, red-shirted, hairy-chested gold seekers and old Southern aristocrats, especially the last named.

Having borne with me thus far, the reader may begin to suspect that I somewhat am prejudiced in favor of the State of the Double Yolk. Further evasion being useless, I might as well confess it. I am. But as a chronicler striving to keep the faith with himself, I feel it my bounden duty to show the other side of the shield.

Imperial California is not altogether without blemish. She suffers from a curse, a blight, a pestilence worse than the foot-and-mouth disease, more widely distributed than the boll-weevil. I refer to the professional booster; a separate species, not to be confused with the comparatively puny uncultivated booster of the country at large, but the mammoth golden-russet, bell-mouthed, sunkist or California booster running eight to the dozen.

Everywhere you go you find him, sometimes pursuing his prey singly, sometimes traveling in packs. With loud, glad, buzzing sounds the swarm settles down upon you as you cross the state line coming in, and until the hour you leave, one or more boosters ever are with you.

And there's no escaping him. Flee as a bird to the innermost fastness of the primal wilderness, if you will. It's no use; long before sundown he'll be on your track, uttering the piercing hunting call of his kind.

You are weary, mayhap, of hearing the praises of California chanted in a high exultant key from every side. Or maybe you desire to withdraw from the maddening throng and invite your soul. Having no soul of his own, the booster cannot understand why you should pine for privacy and the silent places. So he hits the trail.

Only too bitterly well I know the hopelessness of trying to get away from him.

If I fight him off, him and his pouring statistics, on new streets and new sewers and low tax rates and high altitudes, he still has one killing shot in his locker. He falls back on the climate.

The chances are, your true booster being usually a comparatively recent importation himself, that where he came from they mostly had weather and he can't get used to being where they have climate. He tells me it never snows here. But, for myself, I like a little snow once in a while. Since we are being candid, I will add that a climate where you half bake in the sun and half freeze in the shade is not exactly my notion of a perfect climate anyhow. If this be treason, shake well before taking!

California is derelict in certain regards. She has curbed the San José scale but nothing has been done about abolishing the booster. He is apt to be most numerous in Southern California. I have encountered very lusty specimens close up to the Oregon line, and about once in so often San Francisco goes on a boosting orgy, which is a thing she has no call to do.

Speaking again of San Francisco reminds me of one attraction I had almost overlooked. It's highly important, too. This town just naturally excels in good-looking women. Perhaps it is the fog that gives them their marvelous complexions. Perhaps it is the distinctive yellow haze in which, on bright days, the landscape seems to float as though, by some subtle alchemy of its own, the California sun had transmuted all the dust motes into specks of pure gold—perhaps it is this that puts the glint in their hair. But what it is that endows them with their carriage and their grace and their general loveliness I would not undertake to say.

I only know that all these details are exceedingly and pleasantly prevalent. You go to a gathering where the city's beauty is assembled—almost any gathering will do—and you look about you at those gorgeous creatures and to yourself you say: "And these poor blinded mammals have a thing like this to brag about—and then go around giving three cheers for their derved old climate!"

When it comes to pretty women, San Francisco is the Paducah, Kentucky, of the Pacific Slope.





## Pyorrhea claims 4 out of 5

If you could only look into the future and see the truth, if you could only be made to see the dangers that lurk along the way you have to go, if you could only see the invisible barriers that stand between you and the achievement of your ambitions, how much more jealously you would guard your health!

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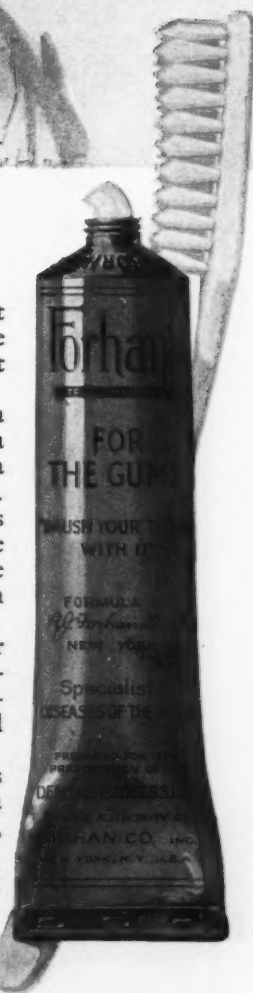
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S T U D E B A K E R

## A Woman Who Needed Killing

(Continued from page 93)

invariably is, to find out whether the interesting male is free or encumbered, she teased him about his love affairs. She was sure there was a One and Only, now wasn't there, who had promised to be true, and all that sort of thing?

Frank frowned, then stared in surprise to see a quick flush stain the boy's smooth cheek as he laughed, awkwardly, shyly, and fishing out a folding photograph frame, tossed it across the table to his brother.

"I didn't mean to tell you yet, Frank, but Lena's hit the nail on the head by chance. It's Jannie. You remember Jannie Gordon? It's early days yet, but we're quite sure of ourselves, and she's going to wait."

He broke off, ingenuously shy as the girl whose photograph Frank Gregory was examining. A girl gay and young and smiling, in a boyish sweater and short skirt, with a wide, steady gaze under a flop of short hair, a gaze that seemed to augur well for the faith she had sworn so young to keep.

"Jannie Gordon? Lord, of course I remember her! Well, well. You're a mere infant to think of marrying, Bob, but I'm glad! Nothing keeps a fellow steady out here like the thought of a girl waiting for him. Lena! Let's drink her health! Here's to Jannie Gordon; and may her shadow never grow less!"

Sweetly smiling, the woman drank, eying her husband over the rim of her raised glass. She understood well enough the sneer behind the light words—understood the note of relief in his voice, the implication that this girl stood now as a shield, a buckler against her fair self, a talisman to keep safe the young man whom her greedy desire had already planned to win. H'm! It was not the first time a woman had pitted her puny strength against her, Lena Gregory, but had it ever been of any avail? With a mocking little smile she rose from the table and led the way to the veranda.

"Come along, Bobby, I want to try your photograph. Come and put on all the tunes that Jannie chose for you!"

It seemed, in a week's time, as if Bobby Gregory had been in Kilima at least six months. He shook down into place at once, shouldered his work with a zest and keenness that was amazing, and though the language difficulty worried him a good deal, the natives took instantly to the "young *Bwana*," with his wide, friendly grin and jolly laugh, and old Macheria, Jerogi's uncle, and headman of the neighboring village, took it upon himself to initiate the young man into the ways of life in the wilds.

Frank, dismissing his misgivings for the moment, reveled in the congenial company of his brother, and the two spent much time together; sometimes with Lena, but more often without, since she disliked the discomfort of bush travel.

They went many miles up the winding Tana River, crossing its tumbling rapids, the boats shoulder-high; tramped or rode through swamp and forest; visited outlying villages to collect taxes and fines, hold courts of inquiry, administer reproof to the invariable native chief who becomes obstreperous. For a long time, sheer interest in learning the details of his brother's life-work, which was to be his own, kept the younger man absorbed to the exclusion of all else. But this, in the nature of things, could not last, and all unseen the woman in the little bungalow sat quietly biding her time like the sleek jungle cat she so much resembled.

There came a time when the first keenness of the interest wore off, and sitting back, Bobby Gregory took to speculating idly on his predecessors, Langley and Allerton—hence a sudden bombshell that was thrown into the conversation one night at dinner, a shock that set certain echoes reverberating unpleasantly in the ears that listened.

"Frank!" Across the dainty table set with silver and glass and napery—Frank had insisted all through his career on keeping up his English standard of living as far as possible—

the younger man looked at his brother with a troubled frown. "Frank! Why on earth didn't you tell me how Langley died?"

There was a pregnant little silence. Head down, Lena Gregory toyed idly with the stem of her wine-glass. Deliberately the elder brother took up his soup spoon and drank a mouthful; he wanted time to think. This had had to come sometime, he supposed, but . . .

"Didn't I, old man? Thought I did. Why?"

"I stumbled across his grave, that's why!" said Bobby bluntly. His voice was faintly aggrieved. "You certainly never told me, Frank. In fact, I only squeezed the truth out of old Macheria by sheer pumping—he didn't seem to like telling me at all. What's the mystery? I was wandering down by the river and I stumbled across the grave in a small clearing under the mangroves. There was a wooden cross with the name on it, and the date—Ted Langley, aged twenty-seven."

Pouring out a fresh glass of whisky and "sparklet," Frank drank deeply, slowly; deliberately he set down the empty glass and replied, his voice, he hoped, indifferent enough.

"I thought, somehow, I'd told you by letter. There's no mystery about it. Poor old Langley. He was found shot one morning down there in the clearing. I never knew the real truth, but I believe he was in trouble over a woman. A woman—at home."

The lie dropped like a plummet into the waiting silence, and the woman at his side drew a faint breath and stirred in her seat. But Bobby was not satisfied yet.

"Suicide? Good Lord, how beastly! How long was he with you?"

"Only about eight months."

"Eight months? Ye gods and little fishes! Couldn't stick it for longer than that? What happened to the man before—Allerton?"

Frank cleared his throat hard. This inquisition was too awful—his very back crept with nausea, with horror.

"Allerton? Oh, he was with me some time. He came before Lena and I were married. He wanted a change, I suppose. Anyway, he—left."

The barest pause, a mere inflection before the last word! Unnoticed, yet Lena Gregory bit her red underlip, and a sullen flame of color dyed her ivory pallor for a swift moment. Bobby, though his eyes were still faintly puzzled, resentful, said no more. Yet obviously he felt still a vague sense of injury that he had so mysteriously been kept in the dark over the fate of his predecessors, and rather pointedly for the rest of the evening he attached himself to Lena's side, played to her on his ukulele, and when she gracefully withdrew for the night, stood with lamp held high to light her progress through the shadows of the inner room, and awkwardly, but with a touch of bravado, returned her gaily wafted kiss with a like airy salute.

Frank made no comment, though he noted the action with an inner pang. But that conversation seemed to mark an epoch in the lives of all three, and somehow afterwards there grew a faint but tangible constraint between the two brothers. A cloud, a rift in the old cheery camaraderie, of which the waiting woman was not slow to take advantage.

Frank made no further reference to Langley's death, but she was too clever to leave things at that. The very day after that momentous conversation she alluded to it pathetically enough. Frank had obviously not liked to say so, but she felt she ought to tell the truth.

Poor Ted Langley had killed himself—well, because he fell in love with her. The wide golden eyes were limpid, appealing, the luscious lips, parted like a child's, quivered.

Confounded and utterly speechless, Bobby scratched his curly head as he stared at his sister-in-law. They were sitting, after an idle stroll on the edge of the forest, under the lee

of a thicket of coarse scrub. Lena, her topee cast aside, in short skirt and high brown boots, the opening of her blouse showing the dimpled hollow at the base of her white throat, her short nose powdered faintly with golden freckles, looked alluring enough. As she had calculated, the startling information that the previous officer had killed himself for love of her woke suddenly and completely in Bobby's young mind the realization that the woman at his side was not merely "Frank's wife" but a woman for whom men were ready to die, a woman vivid, ripe-lipped, slumbrous-eyed, to love whom might be passing pleasant.

The pause grew and lengthened as the young man looked on the woman at his side with new eyes, and seeing, she smiled in secret, well content. She went on, after a while.

"I suppose that was why Frank never told you. You see, Frank was so afraid you might think I was—that sort of woman!"

Her eyes were eloquent—she was an artist, was Lena Gregory, and Bobby exploded:

"Think what? That you'd led him on? Good Lord, what a horrible idea! As if it was your fault if he fell in love with you! Why —" He stammered, suddenly embarrassed, but the wide gleaming eyes beside him did not relax their gaze, and he finished the sentence with a rush. "Hang it, I don't blame him! Anyone might do the same."

Her slim hand slid over his strong brown one; there was something oddly pleasant in the pressure of the slender fingers, something that matched the charm of the velvety voice that answered, low, tremulous.

"Thank you—Bobby! You are a dear. I'm so glad, more glad than I can tell, that you came! It's so new, so wonderful to have anyone to talk to that really—understands."

Oh, age-old words! How many times before have they succeeded, how many times again will they succeed! The man is not born, especially the young man, who can resist the implied compliment that he alone understands the complex nature of a pretty woman. Bobby Gregory was no exception to the rule; moreover, having seen very little of women, he was singularly easy prey. Flushing, he stammered vaguely, hotly wishing he could shake off the clinging hand, yet aware of a new and disturbing desire to retain it, even to clasp it in his.

"Understand? But I thought old Frank and you got on so well."

Lena laughed, an ugly note, and twisted her hand away. "My dear Bobby, you see only a very little way before your delightful nose! I adored Frank when I married him. I suppose he loved me. But you know what he is, wrapped up in his work. He doesn't need a wife, really—yet he's very good to me, as far as he can be. It isn't his fault that he doesn't understand me. Well! That's that—and I suppose we'd better be going back now!"

She broke off, and rising to her feet, brushed the dry grass and earth from her skirt. Better than most women Lena Gregory knew the value of finishing on a vague note, of leaving the unsaid to speak for itself, and her little air of bravely dismissing the subject, of taking up her burden again, was perfectly done.

Bobby, a trifle dazed with the new and startling impressions crowding his mind, had no words, and in silence they resumed their way. But the seed was well and truly sown.

Hereafter Lena Gregory knew that her young brother-in-law was aware of her as a woman, as a beautiful and at last disturbing woman—aware with an awareness that grew into a vivid consciousness, and by degrees into a state of nervous tension in her presence of which the young man himself was but vaguely cognizant, but which was watched by the older man, first with painful suspicion, suspicion that swiftly became certainty, and at last with fear, acute and agonizing; and by the woman with growing savage triumph, as she saw the boy she desired falling more and more utterly beneath the spell of her voice, her





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Short Story Dept., 1204, Ft. Wayne, Indiana

presence, the gleam in her catlike golden eyes.

Watched too by other eyes! Eyes unnoticed, unheeded even by Frank himself, well as he thought he knew his own people, the smiling, brown-skinned natives, soft-footed, silent as the forest-bred creatures they so much resemble. One pair of dark eyes in especial watched the gradual weaving of the net about "the young *Bwana's*" feet. One day Jerogi, tall and slim as a reed in his spotless white *kansu*, knocked at the door of Frank's little private office and requested an interview.

It was late afternoon. The merciless sunshine drew fresh patterns on the already deep-cracked earth of the compound, and Frank, writing reports at his desk, was jaded and weary. He looked up with a frown as the young Swahili entered.

"Well, Jerogi—anything wrong? Has the *Bibi* returned yet?"

There was an odd expression, curiously pitying, in the boy's dark eyes as they rested on his master. Despite himself, Frank felt an odd pang of fear as the soft voice answered.

"No, *Bwana*. The *Bibi* is walking with the young *Bwana*. They walk so every day."

The Englishman flushed. The boy's voice, while utterly colorless, was insinuating. He picked up a pen in dismissal.

"If that's all you want to say, you can get out, Jerogi. Is it all you want, by the way?"

The boy shook a steady head. "No, *Bwana*! I want to speak. But first, *Bwana*, do not be angry with me! I speak for my Uncle Macheria, who loves you, and loves the young *Bwana* also. May I speak freely?"

With a vague, unformulated fear tugging at his heart, the Englishman nodded, and the musical voice took up the tale.

"*Bwana*, you know my uncle, Macheria. He is old and wise. My uncle bade me tell you this story. He heard it once—from another *Bwana*. There is a certain tree, they say—you call it in your tongue the Upas Tree. They say it grows in but a few places of the world—yet some have seen it. It is a tree evil and beautiful both, a tree dreaded by man and beast alike. Its flowers are lovely to see, and their scent makes drunk with perfume. Yet it is a tree of death, *Bwana*, and who dwells beneath its shade must die."

Frank Gregory stirred uneasily and frowned. What was this stupid farrago of native nonsense to him? Yet he found no voice to speak as the young Swahili went hurriedly on.

"*Bwana*, you will not be angry? My uncle bids you listen and take heed! There is no hope for those that dwell in the shadow of the Upas Tree, only that they uproot it and slay it utterly; so only shall man dwell where it has grown in happiness and safety! Now my uncle also bade me ask you this: Shall you, *Bwana*, you whom we love, and the young *Bwana* who is so dear to you, and his woman whose picture is so young and fair—shall you all die beneath the shadow of the Upas Tree?"

There was a deathly hush in the quiet little room—the quick whisper of bare feet on the floor as Jerogi, terrified at his own daring, fled—and Frank Gregory, face to face with the truth he had so long tried to deny, sat staring out into the forest. "The Upas Tree . . ."

The long dry season was over, and the rains were falling; pitiless, steady, drumming a monotonous cadence on roof and leaves and sodden ground. The atmosphere, hot, odorous, exhausting, was like a perpetual Turkish bath, and the simile was made more vividly real by the great column of spray from the cascades above the little landing-stage, a ghostly white cloud that hung in the air like the steam from some infernal kettle. The roar of the angry river made a background for the ceaseless, nerve-racking thunder of the rain.

It was inevitable that in this atmosphere the situation, already sufficiently strained between the three in the little lonely house, grew tenser and tenser as the slow days dragged on. Bobby, as yet unused to the climate, suffered especially, growing white and limp and curiously, morosely silent. In a dim way he

knew he was being weak—what he would have called "sloppy"—though not even to himself did he yet quite admit that he was falling in love with Lena, his brother's wife. But he did know, and made spasmodic but gallant efforts to rouse himself to conquer it, that he was increasingly and oddly affected by her—affected in a way that was rather alarming, yet oddly, dangerously alluring. Like many other clean, simple-minded boys of his type, the depths of passion in him had slept tranquilly enough so far.

Furtively the young man studied his brother's wife, trying in his muddled young mind to "place" her more decisively; too young and raw in knowledge to realize that from that type of woman there is only one safety, and that flight; too young to know that by the sheer concentration necessary to the study of this fair trapper of men he was drifting more and more surely under her influence.

And all the time, entrenched in his grim solitude, the older brother sat by and watched against the dripping of the gloomy, rain-soaked forest, the brother he loved tread the path already trodden by the feet of Allerton and Langley, and other men before them; watched him, day by day, drift nearer and nearer to the shadow of the Upas Tree, devourer of men, only to be cast aside, drained and limp, when the tree had wreaked its will upon him.

She was not made for love, this woman. In the depths of his utter despair, had he felt love had arisen between these two, he would have given her her freedom, gone out of their lives somehow. But she did not want love, marriage, the sweet, sane companionship of which a normal woman dreams. She wanted youth—youth full-blooded, male, animal, passion in full measure, and only a constant change of lovers could satisfy her need.

There came a time when her husband could watch her methods of attack with almost the cold, detached interest of a scientist analyzing a curious insect and its ways—had her victim been anyone in the world but Bobby!

Dinner became a nightly drama, a drama that grew more and more tense—the woman, with narrowed eyes intent on the averted young face opposite, the boy's endeavor not to look up, the restless hand playing moodily with knife or glass or cigaret . . . the silent battle for conquest, fought under the brooding gaze of the watcher, then at last the inevitable capitulation, the slow lifting of the heavy blue eyes, hypnotized, to drown themselves in the imperious golden gaze that lay in wait for them. It was a pretty play, and Lena Gregory played it nightly, knowing the exquisite pain it caused her husband, this deliberate exhibition of her power over the younger man. She had a catlike secret enjoyment in so "taking it out" of the elder, who, true to her type, once tied to, she had come to hate with the bitter hatred of a caged creature for the bars that hold it.

He was hers at last, this handsome lad. Yet, in a curiously stubborn way, despite his deep enmeshment in the web of her allure, he held away still—resisted, half unconsciously, but with an odd mechanical stubbornness that whetted both her appetite and her temper to savagery. Perhaps it was a dim desire to play fair to Frank—perhaps to Jannie, sunk to the background yet still not quite forgotten; but it was as though Jannie and her clear cool kisses had laid a spell on the lips she so desired; and throwing aside all restraints, reckless of all but her passion, the woman flung herself furiously against the barriers that held out against her.

She took once again to native dress, but with a difference. Instead of trailing about the bungalow in frankly sloppy draperies, barefoot and untidy, she sent Jerogi, sullenly reluctant, to scout for red hibiscus flowers, yellow "cawapies," pale oleanders, pink and white, to stick in her hair, which she wore now combed out in a mop of tawny gold, savagely beautiful in its abandon. She hunted out a series of marvelous dyed Malay sarongs and wore them drawn tightly about her perfect body, showing its alluring lines as shamelessly as any naked

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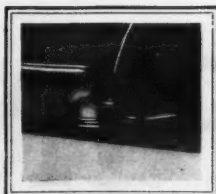
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# Is this a partial portrait of you?

WHEN you look at this fellow dawdling while the work waits maybe you'll see in him something you wouldn't admit in yourself—laziness.

Yet it's a curious fact that most of us (whisper it, maybe all of us) are lazy about some things.

For instance, men:

Do you always get your suits pressed the minute they look baggy? Do you ever make a shirt "do another day" because you are too lazy to get out a clean one?

How about your housework, women? Do you always do it when you should? Shampoo your hair when it needs it?

If you are like most of us, you put off these, and similar matters as long as you can.

Tooth brushing for example. Of all the little tasks people are lazy about, this one heads the list. In the morning we are in a hurry. At night we are tired. And always we lose sight of the pleasant after effects in contemplating the task itself.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the easiest, quickest way to clean teeth. In short,

a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made! It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel\*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

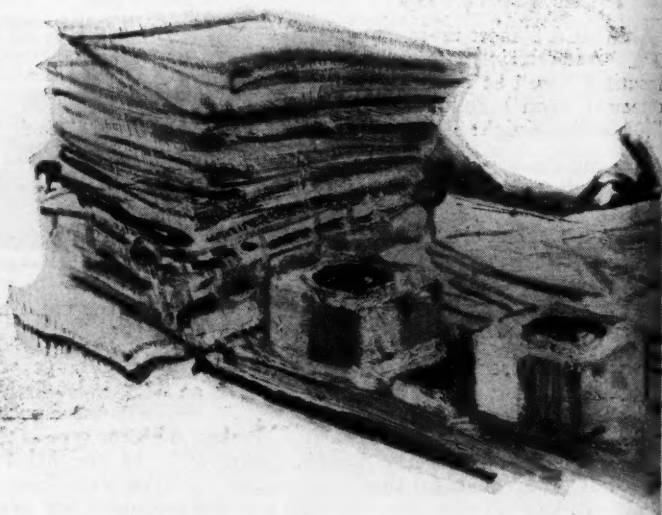
And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.

Is your pocket book tired? Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

\*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.



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*"—even for lazy people"*



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native belle. She rubbed arms and throat with scented *frangipani* petals, till even in the arid desert of Frank Gregory's dead love a faint stirring of the sands arose, a wistful, aching memory of the days when she lay palpitant, responsive in his wondering arms, a creature of fire and flame and all his own. But now? Shameless, defiant, beneath his smoldering eyes she decked herself for his brother.

Watching the gradual enslavement of his brother with a detached absorption, Frank Gregory was reminded of the case of Peter Allerton, the young police officer who had been with him before his ill-fated marriage. A gay, jolly lad, keen on his work and devoted to his Chief. Frank had left him in charge while he went down to Nairobi on that fatal leave.

How well he remembered the gleam in Lena's golden eyes at sight of the well-knit young figure awaiting them at the landing-stage on their return! He had warmed with pleasure to see her so interested in her new life, in his young officer, and cheerily assented to her suggestion that Allerton should take her on the river, show her about, teach her Swahili. How he had laughed, watching her red curved lips twist adorably round the guttural phrases! How he had loved her then!

How furiously, after a few months, he had fought his growing suspicions! Denied them, defied them, refused to believe; for he had loved this woman with all the desperate abandonment of worship a man of his type brings but once to the feet of womanhood. Looking back at his last interview with Allerton, Frank Gregory winced, remembering the stricken white face of the boy, his blank eyes.

"I've wronged you. For the last two months I've been your wife's lover. She—I thought she loved me. I've nothing to say. Now let me go."

He had gone, with that blank look in his eyes to the last. Frank Gregory had said nothing, sat with bowed head and clenched hands over the torn scrap of paper in his wife's writing that had told him all.

Frightened a little by his stunned silence, the woman had come creeping to his side at last, tearful, beseeching, blaming the departed boy, hinting of unbridled passion, daily persecution. Though in the depths of his soul the husband knew she was lying, yet so desperately did he want to believe, to find some excuse to take her back once more, that for a while he accepted the sorry story, shutting his ears resolutely to the inner warning voice that called him fool and thrice fool. But when he saw the old greedy light dawn in the lovely eyes beside him when Ted Langley, slim and dark and handsome, held out a hand in shy greeting the first night of his arrival in Allerton's place, his heart sank in deadly foreboding, and he knew the hollowness of the sham. And it had been the same story again, but with an ending in even deeper tragedy. The same again, as it would be now, and must be till time laid ruthless hands on Lena Gregory, stilled the pagan blood that rioted so fiercely in her throbbing pulses.

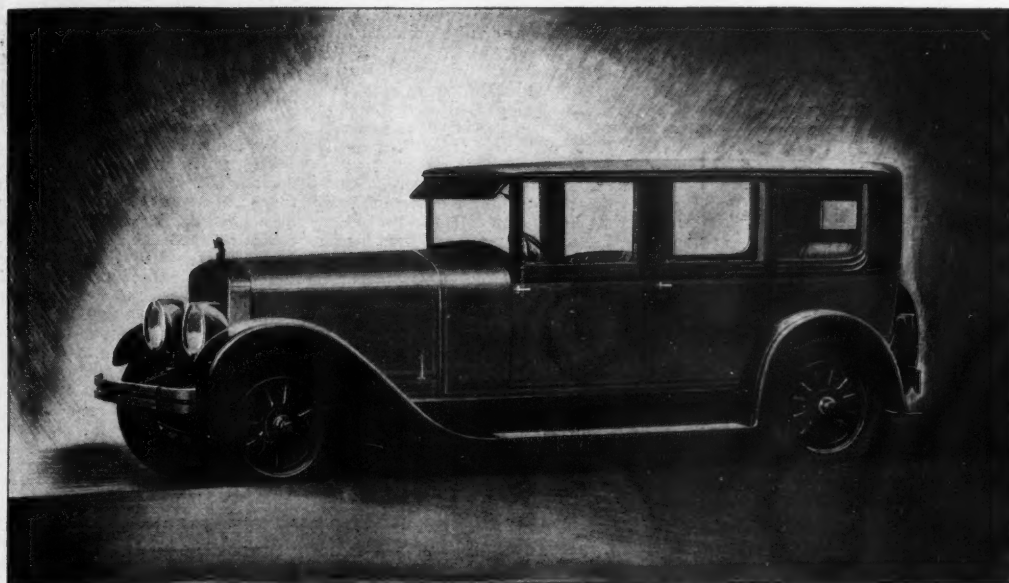
The break had to come at last, inevitably as night follows day. Strong as was the hold he had on himself, Frank Gregory was only human, and deeply as he loved his brother, he had also loved the woman who had come between them.

They were sitting, as usual now, in somber silence, after dinner on the veranda. Lena lay curled in her favorite chair between the two men, the red glow of the lamp lighting her orange *sarong*, the scarlet flowers in her hair. Under his brows Frank Gregory could see the stealthy movement of her hand in the shadows as it stroked the boy's coat-sleeve caressingly. At the first touch he flinched faintly, tried to draw away, but relaxed, hypnotized under her touch before the gesture was completed.

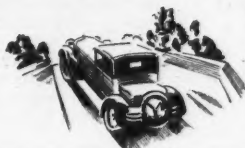
Rising suddenly, Frank Gregory strode to the veranda's edge and gripping the balustrade with his hands, spoke over his shoulder.

"Bobby—hasn't it struck you it would be as well to apply for a transfer?"

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Now, thanks to Franklin, you can get what no owner has ever before enjoyed. Instant acceleration for the getaway and the run-around, abundant ability for the hardest hills, thrilling speed for the open road—plus smoothness at all speeds that no other car today can offer.

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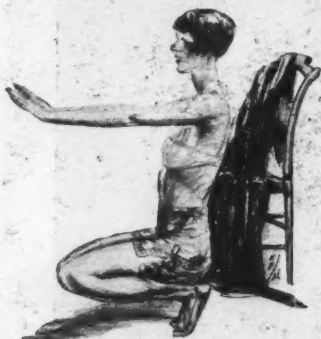
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They are robbed of exercise by our modern diet. For these soft, delicious eatables we prize so highly have lost their invigorating properties. They are stripped of their roughage. They fail to keep the blood within the gum walls in lively circulation.

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There was a long pause. Stiffened into attention, the woman sat utterly still, listening. In the dusk it was difficult to see the expression on the younger man's face, but his voice when it came was heavy, slow, almost dazed.

"Transfer?"  
"Transfer!" The tone was inexorable, hard as stone.

Frank Gregory's back was still turned towards the two that waited, but he knew with the sharp knowledge of intuition that Bobby was sitting up, vaguely trying to pull himself together. His rejoinder was pathetic in its appeal, and the older brother winced.

"Frank—do you want me to go?" Stumbling, the speaker rose from the woman's side, and standing beside his brother in the gloom, stared at the stern face, averted from his for the first time in their long, affectionate knowledge of each other. Stared in growing panic, as his hypnotized mentality realized more and more keenly the inner meaning of his brother's words. "Frank!" The voice was urgent now, suppliant. "You don't want me to go? I—thought I was doing pretty decently—on the whole. Don't you think so?"

The hurt, bewildered pain in the dear voice. O Benjamin, O beloved! It was unbearable—anguish tore and dragged at the soul of the older brother like the claws of a beast of prey, and his answer rasped loud in sheer brutality, driven by the intolerable ache at his heart.

"It isn't the work, curse it! It's just—I think you'd better go away."

A silence so heavy it was like a sound fell between the three. Bobby had drawn back, hivering a little, silent. There was a faint ripple of mocking laughter, a swift movement, and Lena stood between them, her small feet pressed close together on the rough boards, her vivid gold-hued draperies making her slender loveliness into the semblance of a tall flame tufted by a spreading glory of golden russet hair.

Her husband did not look her way, but inevitably the boy did. She turned to him, her voice pitched to a low caressing note.

"Bobby—you know what he means?"

"I know—now."

The answer was a whisper, her rejoinder a triumphant little laugh as she watched him.

"He thinks you're in love with me—and it's true!" She flung the words defiantly at her husband, still standing motionless in the shadows. "It's true, you know it is. And I don't care. Bobby, tell him it's true!"

But the boy was silent. It was her husband who answered, his voice hard and dry.

"I know you call it love. I know you've got him, Lena—Lord knows I've reason to know how easy it is for you to win over any man."

The lovely face contracted in sudden rage. "That's right! Throw Allerton and Langley at me! But you can't try that on now. I told Bobby the truth, and he believes me! I love him—and nothing you can say or do can separate us now!"

She was clinging to the young man, her arms glimmering in the dusk, white entangling snakes that twined and stifled. With a flare of savage joy Frank saw that the boy's clenched hands hung still at his side, though his whole young being shook with desire to take her in his arms. Despite this spell that she had cast over him, Bobby was Bobby still, and fighting desperately, though almost at his last gasp!

To his own astonishment, Frank answered gently enough. "Do you love him, Lena? Once you thought you loved me."

"I know; I was a fool!" she answered sullenly. "I want Bobby—he loves me, and if he goes, I go—so now you know!"

The older man's heart gave a leap of sudden terror, and he was silent for a full minute. So that was it, was it? Sick of Kilima, of himself, of life in the bush, she was preparing to saddle herself on Bobby, ruin his young life, break him away from sweet, straight Jannie, from the brother he loved, from all—By heaven, no! She should not do it—not for all the world should she ruin Bobby as she had ruined so many! Frank Gregory felt himself

grow on the instant calm and cold as ice—heard himself speak in a quiet tone.

"I see. I—see. Well—now we know where we stand. It's all right, Bobby, old man! I'm not angry, if this is so. Tell me the truth."

Ruthlessly he turned up the lamp; it shone full on the face of the young man, and showed it haggard, strained. Frank's voice was gentle, kindly—the woman listened suspiciously, but a little frightened, dared not interrupt.

"Bob—are you in love with Lena?"

The blue eyes clouded, puzzled, yet they stared honestly into the stern gray ones.

"I—suppose so." He spoke heavily. "I—don't know, Frank. I don't love her like I thought I loved Jannie." A quick, shamed flush crossed the young face. "But Jannie seems to have faded away somehow. I swear to you I've never thought of playing you false, Frank! I've never even kissed Lena yet, though I've wanted to more desperately than I ever thought it possible to want anything. I've got so that I can't think of anything but her. I dream about her eyes, the scent of her hair! She's like a drug, like drink, like madness—and I can't think of life without her."

Shades of those others—beautiful, strong, promising—who had said the same! Grimly Frank listened as the flat voice dragged on.

"So I suppose that's love. At all events I can't fight it any more, Frank. I'm beaten. I'll go away, but I can't live without her—I must make Lena with me."

The silence fell again, held for a few tense minutes, then the older man spoke quietly.

"I see. Well—there is nothing to say. I shall put no hindrance in your way, of course—no difficulties. You must go down to Mombasa, and I will try to get you a good job up-country, somewhere away from anywhere where Lena may be known. That's all, I think—now. I'm going to bed. You two can arrange the rest yourselves, I think."

He turned away, swiftly, for he could bear no more, into the darkened house. From the shadow of the inner room, looking back, he saw Bobby take a quick stride forward to follow, heard his broken call, half-strangled—"Frank, old man..." Saw, too, the instant dart of the waiting woman. "Bobby! Oh, my dear, at last! Kiss me, kiss me!" Saw her luminous eyes, her pale beauty, her lips, temptation unutterable, upturned in the rain-clear moonlight... And the barriers went down as the young man, snatching his brother's wife to him with a groan, buried his lips in her shoulder.

The pang that tore the watching man's heart at the sight had in it no tinge of mere jealousy—yet his strong brown hand closed convulsively on the curtain, and for a second he closed his eyes and swayed a little, swept by sudden faintness. Then he turned, and treading softly, made his way to his wife's room.

After the affair of Allerton, Frank had removed himself and his possessions to a distant room and left Lena in sole possession of the pretty little nest at the corner of the veranda. It was with a curious ghostly sense of familiarity that he entered the low doorway, closed the door carefully behind him and stood once more in the room where he had known bliss unspeakable, disillusionment, and finally tragedy: the room that knew Lena, her beauty and her vileness, so well, the room that had housed her this dramatic three years, and was now to witness her death. Yes. He had come to do—just that. Murder! Yet in the composed face that was now intent upon the little medicine-chest in the corner, examining the labeled bottles with minute care, there was no sign of horror, of agitation, only a cold, stern inflexibility of purpose. He was here to carry out that purpose, come what might.

The narrow bed, high-draped with its filmy white mosquito netting, looked like a bier in the center of the room, a bier that only awaited its occupant. Beside its head stood a little table bearing Lena Gregory's nightly drink of fresh lime-juice, the tall glass covered with a muslin rag weighted with blue beads to keep out insects.

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Utterly different . . . in appearance, in results

Actual Photograph

# Tissue-thin, transparent diamonds . .

*they have saved America a billion dollars*

**S**YMBOL of value—the diamond-shaped Lux flakes! Symbol of purity—their transparency!

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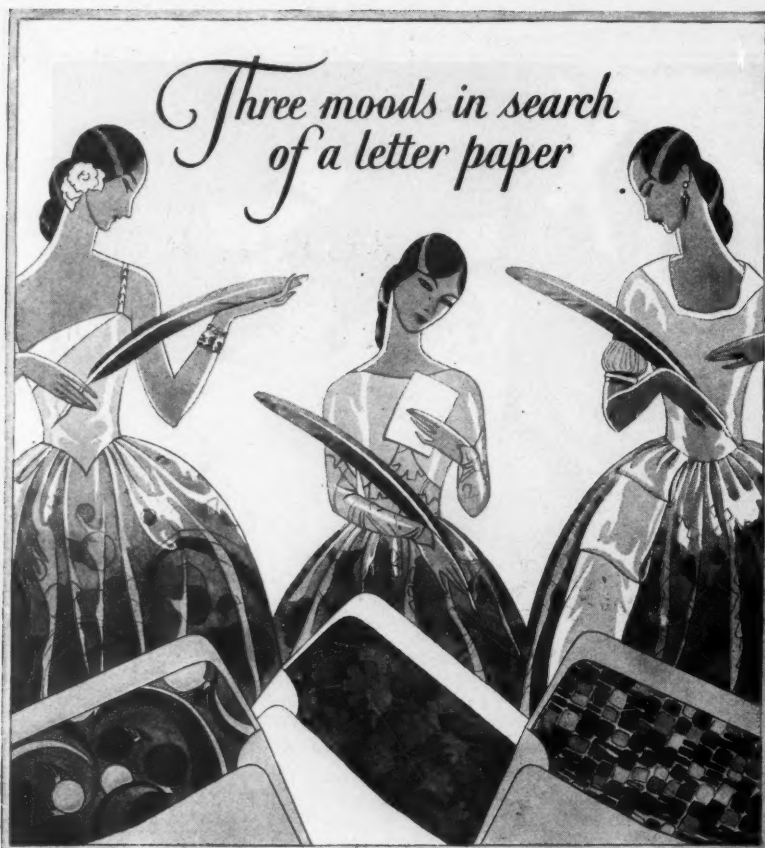
upon thousands of woollens saved from shrinking! In such ways Lux has piled up its savings to American women.

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Etiquette Demands the Personal Letter

Methodically the man removed the cover from the glass, held it to the light as he dropped, drop by steady drop, a clear fluid into the waiting drink, and satisfied, replaced it, and returned the bottle of aconite to its place on the little shelf. It was done. Lena would drink off the whole draft before she slept.

Suddenly shuddering, sick for all his grim resolve, the man half raised his hand to fling away the tainted drink, but setting his teeth, turned abruptly away and trod softly out of the room, so shaken with his own rioting emotions that he never saw a slim dark shadow, that had watched the whole, steal away from the half-open doorway, nor heard the soft flitter of bare feet as their owner fled away down the veranda steps to the native quarters.

Shivering like a man with palsy, Frank flung himself on his bed, and lay shaking, cold, sobbing long tearless sobs that shook the very bed beneath him.

With ears painfully strained for every sound, he heard the creak of Bobby's boots descend the steps, squelch away through the mud to his own tiny hut—heard, and rejoiced with a sudden savage pride in his brother, guessing how hard Lena had pleaded with him to stay with her. Bobby, God bless him, was still staunch. Not under his brother's roof would he take his brother's wife!

A few moments, and the woman's light step came swiftly past his door, went down the passage—and in the distance came the faint click of a closing door. It was done! Too late to alter things now, to draw back. With a mind sharpened to preternatural acuteness he followed every action of the woman whose death he had encompassed.

Now she was standing at the littered toilet table, scrutinizing skin and eyes and hair closely in the ivory-backed mirror, her red lips curled in a smile. She had won! The fortress had capitulated, the captain lay enchained at her feet. On the morrow they would go, he and she, away from these wilds that she loathed, out into the world of men again.

Now she was slipping off the orange sarong, tossing it across the back of a chair, standing before the mirror, studying the lines of her perfect body; that body that had so long been a trap for men, that should be so no longer, after tonight. Now she was slipping on a thin silk wrap, going to the bedside, taking up the glass. Burying his face in the pillow, Frank Gregory tried desperately not to see further—not the end, oh, not the end!

Sick and faint with nausea, he wondered how she would die. Did a victim of aconite die quickly, painlessly? Oh, he hoped so! He had no wish to torture Lena—after all, she was a woman and he had loved her. So hour by hour the ghastly night dragged on, and at last, driven by sheer exhaustion, the man fell into an uneasy sleep, only to wake with a start of terror to find Jerogi at his elbow.

"Bwana, I have tried to awaken the Bibi; but she sleeps still. I fear, Bwana. Will the Bwana come?"

Dazed, mechanical, longing yet not daring to refuse, the man followed the slim, white-clad figure into the little room, silent now with that dread silence that only death can bring.

The long rains had ceased, and shafts of gleaming sunlight lighted the narrow, white-draped bed, now indeed a bier, on which lay the body of Lena Gregory.

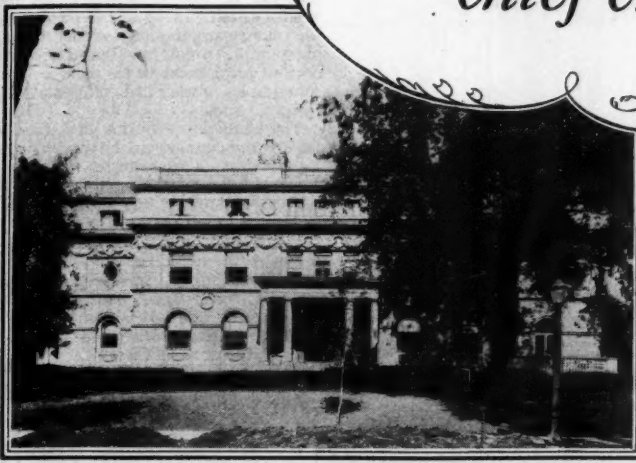
She lay to all appearances quietly sleeping, her glorious hair spread halo-like all about her on the pillow. In a fascinated dream Frank Gregory stared down at the dead face, the while he heard himself quietly asking questions—heard Bobby's gasp of horror, as he entered behind him—heard the velvety voice of Jerogi replying, even, unperturbed.

"Yes, Bwana. She is dead. I entered but a few moments ago, and found her thus, and wondered. But then I did not wonder, Bwana, for as I turned to go and fetch you, this reared itself up from her side."

It was the whiplike body of a black namba, most dreaded of snakes, that the boy held out dramatically—sinister-looking even in death.



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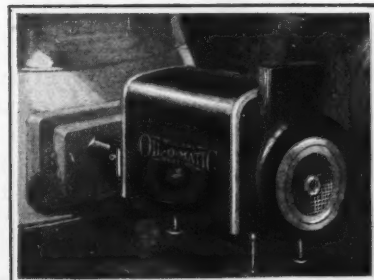
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In stunned silence Frank Gregory examined the lean, evil thing, then, turning half-afraid to the tall glass on the little bedside table, drew a violent shuddering breath of amazed relief—for the glass with its deadly draft still stood there, untouched, beneath its weighted muslin cover! The gods had spoken, and after all he had no murder on his soul!

It was Jerogi, watching narrowly, who was in time to catch him as he fell in a senseless heap to the floor; who watched over him for many subsequent weary hours, heard him babbling wildly in half-hysterical delirium while Bobby, white and silent, saw the fair body of Lena Gregory laid to sleep under the mangroves where she had driven Ted Langley.

Bobby, who, forbidden his brother's room, since his arrival threw the older man into a piteous state of feverish excitement, went slipped through the task of sorting the papers that lay in wild confusion about the dead woman's desk. Inevitably in the doing thereof the young man came across many letters, notes, photographs, proofs of various kinds that could not but bring home to his mind a little of the suffering his brother had endured at those fair, ruthless hands.

The glamorous illusion of Lena Gregory's beauty and cunning charm vanished under the brutal light of knowledge, and long before Frank Gregory had fought his way back to health his brother was washed clean of his madness in very truth.

When at long last Frank woke to sanity again, it was to see the sun streaming into his room and Bobby, smiling, though haggard and intolerably aged, watching at his side. The invalid held out a thin, blanched paw. Biting his lip, the other bent his head as he gripped the proffered hand.

"Frank, forgive me! I—"

With a nervous gesture of distaste the older man stopped the speech half-spoken. "Bob—let's leave it at that? Lena was—Lena—and she couldn't help herself, I suppose. You feel now—I suppose you'd hate to stay on with me till—perhaps—"

No. It was too soon to mention Jannie yet.

"I feel," said the young man soberly, "somehow, as if we'd both been through a ghastly nightmare, but come out on the other side—still pals. If you want me to stay, Frank—I want to stick by you now more than anything else in the world. Is that so, old man? Are we—still pals?"

The brown hand and the white closed again in a hard grip that spoke more eloquently than any words, and soundlessly, from behind the half-open door, Jerogi, a contented smile on his dark face, moved away to his own quarters.

It was certainly fortunate—quoth he later in conversation with his uncle—that it had not occurred to the *Bwana* to look closely at the glass of lime-juice, or he might have noted the fact that it was without the floating disc of fruit that had been present in the first one. It was lucky, again, that the *Bwana* had forgotten seeing him kill a black mamba that morning by the boat-house . . .

## The Tidy Toreador

(Continued from page 62)

him. He offered me twenty millions a month ago. I know all about him. He owns a racing stable and the girl's a society horsewoman. I suppose they want Happy Valley for a stock-farm. Much obliged for introducing me as your foreman. If I can win her as foreman of a cow outfit I'll know she loves me true."

"That was my idea when you rode up. I want to see you make this Jasper person crawl and suffer. I ain't stuck on selling Happy Valley, but he's offered me almost twice what it's worth, and I can pick up another piece of meadow that'll do almost as well, and for half what I can sell Happy Valley for."

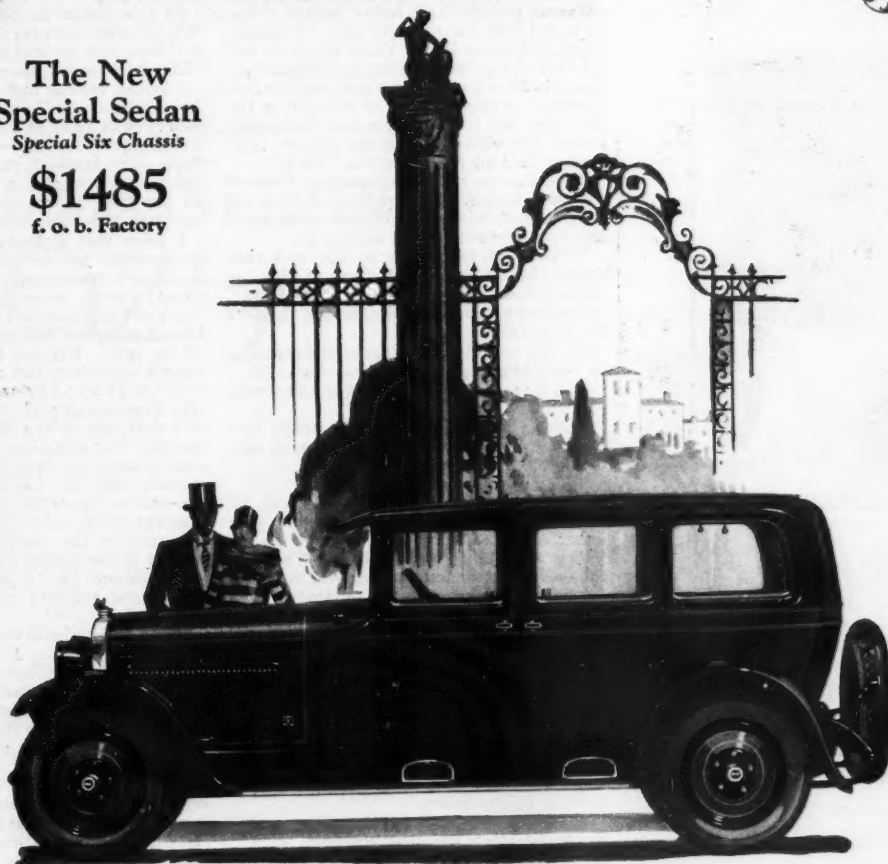
Tidy put his hand on my shoulder. "Listen, Old-timer. You're going to sell Jasper Happy Valley for a thin dime if necessary. I want

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chassis, colorfully finished in an exquisite new blue tone, is pictured above. The extreme luxury of its interior is emphasized by the gray tufted genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, real walnut steering wheel, and select hardware, in chaste pattern.

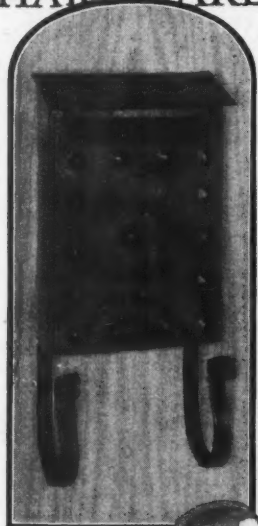
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(4802)



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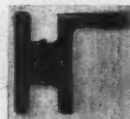
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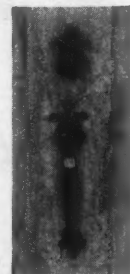
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that girl up here where I can get to meet her as often as the humor seizes me. If anybody had ever told me there's such a thing as love at first sight—for me—I'd have told him he was crazy. Pardner, you certainly do look after my interests."

So we walked back and I told Jasper I'd sell, and perhaps he'd better remain a few days and look the property over. I suggest we drive down to Happy Valley in his car and I'll show him an ideal site for his headquarters. Jasper looks at Carmen, who nods, and the deal is closed. There's a glint of triumph in the girl's eyes and I notice, from time to time, she favors Tidy with swift little side glances. Me, I figure she's hit just as hard as Tidy is.

Now, Carmen's a horsewoman, and nature will assert herself. Tidy's palamino is standing at the foot of the steps, and Carmen goes down and looks him over. Tidy follows her.

"You ought to be able to win with that animal, in the cow horse class, at the Los Angeles horse show this winter, Mr. Bond," she says presently. "Put him through his paces for me, please."

So Tidy mounts up and makes the palamino do everything a good cow horse should do.

"I'd love to see you rope something with him," says Carmen innocently.

"Easiest thing in the world to oblige you, Ma'am," says Tidy. "Now, if you'd only brought your riding clothes—"

"But I did," says Carmen.

"Get into them," Tidy orders, "and I'll catch up a real horse for you. When your father and Mr. Tully drive down to Happy Valley we'll follow on horseback. There's a calf down there we forgot to earmark at branding time, and I have to tend to him."

Carmen thought that would be just gorgeous and ran to get into her riding togs. Old Jasper don't look any too happy when the lay of the land is made clear to him, and Tidy earns a dirty look when he comes up with a stock saddle on a fine, spirited, but sweet-tempered black gelding that's my own special horse.

"We'll barge right across country, Mr. Thornby," says Tidy, "while you and Mr. Tully travel the county road. We'll meet you down in Happy Valley."

He adjusts the stirrups for Carmen, she mounts and they ride away together.

"That foreman of yours takes a good deal for granted, Mr. Tully," says Jasper, looking after them.

"He don't take anything for granted, Mr. Thornby. He knows that when I have guests at the ranch it's up to him to maintain our reputation for hospitality and any time a guest so much as hints at wanting something it's his duty to see that something's forthcoming. Nice young feller, Tidy."

Jasper grunted as if he didn't believe it and we drove off. We have to wait quite a while in Happy Valley before Tidy and Carmen appear and it's evident to me they'd been taking their time getting there.

"Their horses haven't turned a hair," Jasper complains. "I wonder what that young man thinks my time is worth, anyhow." He's about to give Carmen some secret orders, but the girl interrupts to tell him all about Tidy roping and earmarking a yearling.

"And I've succeeded in getting Mr. Bond to promise to enter his horse in the cow horse class at the Los Angeles horse show, provided Mr. Tully agrees," she concludes.

"Miss Carmen, if you see anything around my ranch you want, you just help yourself," I assure her. "Tidy, I reckon Miss Carmen had better get in the car now so we can examine the property. Miss Carmen, Mr. Bond will look after your horse until we get back here and then, if you desire, you can ride home on that black."

Carmen looked disappointed and told Tidy so with her eyes, but she got in the car and we drove out into the meadow where there was a little rise of ground and one of the best springs in the county. I'd planted some locust trees and sugar-pine seedlings there twenty years before, figuring some day to build my

headquarters there. We got out of the car and walked around and sized up the possibilities, and Jasper and Carmen were delighted. The first thing I knew Jasper was telling me just the kind of ranch-house he was going to build and was drawing sketches of it on the back of an envelop.

All of a sudden he looked up and scowled. "There's that foreman of yours coming like he'd been sent for and delayed," he growled. "That boy doesn't know his place."

I looked around and here comes Tidy on the palamino. And he's most certainly making haste. Also, I see he's uncoiled his *riata* and is shaking out his loop—so I look around and there three hundred yards out in the field, picking wild flowers, is Carmen, and headed for her with mighty businesslike intent is a big black-and-white Holstein bull.

I know that Holstein well. He's been a nuisance to me for months, crashing my fences and trespassing, and I've warned his owner, a nester on my south boundary, that if he don't keep that bull up I'll kill the animal. Like all pure-bred Holstein bulls he's been born on the peck. I've had him charge my horse when I was driving him off, and a man on foot is always an object of interest to him. Personally, I regard this critter as about as dangerous as a tiger, and so does Tidy. No wonder he's spurring the palamino, because the bull is cutting across the field and starting to trot on a course that cuts Carmen off from rejoining us—and her all unconscious of that twenty-four hundred pounds of fury descending upon her.

I turn to the chauffeur, who's tinkering around in the rear of his car. "Charge that bull with your car," I yell. "Hit him in the middle and roll him over or he'll kill Miss Carmen."

The chauffeur looks up and says: "There's a leak in my gas tank. I'm all out of gas."

And then Jasper Thornby takes in the situation. "You're fired, you idiot!" he screams and starts running toward Carmen, but I grab him by the collar.

"One victim a day's a-plenty for that bull, Mister," I says, "and besides, you haven't paid me yet for Happy Valley. I don't figure on letting any trespassing bull kill both my guests and a good deal and all in one clatter. Tidy'll get there in time. Stand still, Man, and see a thousand-pound horse manhandle a twenty-four-hundred-pound bull."

By this time the low mutterings of that bull have apprized Carmen that something's wrong, so she looks up and promptly screams and tries to run away. But she don't get far. I reckon terror sort of paralyzes her and she stands still, facing the oncoming bull and screaming. Tidy lets out a whoop of encouragement. It's nip and tuck now to see whether the palamino or the bull gets to Carmen first; the horse has come a mile through heavy grass at top speed and he's badly blown.

My heart is in my mouth as I see Tidy rise up in his stirrups and make his cast.

"Oh, my Lord, he's missed!" Jasper shrieks. "Wait a minute," I says. "Look and see something."

What we saw was Tidy riding straight at that bull, aiming to hit him on the point of the shoulder and tumble him. The bull wasn't six feet from Carmen, and had his head down for the toss, when the horse whammed him. Over he went on his side with that tired horse and Tidy on top of him. There's a wild commingling of legs and I see Tidy go out of his saddle over his horse's head and skate ten feet clear of the mess. Then that dog-goned big Holstein rises up kind of slow and dumps the palamino off him. The fall has shook the bull up considerably and he stands there a mite surprised, considering the situation. But the palamino don't get up. He's winded and badly jarred. Tidy don't get up either, so I figure the boy has been jarred some, too. And Carmen is still standing there looking the scene over.

Well, Sir, that bull gets the notion in his head in a few seconds that he's still master of ceremonies. The palamino is struggling, trying to get up, and consequently he brings himself

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prominently to the attention of his bullship, who charges him. Fortunately, he don't start goring from the belly side; as luck would have it he charges from the rear and gets his horns mixed up in the saddle and commences to shove and push. The horse can't get up and he can't fight back with his hoofs, so he does what a horse usually does when he's up to his ears in trouble, terror and pain. He commenced to scream. And about then Tidy gets up on his knees. The palamino's screams bring him to his feet, weaving a little.

"Run for the car," we heard him shout to Carmen, but Carmen didn't move. I reckon she couldn't. So Tidy staggered over to his horse, jerked the quirt off the pommel, ran around to the rear of that bull, made a flying leap and was astraddle of him with the quirt flailing him and his long Mexican spurs sunk to the limit in the bull's flanks before he's got his head half cleared.

Now, anybody that rough rides a bull has his work cut out for him. Unless he has a surcingle on the bull so he can hang on, the first three jumps send him flying off that slick broad back. There was no leather to claw on that big Holstein and no hair to tangle in, but—Tidy had his spurs, and they were murderous.

The bull let out a surprised and indignant bellow as the steel bit into him. Then he leaped clear across the palamino and commenced his buck-jumping. But Tidy had reached back with his left hand and grabbed the critter's tail, which kept him from sliding forward over the bull's withers when the brute threw his hind end aloft; when he rose up in front the spurs kept Tidy from falling off back. And all the time the quirt cut into him.

Son, the sight of that half-dazed boy riding that mad bull would have made even Calvin Coolidge say something. I've seen bull-riding in my day and I've done some of it, but it was always for a prize that was never worth more than ten dollars. But Tidy Bond was riding for love and I reckon love lent strength to his legs, for he did the impossible! He stuck aboard and presently that bull quits bucking and commences to gallop. Son, when pain and anguish wring the flanks and sides there's no place like home—and that Holstein knew it. He was fed up. He didn't want any more trouble with anybody except Tidy Bond, and until he could get him on the ground there was no use trying.

"The boy's got the bull by the tail," says Jasper Thornby presently. Seeing Tidy was lurching that bull and putting distances between *el toro* and Carmen at every jump, Jasper's mind gets to working again.

"Yes," says I, "I imagine he's saved your daughter's life at the price of his own. As you say, he has the bull by the tail—and he can't let go, because the minute he does the bull will dispossess him, gore him, trample him and kill him in jig-time— Now, what in blue blazes is that girl doing?"

She wasn't coming in where her dad wanted her. Not Carmen. She was helping the palamino to get up. Yes, Sir, she had her little shoulder against his, pushing and shoving, and finally the animal gave a heave and stood up. He was groggy but not otherwise hurt, as I saw when his head came up and his ears pricked forward. And then Carmen went into the saddle as light as a gull settling on water; as she urges the horse forward I see she's hauling in Tidy's *riata* that's trailing from the pommel and presently with the end of it she's lapped that unfortunate horse into a good stiff lope, little as he feels like it. The bull's quite tucked out by this time. The palamino gains on him rapidly.

"Oh, that crazy girl!" old Jasper howls. "I've never been able to control her. Why don't she come in here?"

"For the reason, you old horse-thief," says I, "that your daughter is a true blue sport. You'd go back on a pal, but she wouldn't. I don't like you. You're an arrogant old sheep."

Boy, I'm mad. There he stands, gazing on the most gallant scene imaginable, and does it speed up his heart action and make him feel

sort of warm and soft and human? Not a bit of it. Tidy Bond was just my foreman to him and if the bull ruined Tidy that was Tidy's loss and mine. But that Carmen girl—well, Son, at that moment my heart was like to bust with pride to think that, all inexperienced as I am, I've picked a hummer like her for Tidy.

The rescue was simple enough. All Carmen did was to run close along the right-hand side of *el toro* and lean away forward over the pommel, while Tidy disengaged his spurs from that Holstein's flanks and took a quick flop from the bull's back over onto that of the palamino.

"Hah," says his bullship, "here's where I get my innings," and he turns and charges the horse. But there was a rider in that saddle, and the palamino knew how to dodge bulls and old matrons on the peck; watching his prey escape, all that tired bull could do was cuss 'em and throw dust in the air.

When he'd placed a couple of hundred yards between him and danger Tidy leans over Carmen's shoulder and says: "Carmen, Honey, do you believe in love at first sight?"

"I do," says Carmen.

"How come?"

"I speak from experience."

"Then kiss me," says Tidy, "and climb off this horse while I go back and show you how to humiliate a bull."

"A toreador is always a hero," says Carmen, "and I notice they call you Tidy. And after going through all that scrimmage I notice you haven't even lost your hat. You certainly are a tidy toreador and just because your face is so nice and clean I'll kiss you."

Which she done the same and Jasper and I saw her do it.

"The impudent upstart!" yells Jasper, but he quit when I start edging over toward him.

"Don't you criticize my protégé, Mister," I says, "or I'll wear out a gad on you."

"I knew darned well she'd fall for that—er—laborer," he says in a strangled voice. "It's things like this that capture a woman's fancy. I don't want your infernal Happy Valley. I don't want my girl living where this—bull-fighter—can come prowling around."

"I'm glad you've given up the idea of buying Happy Valley," I shot back at him, "because I wouldn't sell it to you now on a bet. I'm going to give it to the bride for a wedding present."

"Am I mad?" moans Jasper. "Am I hearing things and seeing things that aren't so? My daughter mate with a cowboy! Never."

"You wait," says I. "Meanwhile, take an eyeful of what's going on yonder."

We saw Tidy gather up his rope and jog away from Carmen toward *el toro*, who welcomes his advent with a bellow and throws more dirt in the air. Tidy rides toward him at a walk, makes his cast over *el toro*'s head and then runs around him twice. The bull tries to follow him and gets snarled up in the rope, the palamino backs steadily and tightens on him until *el toro* goes down on his side with a grunt; a second later Tidy's on top of him hog-tying him with the macarte. I time the operation and it's under twenty-five seconds.

As long as I live I'm never going to forget the look of horror on Jasper's face when Tidy comes limping in, leading the horse, with Carmen walking beside him with her hand in his.

"What is the meaning of this insolence, Sir?" Jasper yells as Tidy sinks down on the running-board of the car. He's bruised his hip pretty bad and standing up hurts him.

"You tell him, Darling," he says wearily to Carmen.

"We're engaged," says Carmen.

"You're crazy, Carmen. I forbid an alliance with this er—cow person, and if you persist I'll disinherit you. You ought to know me, Carmen. I'll not have this person in the family. This unknown, this er—"

"He's my Tidy toreador and I love him to death," says Carmen. "I've never met a man like him before. Jasper darling, this here is a man. And isn't he good-looking? Why, he's just the neatest, niftiest old thing in the world. And fast? Oh, Jasper, mad bulls and women

all look alike to my Tidy. He can sweep them all off their feet."

"This is madness. Mr. Bond, I shall have to appeal to your sense of—er—ethics—"

"You go to blazes!" says Tidy. "All I want from you, old settler, is a whole lot of letting alone, and if you'll do that I'll put up with you for Carmen's sake. You couldn't see my hand this morning so just for that you lose."

"If you think that an alliance with this headstrong and romantic daughter of mine will enable you to enjoy a life of ease at my expense you're going to be sadly mistaken, young man," bellows Jasper. "I'll cut her off with a dollar." "Don't you be down-hearted, Carmen," I cut in, "because I'll give you Happy Valley where you just found happiness, and I'll have a couple of the boys haze that tarnation bull out of here. When everything else fails old Dad Tully ain't a bad bet to tie to. Besides, I picked you for Tidy myself. That's why I had you folks stay all night—to give the boy a chance to look at you."

Carmen comes up and puts her arms around my neck and pulls my head down and kisses me on both cheeks. "You're just simply gorgeous," she crows.

"Cow hand that he is, you'll not go back on him, will you, my dear?" I says. "I raised that boy myself, practically, and I know he's good enough for any woman."

"Try to stop me," says Carmen. "I'm looking for a regular man with brains and gallantry, not a pale pink millionaire. Polo players are out, and bull whackers and toreadors are in with Carmen Thornby."

"Hey, Pa," says Tidy. "I mean you, Jasper Thornby. I'm Horatio Bond, the Skin Balm King, and not a month ago you offered me twenty millions for Skin Balm. I'll roll you the bones once for it, double or nothing."

Jasper came over and sat down on the running-board beside Tidy. "Are you really Horatio Bond?" he says in an awed voice. "Are you that young genius who discovered and marketed Skin Balm? My boy, forgive my hasty words. How could I know—"

"I told you I'd stand for you for Carmen's sake, Jasper. I will. You go around on the other side and sit on the other running-board, because Carmen wants to occupy the space you're using right now."

Dad paused and hooted again for Zing. "Let's hoist one to Carmen and her toreador," he suggested. "Yes, they were married about three months later."

"Every day for that three months old Jasper suggested amalgamating Skin Balm with the drug-store business and taking an issue of his stock in payment, but I wouldn't stand for it. Somehow, I never can trust a selfish man and, thank heaven, Tidy has enough respect and affection for me to obey me."

"They've built a sort of rural palace down in Happy Valley. Got horse barns better than the houses most folks live in and last winter, after Tidy had taught her how to rope, Carmen entered the palamino in the Los Angeles horse show and won a blue ribbon with him in the cow horse class. That girl certainly dotes on winning prizes, but the best prize she ever won was Tidy, and with him she had to take Chief Sassy Jack and his family, which has now grown to include every surviving member of the Modoc tribe."

"They got a rancheria down in Happy Valley and they've moved their dogs and ponies in under the mantle of Tidy's philanthropy. . . . No, I didn't give them Happy Valley. Tidy wouldn't let me. He paid me a good price for it and then gave it to his wife on their wedding-day. I hear Tidy lets Jasper come up and visit them right frequent, and Carmen grows crazier over Tidy every day. The last time they rode over to have an alfalfa cocktail with me, she gets me to one side, and demands to know if I don't agree with her that the boy's simply gorgeous. I'd have thought she was just enthusiastic, but her eyes were shining so . . ."

Dad sighed and lifted his glass. "Yes," he said, "I'm for true love."



## After Midnight by Adela Rogers St. Johns (Continued from page 77)

and much more fretful even than usual.

Young Mrs. Forde Vansant, though she had been a Fisher, was not a pretty woman at any time. In the morning she was positively plain.

Many people did not understand why Forde Vansant, that connoisseur of feminine beauty, had married her. He hadn't needed her money, exactly, having a great deal of his own. But those people did not understand that, take it all in all, Forde Vansant was a strictly conventional man—oh, strictly conventional! A wife was a wife. She should have family, position, a bit of money of her own, and the ability and understanding to manage an establishment and a social calendar such as the Vansants were accustomed to. A wife could hardly be expected to supply the joy of life. There were plenty of other women for that.

"Ross," said Mrs. Vansant, "is Mr. Vansant coming down to breakfast?"

"I couldn't say, Ma'am. Roberts has just been in. I'll inquire."

But even as he turned, Forde Vansant came in. He looked five years younger than his wife, but as a matter of fact he was five years older. Nothing pleased him so much as to be told that he did not look his age.

No man in New York wore his clothes better than Forde Vansant. He was that most dangerous of all things, an irresistibly attractive ugly man. It wasn't altogether his marvelous manners, or even his odd, distinguished smile. Forde Vansant had a way with him. A good many women had cause to regret his acquaintance. But strangely enough, none of them did.

"Good morning, my love," he said pleasantly. He had the disposition of an angel, which was manifestly unfair. "I hope you slept well."

"I heard you come in at five-thirty," said his wife briefly.

But Forde Vansant ignored that. It was an art with him—ignoring things.

His wife drank her fourth cup of coffee, her small dark eyes fixed upon his bland countenance, smiling above the morning paper. Forde Vansant sipped his, very black, with a great deal of sugar in it.

"Excellent coffee, Ross," he said pleasantly. "Excellent."

Now there is something manifestly disreputable about breakfasts eaten after noon. Well-regulated households, normal people, shudder at the very idea.

Still, there was nothing outwardly disreputable about Mrs. Cudahy, who sat over her toast and coffee at a few minutes after one.

The Cudahys, mother and daughters, had come to New York three years before from somewhere near St. Louis. They had left Pa Cudahy, a night-watchman by profession, behind them. It was Madeline Cudahy who had engineered the move, saying that her talents were wasted on a small town. Pa Cudahy suggested St. Louis, but Madeline vetoed that.

"If we're going anywhere, let's hit the big-time," she had said. "There's more money spent in New York than anywhere else in the world, and that's where I want to be. Every extra sucker is just"—she smiled her curious, slanting smile, and used one of her favorite expressions—"so much velvet."

"I'm going to stay right here," said Pa Cudahy, with finality, with relief.

He stayed. And gradually he drifted from their ken, out of even their memories. Only Mona Rose sent him a money-order at Christmas and on his birthday. If Pa happened to be out of work, which was chronic, those little presents would come in handy.

Madeline would have sent them, too, if she had thought of it. But when, really, did Madeline have time to think? Still, she would have sent them, for hers was a large and easy generosity—very easy. For Madeline would simply have said to any of the young men with

whom she lunched, "It's my old Dad's birthday and, by Jove, I overlooked it. Can you feature that? Let's send him a little present." She would laugh when she said it, that delightful, husky laugh, and hold out one hand, palm upward.

Oh yes, the young men with whom Madeline lunched would be good for that. As for the men who took her to supper—but there were no longer men who took her to supper, after her evening duties at the theater were over. There was only Forde Vansant.

With Mona Rose, it was different. Every present she sent to old Dad was just so much that couldn't go into her savings-account. And at best that savings-account grew very, very slowly. For ten dollars a week, even with efficiently extracted tips, is not a great deal for a girl nowadays, what with silk stockings so expensive and so necessary. The money that went into Mona Rose's savings-account was the fruit of constant small sacrifices and denials.

Usually Mona Rose was upheld under these things by the vision of her goal. When she had a thousand dollars, she would buy a Liberty bond. There was something tremendously reassuring about a thousand-dollar Liberty bond. It had become, to her, a symbol. A girl who had a thousand-dollar Liberty bond stood upon solid ground.

Why, it might even be right and safe to marry Ken Adams, with his mother and his brother's widow and small children to support on his electrician's salary, if she had a thousand-dollar Liberty bond.

Somehow, that Liberty bond had come to mean safety and happiness to Mona Rose. It was worth any demands it made upon her. Usually. Sometimes, when she was very tired and her back and shoulders ached from the weight of her tray and her feet burned and her lungs gasped against the heavy air of the Trionon, she felt rebellious. Or when she substituted mean black shoes at two ninety-five for dainty gray kid. The thousand-dollar Liberty bond seemed so *hard* to get. And if at those moments Harriet began her endless harangue, Mona Rose could hardly keep from crying.

When Mona Rose got home at fifteen minutes before three, Madeline was having her breakfast.

Now nothing more disillusioning than Madeline Cudahy having her breakfast in the bosom of her family at fifteen minutes after three on the day after a long and wet evening, could well be imagined. Mona Rose, coming in, looked at her and sighed. For it was still one of the mysteries of life to her how Madeline could really ever look like that. She knew that later she would witness the daily miracle, more astounding than the transformation of the worm into the butterfly, and that Madeline would leave the house looking as fascinating as Circe and as smart as a débutante.

Madeline was breakfasting, after the immemorial tradition of her kind, upon coffee, a cigaret, and the morning paper.

Also, she was delivering herself, as was her custom, of a bit of philosophy about men.

"Just the old army game," said Madeline complacently, as her mother *oh-ed* and *ah-ed* over the contents of a little gray velvet box. "No man respects anything he can get for nothing, and if there's one thing I must have it's respect. Any other little thing you pick up in passing is just"—she cocked one eyebrow and used her favorite expression—"so much velvet."

Her attention then focused upon Mona Rose, paring vegetables with an eye to a bit of Irish stew for dinner.

"I wish you'd take that to heart, my girl," she said. "You know, darling, you're just one long wasted opportunity. Somebody gave you a face like that, and you want to marry an electrician. Why, beside you, I look like an

oyster out of season. And you actually *work* for a living." She shook her head sadly.

What she said was true enough. So that, if Mona Rose was still uncompromisingly virtuous, it was not—as is too often the case in a sister act like theirs—because she had no opportunities. No one, not even Madeline, dreamed how many opportunities to be wicked came Mona Rose's way in the course of nights at the Trionon.

"Are you still thinking of marrying that young chest expansion of yours?" asked Madeline, over a fresh cigaret.

"We can't get married yet," said Mona Rose.

"Well," said her sister, "it's your life and if you make a mess of it, it'll be your mess. But you don't look like the village idiot. This domestic line is out of date. You may not think you're an ass now, but in a couple of years when you find out one man is just like another, and you're trying to raise a lot of unhealthy brats in a tenement on eighty cents a week, you'll jolly well know it."

Mona Rose had gone very white under the impact of the good-natured, contemptuous tone, the brutal, poisonous words.

"You mustn't—" she said, and stopped, hand at her throat.

"All right, it's your suicide and you can choose your own weapons," said Madeline. "I'm only telling you."

Mona Rose made a gallant stand. "That isn't so, what you say," she said. "Wicked people are the ones that get punished. Why, Madeline, don't you believe in—in Hell?"

"Not unless that's a new name for Brooklyn," said Madeline. "Anyway, I'd rather burn a bit for being a naughty girl than know I'd passed up a lot of fun for no good reason. All the fun you get in this life is just so much velvet. You could have beautiful clothes and jewels and a car and a swell place to live, just like I'm going to."

"Like—you're going to? What do you mean, Madeline?"

But Madeline only laughed. "You wait," she said huskily. "I'm no fool. Did you think I was going to live in a bum joint like this all my life? Not while the mint goes on coining dollars. And I don't believe in paying rent, either. Maybe you don't care about pretty clothes and cars and good times and other weaknesses of the flesh which I won't mention. But if you don't, it was an awful waste when they gave you that face."

The telephone rang and two minutes later Madeline was deep in a conversation her end of which sounded like a page from the book of wise-cracks.

Mona Rose went into the small bedroom and shut the door. Not for worlds would she let Madeline or her mother see how shaken she was by Madeline's words.

Love pretty things? Desire beauty and luxury? Why, Madeline didn't know the meaning of the words. She didn't begin to understand the force toward those very things that tugged and pulled at Mona Rose every day, tormented her every night.

It was cruel of Madeline to say those things. A tenement. It wouldn't be a tenement. And suddenly she had a vision of that tiny flat where lived the widow of Ken's brother with her two children.

For two years Mona Rose had been swamped in a sea of luxury. She knew that she desired it. And when the sea surged over her, she held tight to simple, primitive, accepted beliefs, such as that the good are rewarded and the wicked punished.

Was she a fool? Harriet said so nightly. Her mother said so daily. And now Madeline said it, too, with trimmings.

Madeline came in. "Madeline," said Mona Rose, "I love Ken. I do love him." It was almost as though she pleaded.

Madeline came over and took her by the



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shoulders and for a long minute the two sisters faced each other.

"You don't know what love is," whispered Madeline harshly.

"Madeline," said Mona Rose, "is it—Mr. Vansant?"

But Madeline didn't answer that. "You don't know what love is," she said hoarsely.

The man at the bank, who had arranged the matter for her, smiled at the look on her face. In a fatherly way, he admired little Miss Cudahy very much. She had been coming into the bank for two years now, bringing a few dollars each time. Now he watched little Mona Rose go out and wondered if she would get the happiness out of her little fortune that she anticipated.

That Saturday evening at the Trianon seemed shorter than usual.

She was buoyed up by the consciousness of achievement. There was no bitterness in Mona Rose and she loved Madeline. But there was a little corroded spot in her heart, as there is in the heart of every child who has been the neglected one in a family.

But tonight as she walked between the tables saying, "Cigars? Cigaretts?" in that soft, appealing voice, Mona Rose was possessed by a strange sense of elation. At last she had something that Madeline didn't have.

Madeline might have the perfumes, the clothes, even the diamonds. But how ephemeral were such things—how fleeting! Had Madeline built any firm foundation for her wayward feet?

She hoped tremendously that Ken would be waiting for her tonight. She could tell him this long-kept secret, and her demure lips quivered in anticipation of his kiss, his delight.

Ken wasn't waiting for her. But she thought of him as she walked home. Dear Ken. She really had loved him ever since that first day when he came into the ladies' dressing-room at the Trianon to repair some lighting connection. He was rough, sometimes, and not terribly clever, and he would never make a great deal of money. But he was good and kind and loyal—he was to be trusted. Yes, she loved him.

Mona Rose couldn't go to sleep. She opened the one bureau drawer and peeped at the beautifully engraved bond she had hidden there. She sat down at the window and looked out into the street. She would stay awake a little while, until Madeline came in. Tomorrow was Sunday, and she would sleep late. Ken always came on Sunday afternoons, and then she would tell him the good news.

She wanted to talk to Madeline. That inner conviction which had held Mona Rose firm in her way, that conviction concerning right and wrong, concerning the reward of virtue and the punishment of the wicked, was increased now to a point where she thought that she might even persuade Madeline.

Drowsily, she half dozed in her chair. The noise of a big car, which swerved into the street on two wheels, and of voices and laughter woke her. Madeline, gleaming like a pantomime fairy, got out of the big car, and she and the man stood a moment on the sidewalk.

Then they melted together, swiftly, like an optical illusion.

The kiss lasted so long that Mona Rose grew a little faint. Ken had never kissed her like that. She could not see Madeline's face, or the man's. But through the hot night air there reached her a vibration of something strange, heart-stirring, enticing. The palms of her hands tingled.

Madeline was a long time coming up, coming into the room. Her sister got the Liberty bond from under the drawer paper. She hid it in the pocket of her corduroy bath-robe.

"Hello, Rosie," said Madeline.

Never had Madeline looked so beautiful. That is the wrong word. There is no single word to describe Madeline. She looked like love's delight. She looked like a lady of fashion. She looked like a woman in love. She looked like an orchid. Her mouth was



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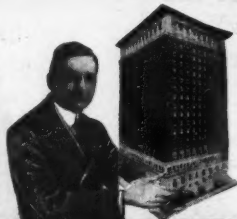
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absolutely round, as though it had been kissed out of shape.

Her slim bare arms stretched up in a sort of satiated ecstasy. From one of her hands slipped a flat white satin bag, thick with rhinestones—one of those frivolous, extravagant bags that women must carry nowadays when they go out in the evening in order to be provided with the necessities of life.

Upside down it fell, and from it in every direction scattered gaudy, glittering things of one kind and another. A golden lip-stick. A jeweled comb. An onyx-backed mirror. A crystal bottle of green perfume. A flat powder case of pink enamel.

And a square of paper, nicely engraved, neatly folded, with a seal upon it, to give it, one supposes, an official look.

Mona Rose knelt to pick up the scented trifles. She saw the folded paper, so nicely engraved, so officially sealed. She picked it up.

She felt in her pocket.

Then she looked at Madeline. Her face was utterly blank. She held the paper up and her eyes asked a question.

Madeline laughed, wrinkling her nose disdainfully. "Old Cooper had a party," she said. "He put one of those at every girl's plate for a favor. Silly old fool, he ought to be home nursing his grandchildren. Much good it'll do him. It's a thousand-dollar Liberty bond."

"Yes—I know," said Mona Rose.

"What on earth's the matter with you, Mona Rose?" her mother asked peevishly. "Are you sick? You look too awful. And where's the coffee?"

"I'm not sick," said Mona Rose. "Make your own coffee."

Mrs. Cudahy stood staring at her as she went across to the telephone.

Mrs. Cudahy was neither an observing nor an intelligent woman. How could she know that the gray upon Mona Rose's face was smeared from the ashes of an ideal? How could she discern that the white pucker of her young mouth came from eating the bitter fruit of disillusionment? Or realize that the girl trembled because all night her soul had listened to the crumbling of her innermost fortresses?

She heard her at the telephone, while with unaccustomed hand she herself measured the coffee. That was Ken Adams's number she was calling. Her voice came in from the hall, flat, bitter, dead.

"I want to speak to Ken, please, Mrs. Adams." A moment later, "No, if he's started over it doesn't matter."

Mrs. Cudahy got the morning paper and sat down over her coffee and toast—very bad coffee it was, too—mumbling to herself. She weeded out the scandal sheet and began to read, letting the rest fall about her in an untidy heap.

Pretty soon she heard Mona Rose moving about, and looking up saw her preparing a breakfast on a tray.

"If you can do that for your sister, you might have made the coffee for me," she said irritably. But as she said it, she felt a qualm. The child did look so white.

Mona Rose's laugh was false as a paste diamond. "Well, I'm not going to fix anybody's breakfast much longer," she said. "What's the use? I'm going to have my own brought up. I'm not going to work. I'm going to—to be wheeled up and down in a roller chair and—look at the ocean."

She gathered up the paper from the floor and went into the bedroom.

Madeline was sitting at her big dressing-table, lazily wiping the cold-cream off her face. That dressing-table was the only decent, modern piece of furniture in the flat, but a dressing-table was really the only thing of any importance to Madeline. She had the slightly-the-worse-for-wear look usual to her in the mornings, but she was laughing, a cigaret hanging expertly from the corner of her mouth.

"What a surprise you handed Mama!" she

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said, leaning forward to inspect her face closely in the triple mirror. "I have seen prettier things, sweetheart," she added lazily, to her reflection.

Mona Rose put the tray down on the dressing-table and laid the paper on a chair beside it. Then she went over to the blue denim curtain behind which hung her clothes and began a bitter and contemptuous inspection of her wardrobe.

Madeline watched her an instant over a freshly lighted cigaret. Then she shoved aside the untidy litter in front of her to make room for the paper. The Liberty bond, Mona Rose noted through the tail of her eye as she went into the kitchen after the big waste basket, stuck carelessly from a Japanese powder dish.

Mona Rose's heart gave an angry throb. Just a scrap of paper. Her mother said, "Mona Rose, I got to have a new pair of shoes."

Mona Rose laughed again. "All right, darling," she said, "I'll buy you a pair with diamond heels. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Afterwards, the first thing Mona Rose remembered about going back into the bedroom was a sharp sting of smoke in her eyes.

Then she saw Madeline's face in the mirror. "Madeline!" she cried, and flew to her.

But Madeline shoved her aside with a brutal hand.

"My darling, what is it, what is it?" poor little Mona Rose pleaded in those deaf ears. No answer from that stone mask of a face.

Mona Rose peered over her shoulder, then, at the newspaper she held stiffly in her hands, at the newspaper she was reading with avid, frozen, ruined eyes. And Mona Rose choked back a scream as the head-lines leaped at her.

They startled her as they had startled all New York that morning, though there were many who said that a man who led such a life as Forde Vansant lived was bound to come to a bad end. Sooner or later, somebody was

bound to get him. If some deserted woman didn't kill him, some betrayed man would. Somebody had.

Before she had finished reading, it seemed to Mona Rose that those head-lines dripped blood. Why, she could almost see that ornate bedroom and the stain on the pink rug.

And under the head-lines that ugly, smiling, suave picture, with the sleek topper and the gardenia in buttonhole, of the man who had come to a bad end.

It was only then that Mona Rose became conscious of the heavy blue smoke that was curling up before Madeline, curling from a Japanese powder dish, like incense burning to the stone mask of Madeline's face.

That smoke, and the little pile of hot ashes, and the cigaret stub dropped anyhow, anywhere from a shaking hand were all that was left of Madeline's Liberty bond.

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust.

But it was not only Madeline's Liberty bond that had become ashes. Even her love had gone back to the dust from which it came.

"Ken," said Mona Rose, against the breast of his best Sunday suit, "Ken, do you know what you are?"

Big Ken Adams held her very close, a little awkwardly, but with a passion of strength, and with his best clean handkerchief he wiped away the tears that kept welling from Mona Rose's tender eyes.

"Just a big egg that loves you better than anything in the world, Mona Rose," he said.

"No," Mona Rose sank deeper into the circle of his arms, as though she found there a haven from the storms of life. She held his big hand, as though it were an anchor against the treacherous tides, and she looked up into his eyes as though in them she saw mirrored such old-fashioned things as home and babies and work and honor, and she said, very softly, "No. You're just—so much velvet."

## Kiss in the Dark (Continued from page 81)

screech of a spring that she had put the screen door between them. "I love you. You don't guess how. You, and the life you mean. But I can't leave her dying." She went on more quietly, "After all, perhaps it's sacrifice that makes us in the end. Maybe after this I'll not be so petty, so—so silly. If you want to come back— But no, you're right. Life will move on. At least for you. Good-by..." And there was the sound of her heels clacking on the stairs, running away from something they were afraid of, but something that they wanted to have overtake them.

I heard him lift himself up slowly and start towards the gate with a heavy tread. Then a car ground to a stop in front of our house and a half-dozen of my crowd swarmed out.

"Hi, Doc!" they shouted. "We're trying to scare up a party. You'd better come along. We're going to get Eve now. Step out, Eve!" They had him in their midst and swept him up the walk. All he could seem to do was to say in a vague way, "Not tonight. Some other time." But they laughed him along.

I thought I'd help him out. "I'm not going to any party tonight. I'm too tired to budge from this house."

"Then have party here!" shrieked Susie Carter, who thinks it's cute to cut her sentences. "Won't go other place. Have grand party here!" And they began winding the phonograph. I gave up.

It's hard sometimes to trace people's reactions, to tell how they happened to do thus and so. I still don't quite see how it all came about. But those crazy kids got more and more hilarious, and presently their nonsense caught us two up. Doctor Van acted less and less apathetic, and more and more gay. In a reckless way that means bitterness underneath. He seemed to be bent on shaking off his despondency. And I was all strung up myself. I suppose it was really that that made

us hang together for most of the dancing.

"I didn't dream you were such a good dancer," he said after "Blackbird."

"You never gave me a chance to show you before," I answered, getting sassy. I clapped, too, for more music. But they didn't encore because someone had started singing close harmony. We stood by the rail around at the side and listened. The moonlight was as white as day.

Buck Anderson has a mean voice in the minor chords that makes you want to do illegal things. Bad business, that. I tried counting my breathing. I'd had music and moonlight throw me before.

Our shoulders were touching. "You youngsters have the world done brown, haven't you?" he asked in a muffled, expectant voice. For a moment I didn't say anything as the bunch took up the repeat of the chorus soft and slow. "Haven't you—Eve?" he insisted.

I don't know what got into me, but remember I'd been hero-worshipping him for years. "Have we, Van, old de-ar?" I drawled in my pokey voice. And lifting my head I found my mouth right up next to his.

Of course he kissed me once. Not long, but quite on the lips. Something in me leaped, then died. And I went sick with self-disgust.

Just then a scraping on the tin roof next door jerked my eyes up in that direction. And there on the roof by her window was Miss Carol, with her night-dress and kimono looking like the garments on a lady saint. The knuckles of her hand were jammed against her mouth as if she'd just sucked back a scream.

Nausea started making cold waves over me, when into the midst of it, "Carline! Carline!" It was George's voice rasping through the upper hall. Doctor Van swung around just in time to see Miss Carol sink down on the room side of her window-sill. "Carline!" We could see George quite clearly hanging on





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to the door-knob. "Your sister," he gasped.

"What?"

"She's dead."

"Harriet dead," she repeated tonelessly. Then she tried it again with a different accent. "Harriet dead!"

The door swayed a little with George's weight. "She did it herself, because the specialist—" He lifted an amazed, stricken face to her, with the tears trickling down it.

I thought, "He doesn't take off his glasses and wipe them."

I don't suppose they could have got through the funeral and the two days before it without Doctor Van's support. I kind of wondered how he had the face after that other. But I imagine Harriet would have said if she had been alive, "That's the man of it; they don't take love like women." I'd have despised him if I'd had any contempt left over after I got through with myself. I felt like scum.

I must say, though, that he was wonderful with them. He handled the inquest so it didn't seem like an inquest at all, but only like another doctor's call. He told George to "Buck up, old man," and to Miss Carol he was comfortingly tender in a professional way. "Anything else," Muz said, "wouldn't be decent right before a funeral." At the cemetery I saw him watching her closely. And he went back to the house with them afterwards, as if he were one of the family.

I went from the funeral directly into our kitchen where old Joanna was baking gingerbread. Its spiciness cut pungently through the air.

Muz thought we ought to send some over next door. But I shook my head at carrying it. I couldn't be neighborly until I'd had a chance to talk it out with Miss Carol. So Muz spread a fringed doily over the brown squares and went.

She was home again almost immediately. "I gave it to Hester at the back," she panted, all excited. "Because at the front I heard Van Hadley saying to Carol Belle, 'It's the best thing for us to be married right away, though I don't want to seem to rush you in a heartless fashion.'"

The dull, sick feeling I'd had for three days got a lot better when Muz told me that.

The next day bright and early I marched over to see Miss Carol. I thought I might as well get it over with. I found her under the scuppernong arbor, looking over the grapes.

"It looks as if there'll be a great many this year," she said. "You all must help yourselves to them." She hesitated a moment, then, "I won't be here. Van and I will be on our way to India by scuppernong time."

"Oh, then you are going to marry him!" I breathed. "I'm so glad!"

"Glad?" she questioned evenly.

"Oh, Miss Carol," I broke down, "if you only knew how rotten I felt the second I did it. Even before I looked up and saw you. Just sick. I don't know what ever made me do such a low-down trick. There isn't anything to be said for me. But he, he was just sort of—dared into it. You know how a girl can lead a man. He doesn't give a rap for me. Truly he doesn't!"

"No," she said listlessly, "I know he doesn't. That's what hurts. That he could do it for so little. Go from the agony of my good-by to a kiss on a dare, as you say, from the first little flapper that lifts her mouth."

I winced, but I had it coming to me.

She went on wrenching words out. "I had to tear my heart out, and throw it away, to give him up. But I couldn't do anything else then. Even so, I felt somewhat compensated by the exaltation that big sacrifice brings. I'd just been standing out on the roof under the sky. Feeling small under it. Too small to matter. Thinking that then if I didn't matter I couldn't hurt; I could just do what I had to do, without thinking of myself. Then you—"

"Oh," I almost sobbed, "how cruel! How—how careless life is!"

"Yes, isn't it?" she said, and rolled three hard, green grapes around in one cupped palm. "But you'll be happy now?" I almost begged.

"Happy? Oh, I suppose so. In a way. Anyhow, it's the only thing to do. I haven't any claim on George now. I should have had to brush up on my scales." She smiled wryly. "Yes, it's the sensible thing, as Van said. But I didn't want to marry him to be doing 'the sensible thing.' I—I wanted to follow Van Hadley anywhere, everywhere! Because he meant romance and adventure and the danger that is life itself . . . until the other night."

"Now he's just a man who was able to sit with his arms calmly folded and ask me to go back with him, because it was the most practical plan. And I'm going. Even though it means being married like Harriet and George, finding that perhaps he's a little cranky about his coffee. His laughter will probably get a little louder as he gets older, and his neck a bit thick and red. And I'll have to harden myself to seeing him flip very young girls under the chin."

"But I'll do all that to get out of teaching music. Anything rather than staying here and turning into a faded, pressed flower slowly crumbling to dust—becoming 'Miss Carol'! But happy as I dreamed of before the other night?"

She flung the green grapes from her, desperately, as if they were poison. And I knew enough to leave her then.

My head kept humming, Miss Carol, Miss Carol . . . Eve, Miss Eve? No! I wouldn't let Wayton shrivel me up into a lady. I was going to be a person with a real job!

I opened the door and shouted up the stairs to Muz. Might as well start the row. A girl architect! I knew Muz would try to make me compromise on interior decorating, "Or china painting, Eve dearest, I knew such a nice lady once . . ."

## The Bird in the Bush

(Continued from page 65)

guest had gone. Then she was "dead." Until the last dance had been danced, she had never a twinge of backache. And before the party or during it her head never ached, and she never felt suddenly dizzy or faint.

She might have been rather wonderful in pictures, and sometimes people told her so. This was bad for her.

Sometimes great stars came to Pebble Beach, where the Gays now spent most of their time, to rest between pictures, and the sensation which these famous people managed to create locally without half trying gave Mrs. Gay an unsatisfied, discontented feeling.

Better, she thought, to have worked and striven and suffered, and to have expressed oneself at least to the immense delight and artistic profit of the multitude, than to have become the wife of a simple, kind, affectionate, pampering and very rich gentleman.

She let it be known that before her marriage to Gay she had received alluring offers to go into pictures "at a salary, my dear, that you simply wouldn't believe" and that she had not refused these offers without losing many a night's sleep.

"I had two good reasons for not going into pictures," she said. "I was afraid that Sam would cut his throat if I didn't marry him, and I shrank from the publicity."

To Pebble Beach in the course of a year came famous stars; "super-productions" were filmed at Cypress Point and Point Lobos, and Mrs. Gay's corruption became complete.

She demanded that she be allowed to go into pictures, and Gay, who had never refused her anything, refused.

She made dreadful scenes in which ego and mendacity vied with each other. He had ruined her life. She had given up her career for him. People had told her, people who knew,



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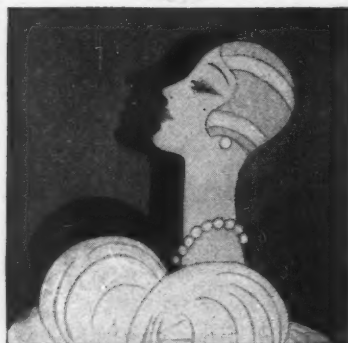
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that she would have been the greatest star of her time. Did he think that she cared about money? Being somebody, acting something—that was to live. But she would show him. He had spoiled her life, let him look out for his own.

And she began to talk things over with a handsome young lawyer with whom she had flirted and danced.

"I gave up everything for him," she said—"my career—everything."

"Isn't he kind to you?"

"Is it kind to misunderstand every word I say? To assume that a career means nothing to a woman? No. He's kind. It's a kindness that surfeits. I am not a woman—I am a bird in a gilded cage."

"Is there another woman in this, Mrs. Gay?"

"Another woman?" Her confidence in her husband's marital integrity was simply withering.

"Has he ever struck you—humiliated you in public?"

"I'd like to see him try!"

The young lawyer smiled all over inside, as a cat may be supposed to smile when he finds himself alone with a canary. He said, "My first duty is to give my client the best advice that I can think of. Your husband is kind and easy-going. He loves you and is faithful to you. He is very rich. I advise you to stick to him."

"But," she said, "I don't want your best advice. I want your second-best advice."

"Stick to him."

"Oh," she cried, "I admit that he's been wonderful to me and that he has every good quality and no quality that isn't good! But

I'm sick to death of him and his goodness. After all, if it hadn't been for him, I would have had a great career."

"And you seriously intend to divorce him?"

"Can I?"

"Of course you can, our divorce laws being more elastic than pure para rubber. Your husband seems to be about perfect as men go. Well, perfection is well known to be the height of mental cruelty."

"Please understand," she said, "that I don't care a rap about alimony—not a rap."

"If you do waive alimony the world will think that you were in the wrong. And as you are not in the wrong—positively not—that would be unjust."

She admitted that it wouldn't be just.

"As a great motion-picture star your earnings will run into a fabulous sum, but in the meanwhile something nominal, say five hundred a week, might come in handy now and then."

And so she divorced him and went to Hollywood.

The producers were very enthusiastic at first. She was beautiful and they heralded her as a great find. But then tests of her were made, and the camera got busy—the little camera which sees with its own eyes, and nobody else's eyes, and which looks upon pretty faces and makes them or breaks them.

No matter how they made Vivian up, no matter at what angle they presented her lovely face to the camera, her eyes, so meltingly beautiful in real life, became on the silver sheet two pallid ovals which resembled, as much as anything, the eyes of a dead fish.

## Why Girls Leave Home (Continued from page 53)

plots and plans occupied her days and nights. She washed them with the dishes, threw them out with the slops, preserved a thought here, a scheme there, like sunflower seeds or bright pebbles picked up in the path.

She listened to all she could hear about him from the family and the casual visitors who told what was told about him at the post-office and in the drug store. She learned that he got up before daybreak and dug fishin' worms and took them in an old tomato can and cut his own fishin' pole and fished with hooks he had sent to the hardware store for. He fished by the wide bay in the creek which had once been the old swimmin' hole.

Hat remembered the place. She had wandered there often. The creek twisted and turned like it was writing its own name in the deep woods. There used to be an old dead tree that had fallen across and formed a bridge from bank to bank.

Children dared each other to cross it and Hat had fallen in once and would have drowned if somebody's hired man hadn't pulled her out. She had learned to swim there a little after that, her bathing-suit an old gingham dress.

The picture came back to her of how she had lost her balance as she crossed the old tree bridge, had slipped, shrieked, clutched, struck the water with a splash, swallowed a lot of it as she yelped, and had been carried along on the current to where a big hired man had come loping through the woods at the howls of the other children and waded in up to his waist, dragged her out, and run with her to the nearest farmhouse, where they had rolled her on a barrel and almost yanked her tongue out until she came to.

Recalling this, while she stood wide-eyed washing the dishes in the scalding water, she saw Hon. Pomeroy, instead of the hired man, dashing to her rescue, carrying her out of the creek, and—like the beautiful hero in all the stories she had read—marrying her.

Hon. Pomeroy was not beautiful and he was already married, but—well, so was the soft-drink man. Yet he had loved Millie Applegate well enough to spend a lot of money on her and join her in the papers. Millie must have had a swell time before he chucked her, and the chucking cost him good and plenty.

Through Hat's reverie ran a train from the West. It broke through the hills where the track came down like a creek, flowed through the town and on East to the big cities.

Some day a train must take her East. She saw herself on board, and at her side paying her fare was—Hon. Pomeroy. And she was all dressed up.

Hat had had her affairs, cheap ones, brief ones, without poetry or grace; but she had learned the magic of contact, the astounding power she gained over certain men by leaning against them, snuggling up to them, looking up to them with eyes full of that hungry, helpless look. The hired man who rescued her from drowning when she was a little girl had come to see her and had hung round her till her Paw promised to shoot him.

Perhaps if she could once get into the arms of Hon. Pomeroy, the spell would work with him, too. He was a famous man, but lots of folks said he was a bad man and crooked as they make 'em. Well, what of it? He was rich and famous and he lived in the newspapers.

Her mother luckily got right sick and had to stay in bed till her rheumatism wore off. So one morning bright and early Hat left the breakfast dishes in the sink and sneaked down the kitchen steps, out through the back yard past the pigs that greeted her vainly with their "oo-ich, oo-ich!" which means "I'm hungry. Wait on me!" But she sneered at them and passed by. Her pig-feeding days were about over.

She climbed the fence and struck across a scale-infested orchard and across a dusty road and down through Winan's pasture.

She made her way through the big woods to the creek. It was singing away like all get-out and the fish were shooting out of it just to hear themselves flop.

Hat crept up like an Indian toward the old swimming hole, slipping from tree to tree until she came near enough to see if Hon. Pomeroy were at his post.

There he was, lazing away, smoking a pipe and dozing over his fishing pole, braced so that he didn't even have to hold it. It looked like he had been reading a book, for there was a

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flutter of pages in the moss about the armchair roots of the old tree. The breeze was fluttering the hair on his bare head, too, and playing with the pipe smoke. It was a mighty nice day and he looked like a mighty nice man.

He was thanking God for perfect peace in a sinless world. If he had seen Hat, he would have felt sorry for her instead of for himself. She looked less like a fiend of ruin than anything else in the world.

She made a wide circuit and reached the tree-bridge unbeknownst to Pomeroy. The tree was pretty old now, and rains and snows had gnawed it till it looked pretty shaky for a traveler of Hat's heft.

She was afraid to try it, and hung back, dubious of her scheme. What if Hon. Pomeroy should not hear her when she screamed? What if she fell into that eddying, wimpling stream and it swept her past him before he could get to her? What if he just stared at her, scared-like, till it was too late and she was drowned?

Better to live on unknown in Catusville than to die so young in Catusville Creek.

Her hopes slumped and she gave up her dream, set out for home again. But her feet lagged. The thought of the same old drudgery forever and ever—dishwashing and lugging swill to swine—bandying jokes, and spooning with hired men—it was unbearable.

Better take a chance on being drowned in the creek than lose her first and last chance at money and fame. Why should Millie Applegate get all the glory?

There was that motto in the copy-book: "Nothing venture, nothing gain." She ought to remember that. She had had to copy it one hundred times once because the teacher had caught her kissing one of the boys back of the woodshed.

What the copy-book said must be right, and Hat resolved to do or die, or both. She whirled, dashed back, and started across the bridge on the run. It felt awful soft and rotten under her feet, and gave out a crackling, dull, crumbling sound. She whirled to regain the bank, but the log went to dust and rags beneath her, and she plunged through to the stream.

There was sincerity in her piercing cry of terror.

Cass Pomeroy, wakened from his beatitude, saw, vaguely through a network of leaves and saplings, the log-bridge going to pieces and something human tumbling with it. He sat up, dropped to the water's edge, and stared at the bruised and half-unconscious girl whom the waters rolled over and over.

He strode out into the stream, struck a step-off, sank, swam, found bottom, stumbled forward to the deeper water. He was in well above his waist when Hat's body smote him in the chest. Her arms wildly clenched him, but not at all as she had foreseen it. She was almost scared to death. What wits she had were all awry.

The creek was deathly cold. It made her sick to her stomach.

Gathering her in as best he could, Cass Pomeroy began to press toward the shore. While Hat was in the water, she was light as a feather; but as he came out and clambered up the bank she grew suddenly lead.

He just barely made the top of the mud-shelf in time to spill her on the moss. He went to his knees panting, wondering if his heart were going to knock a hole through his ribs.

He could not lift his head to breathe, for Hat kept her hands clenched about his neck. He could not help staring in her face, and since he had put away his reading glasses, he saw her in a blur that helped her, veiled the crudities of her features mercifully.

She had all the beauty of young womanhood in terror and in sleep. Her body was young, too, and the scant dress she had selected for her little drama was hardly more than another skin, a flowered calico skin that was quaintly eerie and impossible, almost legendary.

While he struggled to unclasp her hands her eyes came open, her lips parted, she sighed. She had taken time to remember the lines she had rehearsed for his benefit:



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That creamy smoothness you loved in French soap — that firm, fine textured cake! The instant, luxurious lather of Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. It even lasts like French soap!

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"How brave you are! You saved my life! I—I guess I belong to you."

This woke the Hon. Cass Pomeroy from mythology to crass realism. He was a politician, not a poet. He had not come down here to collect young nymphs as property, and as responsibility. He had seen too many promising political careers wrecked upon the reef of affairs with women; he had long since forsworn romance except in books.

If he had had any affairs, no one knew of them but the sharers of them, and they must have been singularly discreet. The general belief was that he was what he pretended to be, a devoted, loyal husband and father.

His enemies had tried hard enough to fasten scandals upon him, but had never succeeded.

The moment Hat spoke, she put him to flight—spiritually, that is. But he could not get away physically. He was too humane to abandon a half-drowned girl to pneumonia. But he had no other than a Samaritan interest in her.

Seeing that he was not at all infatuated, Hat feigned a swoon. She shivered, her teeth chattered—this was honest, for the creek was icy and the woods were dark.

Cass Pomeroy's humanity, no less than his discretion, told him that he could not let this young stranger die on his hands. He must carry her to the sunshine and to shelter.

He glanced back reluctantly to where his fishing pole was bobbing up and down.

Some poor fish was caught there on the disguised hook let down from the mysterious world above for its destruction. Pomeroy was tormented with a desire to see what he had caught. It never occurred to him that he was also the victim of a baited hook, a barbed hook which he would try in vain to escape.

If he had understood, he would have fled from the girl who sprawled at his feet and hid her fatal peril in a look of helplessness. Instead, he bent to lift her from the dank moss.

He could probably never have managed it if Hat had not helped him a little, surreptitiously. He got her up into his arms at last and staggered toward the edge of the woods, tripping over roots and taking a flogging from the branches that whipped his face. He was sure that he would die of a broken heart before he reached the rim of the forest, but he made it.

The sunlight was grateful to Hat, but it revealed her to Pomeroy as less beautiful than in the twilight of the woods. Perhaps it was this realization that led him to halt, get her on her feet, and advise her that it was best for her to walk. When he saw that she could walk, and heard more of her embarrassing gratitude, he ordered her to run, and to run home, lest she catch her death of cold.

He said this in such a family doctor tone that even Hat could tell he was not at all bewitched. She tried the effect of proximity, toppled against him and stared up into his eyes. But she was all wet and not a little clammy, and he made it evident that he was not to be conquered at once.

Still, she had met him and she had a good excuse for meeting him again. So she thanked him with all her heart, praised him with all her vocabulary, and begged him not to tell on her, for fear her folks would punish her.

She tempted him with a vision of herself as a victim of persecution. But even that did not win him. He was beginning to feel the chill of his own immersion and the need of dry clothes. So he said: "I promise not to tell. Better run along, child."

"This'll be just our secret, won't it?" she asked.

He nodded, and she turned homeward. The hot sun had dried her clothes before she reached there, and since she was not even suspected of a misadventure, she was left with a stock of unused lies.

But her mother put her to washing dishes once more, and keeping the pigs fed up. Her resentment smoldered and she cudgled her slow brain for new devices.

The important thing was to get close to Cass Pomeroy again. It took her only a few hours

of hard thinking to invent a new device.

After the midday dinner was cleared away, she vanished from the house and spent the afternoon picking blackberries and velvety raspberries. When the pail was full she marched along the road toward the old Pomeroy farmhouse.

A lad going after the cows met her and asked her for some of her berries. She shook her head.

"These are for the Honorable Pomeroy."

"D'he pay you to pick 'em?"

"No, these are a—a love-offering. We was in the woods together yestiddy and I fell in the crick and he saved my life."

"Aw, go on, you and old Pomeroy in the woods together!"

"I hope to swaller fishhooks if it ain't Gawd's truth. He was awful nice. I'm simply crazy about him."

When the lad brought home the cows, he brought home the story that old Pomeroy was carrying on with Hat Pugmire. The original radio began to spread the news at once and it did not lose in the telling.

A man driving a load of hay and sharing the front seat with his wife offered Hat a lift. The wife sampled the berries but Hat said they were not hers to give away. They belonged to Hon. Pomeroy, who had risked his life to save hers while they were fishing in Catus Creek. They didn't believe her and she asked them to go see the old bridge-tree if it hadn't fell down whilst she and Hon. Pomeroy were sitting on it. If he hadn't swam out with her, she'd have been a goner.

They stopped the wagon at the Pomeroy gate and let Hat down. They saw the Hon. Cass Pomeroy himself in person smile and greet Hat when she approached him. They drove on and whipped up the horses to hasten the news.

A number of prominent citizens were calling upon Pomeroy when Hat arrived, and their eyes popped at what they heard and saw. Hat offered the berries to the statesman and explained:

"These are for savin' my life when we was in the woods together."

Pomeroy squirmed as he realized how the words must sound to the audience, but he could not deny their truth.

Hat lingered till the embarrassed visitors took themselves off. As they looked back they saw her sitting on the porch steps offering select berries to Pomeroy. They could not see how the girl's innocent forwardness embarrassed him. By nightfall everybody in Catusville knew that Hat Pugmire and the great Pomeroy were on mysteriously good terms.

Pomeroy could not get rid of her till dusk and then she affected great terror of going home alone, and more terror of being late. There was nothing for Pomeroy to do but take her with him when he drove in to town.

Several persons saw the two together and the news went about like fire in a wheatfield that Cass Pomeroy was buggy-riding with Hat Pugmire, and her a-settin' mighty close to him.

But she insisted on his letting her out before they reached her home lest her family see them and start to abusing her.

That night Hat lay awake till all hours figuring how to advance her prospering schemes. Suddenly a great idea came to her: Since Cass Pomeroy loved fishing, she would take up fishing. Knowing that her brother Anson was going fishing the next day, she resolved upon an exceedingly bold step.

Rising very early, she prepared for her brother a light breakfast of sausages and cakes, ham and eggs, potatoes, oatmeal, apple sauce and coffee. As soon as he attacked it, she stole out of the kitchen, picked up Anse's can of fresh-culled worms and his pole and ran as fast as she could toward Catusville Creek.

There she found Cass Pomeroy reveling in the morning air and the zest of the world.

To his stupefaction, Hat was suddenly standing by him. Her bare feet had brought her silently over the moss, and he could not help smiling at the eagerness in her eyes. He could not rebuke the blithe meekness of her prayer:

"Morning, Honorable Pomeroy, would you



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mind if I tried to ketch a few fish out of your  
crick?"

"It isn't my crick. Go as far as you like."  
She dropped down at his side and prepared  
to bait her hook, but had some qualms about  
the messy process.

"Ooh! I hate to touch the poor worms,"  
she said. Many ladies are like that—very  
tender of the feelings of the lower animals, but  
quite remorseless in the destruction of man.

Pomeroy laughed, took the can and the hook  
from her, and, with a fisherman's gentle fiend-  
ishness, impaled the poor worm on the steel in  
order to offer it another death in the jaws of a  
fish. Perhaps in that exhibition of cruelty he  
forfeited all rights to claim pity for his own  
approaching doom.

When he gave back the hook to Hat, she  
managed to touch and hold his hand with a  
little confusion, and her gratitude was exces-  
sive.

She was so awkward in making the cast that  
she flipped his hat into the stream. She  
jumped for it and he had to laugh as she waded  
the creek for it. He had to help her up the  
slippery bank, and when she reached the top  
she contrived to fall into his arms and knock  
him over backward.

They laughed uproariously at the mishap,  
but he was not a little shaken by the en-  
counter. Hat was not pretty, but after all she  
was alive and young, and very woman.

Pomeroy was solemn for a while and Hat  
respected his silence, suspecting perhaps that the  
spell of her presence was not so dire a failure as  
before.

He was, indeed, in the desperate plight of  
a man finding himself alone with a woman who  
implies at the same time helplessness to re-  
sist and willingness for defeat. To be a Joseph  
and run away, is a kind of heroism that has  
always seemed somehow contemptible.

Yet a man also abhors too much willingness  
in a woman, and Pomeroy was exceedingly  
human. Otherwise he would not have been  
able to appeal to so large a mob of exceedingly  
human beings. A man of loftier soul would  
have won few votes from the groundlings.

He realized, however, that the groundlings  
are also human enough to despise and destroy  
a leader who lets himself get caught. They  
punish the lack of skill under the guise of pun-  
ishing the sin.

Poor Pomeroy was in a quandary. He  
needed the refreshment of the solitude. If he  
suffered himself to be driven away from this  
cool grotto in the woods, he would have to re-  
turn to the dull farmhouse, and stay there.

Why the devil had this little female devil  
chosen to inflict herself on him? She had al-  
ready spoiled his yesterday, and his favorite  
rod had been yanked from its place and carried  
off down the creek by the lost fish.

And now she was back again, bareheaded,  
barearmed, barelegged, tanned and rough as  
a dryad would have been who dwelt with  
nature all her life. He could not help seeing  
her. He saw her best when he kept his eyes off  
her. She was very pretty when he did not  
look at her. She made little joyous noises of ex-  
citement, whispers, giggles, oohs and ahs,  
brook-like sounds.

Then she caught a fish and went into hys-  
terics over it. He had to seize the rod and help  
her captive ashore. And when it came gleam-  
ing and flipping and swinging about their heads,  
she got herself all mixed up with him again,  
and, before he knew it, she was in his arms,  
leaning against him while he untwisted the  
hook from its gills and dropped it on the  
ground.

She did not leave his arms, but stared up  
and moaned: "Ain't you wonderful? To think  
that I'm out here fishin' with the greatest man  
in America, Honorable Pomeroy!"

Can a man decently throw a fervent admirer  
out of his arms? Pomeroy laughed uncom-  
fortably, yet not altogether uncomfortably,  
and wondered how in heaven he was to be rid  
of her, and was not quite sure that he wanted  
to be rid of her just yet.

She was evidently in no mood to move, for



## THIS MATCHLESS AGE *At the Clubs*

**S**HEDDING the mantle of the com-  
monplace, assuming the prideful  
ease that is his right of membership:  
So enters a man his club.

The world is his, and he would banish  
bother from it. Seizing upon appurten-  
ances that befit this matchless age, he  
waves away the old and bunglesome.

He discarded matches for a lighter—  
and when the Douglass appeared last  
winter it found his pocket first. For the  
Douglass is automatic. No gadgets to  
fumble, no wheels to thumb; it lights  
at the mere press of a trigger.

To possess such a simple, practical  
lighter had long been the hobby of  
Leon F. Douglass one of the founders  
of the Victor Talking Machine Com-  
pany. He tried out lighters  
of every land. Then he set  
his own creative genius to  
the task—a versatile genius

for which he has been granted nearly  
half a hundred patents.

The first Douglass Lighter was for his  
personal use, the next for a critical  
crony.

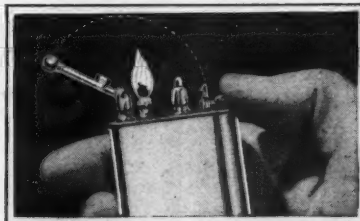
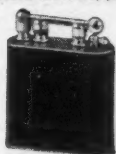
Now the Douglass comes in many  
styles—in gold and silver and rare  
leathers. And each is made with a pre-  
cision that insures unfailing service.

If the Douglass isn't on sale at your  
club, or you do not come handily up-  
on a jeweler, tobacconist or such who  
can show it to you, write Hargraft &  
Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago. They  
will direct you, and send you, too,  
an informative leaflet called "This  
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Douglass need reminding that  
there is no closed season on  
matches for smokers, therefore  
none on Douglass Lighters.  
They should write Hargraft.

*Press the trigger  
there's your light*

*For slender fingers a Doug-  
lass case with lizard,  
water snake, ostrich, or  
colored calfskin. More  
rugged leathers—pigskin,  
tooled morocco, for men*



LOOK FOR NAME DOUGLASS ON BOTTOM OF LIGHTER.

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offered in metal cases with  
a pleasing variety of  
finishes. The prices start  
at \$5 and vary according to  
the finish selected.*



## The Douglass Lighter

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she actually drew his arms tight about her as if she wished to reassure him that he had not offended her by his audacity! And she sighed: "It's awful nice here, ain't it? You saved my life, too. If it hadn't been for you, I'd be dead today. And I never really thanked you!"

Before he could escape her, she flung her arms about his neck, drew his face to hers and kissed him again and again.

He was in an agony of confusion. To rebuff her gratitude, her innocent fervor, was beyond him. He was not immune to the thrill of tight arms and warm lips and the primeval persuasions of a deep forest solitude, a sunlit moss, and a breeze that was in itself an argument for all tenderness. Yet his honesty and his wisdom cried out to him, Begone!

To make his evasion the easier, he gave the girl a kindly hug, returned her kiss and made to put her away. As he looked past her shoulder, he almost died of chagrin, for he saw a young farmer staring at him from across the creek.

There was a grin on his face, and a look of sullen anger, too. Instead of confounding Pomeroy by open ridicule or insult, he darted back into concealment and disappeared. Which confounded Pomeroy more.

He could not be sure whether the farmer were watching or had gone running to the village to announce that the great man was flirting with a girl.

Disgust nauseated the victim of circumstances, and once more he disentangled himself from Hat's wiles and left her to her own devices.

He did not explain that they had been observed. He did not suspect that it was her brother, who had missed his fishing tackle and sought for his thieving sister.

Behold, how all things work together for those who follow the Devil. Hat had not been inspired to drag her brother into her plot, but when she reached home dejected at another failure, she found that she had triumphed.

Not only was the house buzzing with the flattering horror of Hat's affair with the great statesman; not only had the fast-flying wings of gossip carried the news from the village to the ears of the Pugmires; but her brother punched her in the eye for stealing his fishing rod. Then her mother slapped her down for her bad conduct, and her father larruped her with a hickory switch for bringing more shame on the family name.

After the pain and humiliation of the triple beating had been assuaged a little, and before the welts on her back had subsided, Hat's tears were chased away by the realization that she had a perfect excuse for another visit to her victim.

She did not leave the house till after supper. Then she stole a horse from the barn and rode bareback across-country to the Pomeroy farm.

Arriving there, she found Pomeroy smoking on the porch steps alone, reveling in the moonlight. She flung herself from the horse and letting the reins fall to the ground, threw herself into the arms of the dumfounded Pomeroy, sobbing:

"My folks have beat me almost to death for being out with you. Just look at what my father did to me."

And before he could stop her she had slipped one arm out of her waist and exposed the whip-marks across it. A stream of light from the hall lamp made a warm glow about her and gilded her with a certain beauty.

But Pomeroy was wise enough, or virtuous enough, to turn his eyes away and kind enough to call the old woman who kept the house to do something for the poor child's wounds.

Hat went inside, leaving Pomeroy in a swirl of emotions. For all his sympathy, he hated the girl who was plainly going to drive him out of his retreat and leave him the victim of hateful rumors in spite of all he could do.

With a sigh for the loss of his sorely needed vacation, he decided to pack up and go back to town or hunt seclusion elsewhere.

In the meanwhile, Hat was filling the ears of the old housekeeper with her own version of her devotion to Pomeroy and his great interest in her.



## Portrait d'une femme élégante

She adores all exquisite things . . . clothes fastidiously chosen . . . jewels worn "like stars on the fingers of night" . . . toilettries that express the brilliance —enhance the allure—of her own vivid self. She finds a challenge irresistible, an essence keyed to her own singing days, in the magic allure of Parfum Djer-Kiss. This precious odeur —created by M. Kerkoff of Paris—is obtainable in face powder, rouge, talcum powder, sachet, bath crystals, eau de toilette, as well as compacts!

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Worse yet, when her bruises were dressed, she flatly declined to go home. She said that her father would never let her in again, he would kill her if she came back. Pomeroy was almost ready to kill her if she did not leave.

He tried to find her horse, but the old nag had turned about and gone back to its old stall at top speed. Pomeroy offered to send her back in the buggy, but she would not leave.

She wept and pleaded so frantically that there was nothing to do but promise her shelter for the night.

When this was guaranteed, she became a contented child. She chattered away to Pomeroy and told of her ambitions to go to the city and become somebody. She had no chance in Catusville to be anything but a toadstool or a fungus growing on a dead stump.

The truth of this was undeniable, and Pomeroy, in a moment of dangerous liberality, said that he would help her to escape. He gave her a hundred dollars, nearly all the cash he had, and extracted from her a promise to leave the farm the next morning on the train. He advised her where to go in New York to find a respectable home and kindly people who would find work for her.

Since she showed an inclination to talk all night and was still prattling away after the housekeeper and the farmer were in their beds, Pomeroy bade her a good night. She followed him up the steps and kissed him loudly.

When he closed his door on her great eyes, he took the precaution to lock it quietly.

At some mysterious hour he heard a tapping on his door and went to open it. There was Hat in one of the housekeeper's nightgowns moaning:

"I'm awful scared. It's spooky in there."

He gave her a look of rage and contempt, and whispered: "Go back to your room, you little beast!"

He closed the door against her and locked it. He remembered afterward that she made no further sound in the hall. He wondered if she had been heard tapping at his door.

She had.

At daybreak there was a great clatter in the yard. Pomeroy looked out of the window and saw three or four men on horseback and two in buggies. They saw him at the window and demanded that he come down.

He threw on a bathrobe and went to the front porch. One of the men announced that he was Hat's father and he had missed his daughter. The old horse had come home without her and a few friends had been searching for her everywhere. They had finally thought to come to him, since she had taken such a liking for him.

Pomeroy's scarlet rage looked like scarlet guilt, and his hesitation over an answer confirmed his look. Before he could frame a reply, old Pugmire, glancing up, cried:

"There she is, peekin' out of your winder."

And there she was. She had run in through his open door and made sure of her discovery.

When Pomeroy had closed his door in her face, he had turned her interest in him, whatever it may have been, to black rage. He had given her the final unforgivable insult, and she rejoiced now in the opportunity of trampling him underfoot as she rose by his fall.

In the little posse that accompanied her father was an ambitious young newspaper man, a correspondent of a national news service who had rarely anything to contribute. Now was his first chance to shine and he made the most of it. The fact that his people had always belonged to the political party that Pomeroy was always attacking, added to his sense of consecration.

When Hat had dressed and come down the stairs, she did and said nothing to clear Pomeroy of the charges against him. He was faint with wrath and helpless realization that any reproach for her would rob him of his last shred of honor.

Pugmire, rising to glorious heights of parental majesty, announced that he was not only going to sue Pomeroy for damages, but have him arrested for his criminal treatment of the

girl who was still so young that, according to the recent laws, Pomeroy would have been guilty of abduction even if he had married her.

When Mr. Pugmire dragged Hat into his buggy and drove off with her, she managed quite accidentally to disclose the hundred dollars and to let it be assumed that it was the price of her honor.

As the posse left the yard, Pomeroy turned to the farmer and the housekeeper. Before he could speak, the housekeeper gave him the look one usually saves for reptiles, and sneered: "Such goin's-on under a respectable roof! Don't think I didn't hear you last night."

She entered the house and gave the door a slam that put a period to his welcome within.

Pomeroy turned to the farmer and smiled wofully. "You don't believe any of this, do you, Uncle?"

The farmer spat cynically and grumbled: "Wall, I wisht you could have went somewhere else with your city ways."

Pomeroy shrugged his shoulders and was not fool enough to waste any of his famous eloquence on such partisans. His mind was in a swirl of dismay. He had seen so many eminent politicians and magnates brought tumbling from the heights to the depths of ignominy and, worse, of public ridicule by revealed entanglements with women.

When the women were young, the disgrace was worse. Nobody dared befriend the accused. Though the honesty and veracity of little women might be suspected in every other field, they had only to cry out against a man and he was damned without recourse.

Pomeroy had tried to rescue some of his friends in such cases, for the sake of the party if for no other reason. Once or twice the accused made frenzied protestations of innocence, but he had never been able to believe them. Knowing how honorably, mercifully, wisely he had dealt with this peculiar little serpent who had fanged him for some unknown reason, Pomeroy could hardly believe his own innocence. He had had thoughts. He had hurled them from his soul with disdain, but they had visited it. He was so distraught that he wondered if he had been really innocent.

His mind was like a mad dog's. He wanted to howl and rend everybody in his insane panic.

He had to take himself by the throat almost to compel his reason to bestir itself for his rescue from complete disaster.

One thing was certain. If he went to Catusville to take the train, he would perhaps be mobbed, he would almost certainly be jailed. A village cell was a poor place to fight from.

He demanded that the farmer hitch up a buggy and drive him at once to the station beyond. And there he took the first train East. When he reached home, the first paper he bought had him in the head-lines.

What followed is well known to those who read history in the daily chronicles. The warrant for his arrest, the efforts to extradite him, the hint that the poor victim of his guile was about to become a mother, the suit against him for three hundred thousand dollars for breach of promise; the announcement that his wife had sued him for divorce, and that his party had withdrawn all support from his reported candidacy—these and other things kept him and Hat in the big type on the front pages.

Hard-headed friends who did not dare to defend him publicly, secretly advised him to make a cash settlement with the girl and drop out of the head-lines for a time. When he pleaded with them to believe him innocent, they grinned and said, "Oh, of course!" And they thought they paid him the greater compliment after all; for, they argued, "Who wants to be a Joseph?"

The cash settlement with Hattie cost him thirty thousand dollars. She was determined to beat Millie Applegate's record at least.

The cash settlement with Mrs. Pomeroy and the costs of the divorce made still heavier inroads in Pomeroy's life savings. He was a poor man when he was released from all his earthly ties, and was forced to begin life over again as a broker on a commission basis.

This the public does not know, for the papers had long since tired of him and of Hattie Pugmire. They did not even report the dramatic climax in which she collected her money and gave her father the laugh when he asked her to hand it over to him. When he begged for enough to pay off the inevitable mortgage, she gave him "the merry ha-ha!" When he implored her to come home, she tossed him a hundred dollars and said:

"You can git an electric dishwasher for that. And you can whip it all you want. Ta-ta, darling!"

She went to New York and cannily invested the fortune she had so cannily earned. Most wisely she invested a deal of it in beauty parlors and dressmakers' wares and in education of a sort.

In fact, she became the silent partner in a barber shop for ladies and learned the profession of manicuring, which opened numberless avenues to wealth and perhaps to a golden marriage.

One day her five hundredth customer turned out to be—as she would have said, "none other than Honorable Pomeroy." "Dishonorable Pomeroy" was his name on other lips, but to her he was always "Hon."

She recognized him at once, but he never dreamed that the glossy doll manipulating his fingers with such delicate impersonality was the engine of his ruin.

Then she fell back into her old Catusville voice and murmured: "Morning, Honorable Pomeroy, would you mind if I ketched a few fish out of your crick?"

He started so that the curved scissors snapped off a morsel of flesh. But he did not notice that in his amazement. She laughed:

"Yes, it's me. Hat Pugmire as was. Madamselle Arlette as is."

His eyes flashed with rage, then dulled, and his head sank like Samson's when his hair was gone and he looked stupidly at Delilah of the shears. Like the bewildered Samson he mumbled:

"Why did you do it? What harm had I ever done to you?"

Hattie reared up angrily and answered him with harsh eyes: "You was—you were a famous man, and rich. You were my only chance to get out of Catusville. I had a right to my chance at life and I took it. You ought to understand. When you were in politics you could only win by dragging down the other fella. Well, that's how I won. If it hadn't been for you, I'd still be sloshin' in the suds at Catusville and callin' the pigs to their swill."

He looked about him dolefully. He cast his eyes down at her dainty fingers whose very nails were jewels. He looked up along her silken arm to her rosy face, her well-limned lips, her lustrous eyes in their heavily-leaded fringes.

He laughed sheepishly. He could afford a cynicism now that he was no longer the leader of a high-minded citizenry.

"It seems to me that I have done pretty well by you."

"You cert'n'y have," laughed Arlette.

"But I've had the name without the game," he sighed.

She took his hand in her two soft palms and murmured: "You cert'n'y have. But—say, listen, dear, have you got a date for dinner to-night?"

"No, but I've got the price."

"Price nothin'. You've spent enough on me. I got a swell little apartment, and a cook that can broil a live lobster so he thinks he's still livin'."

"You can do that yourself," said Pomeroy. And he laughed till the tears poured down his cheeks.

The tears poured down Arlette's cheeks, too, as she stared at the man to whom she owed all she was. It was not much, but it was what she wanted to be. She had known fame of a sort. She had money. She could afford what had once been far out of her reach. She could afford to be generous.

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## Dangerous Business by Edwin Balmer (Continued from page 31)

got to say," she considered, "what's best for business."

"For business!" objected Ellen. "I'll say it's for business," observed Di coolly. "Art slung that party, and had me at it, to get the Metten business for Slengels. Why d'you suppose I parked on Jello's knee? Art says we sure made a start with Sam Metten last night. How much business does he swing, Ellen? You know. Rountree has been getting most of it in our line. What do Mettens order from you a year? Four hundred thousand, about?"

Ellen's mind flew to the files with which she dealt day by day and in which the order sheets of the Mettens composed the second most important account. It totaled, she knew, nearly half a million yearly. She nodded, unthinking, to Di's question.

"Slengels will clear ten percent gross, anyway, if they get it," reckoned Di. "That's tearing off forty thousand in one night's entertainment, ain't it? Not one night, of course," she considered fairly. "There was preparation for last eve; and we aren't through. But if we rip away that Metten business from Rountree and if Jello keeps my case, when I give it back, Art Slengel sure can buy me another—if I don't want an automobile instead."

"What?" gasped Ellen.

Di inhaled and let the smoke out gently through her pretty, provocative nose. "Selling," she formulated sagely, "is sure woman's work, these days. Nights, I mean. Selling the big stuff, I mean; not the little stuff; and selling the big men. The bigger they are, the more they do appreciate a little personal attention."

"To think of the weeks and months I tossed away kidding the keys of a typewriter from eight-thirty A. M. to five-thirty P. M. What difference did I make at a typewriter? All the letters looked alike except mine; they were worse. But I certainly made a lot of difference last night in Jello's lap."

Ellen could not consider the bearing of this upon the business; she could not dwell upon the effect of it upon Di. Jay Rountree was coming home; and to think of Sam Metten's fat, flabby arms about Di was to be cast, by contrast, into Jay's arms. She was cast, by her mind, into his arms where she had never been. Startlingly this morning she longed for physical touch with him; startlingly she felt the restraints within her broken down. She would catch them up again; she must, of course. He was coming to the office within two hours; he was in trouble again. What sort of trouble? Because of a girl?

Arms of many men enfolded Di; many kissed her. Di liked it. How could she?

Jay kissed other girls, undoubtedly. Ellen did not wonder how he could. It was different with him. The idea of it only heated her longing. She rubbed, hard, at her lips. She sat before her mirror to powder before going out and, staring at herself, she tried to imagine how she seemed to him.

She gazed at him in the pictures and realized, with a sudden throb of joy, that she would see him and speak with him this morning, whatever happened.

She thrust her pictures far back in the drawer and she deserted Di for the cafeteria across the street. In spite of the outside cold, which aided other appetites, Ellen wanted only coffee and a roll; and she was shaking, as she served herself, in the ecstasy of her increasing excitement. She drove her mind back to Di. Should she have said more to Di? It was no use talking to Di; something had to be done about her; and the thing could be no easy shift of responsibility such as a letter to Di's father to summon her home.

Di would laugh at the idea of returning home. What would she do at home, especially in the winter? Ellen well knew Di's home,

which was neighbor to her own, a quarter-mile away across the white hills and deeply drifted dales of Emmet County, Michigan, at the very tip north end of the opposite shore of the roaring, snow-swept lake.

Ellen's father lived there because he had been born on the land and because the house, which once had been a farmhouse, was a fine place for the family of a man who had taken to the lakes and who, on a skipper's pay, had a wife and six children.

Adrian Powell was master now of the ore-carrier Blennora, which, from the first day in spring when the ice-breakers cleared a channel through Whitefish Bay until the zero cold of December again "closed" the Soo, must bear iron, iron, iron from Duluth to Chicago. Back and forth, ceaselessly, with the shortest possible delays for loading and discharging ore, the Blennora must make the most of its nine months' season. Gargantuan loaders chuted in ten thousand tons to the holds; enormous mechanical maws—"clamshells"—withdrew the ore, a thousand tons to the hour, so that incredibly the Blennora docked, full-laden, and cleared in ballast between dawn and twilight of the same day.

It mattered little where a skipper's wife awaited him throughout these months while the ship steamed south, deep-laden, red iron heaped to the tops of the holds. North, light; south, laden again. So, from the spring break-up of the ice to the winter freeze-up, Selina Powell watched the lake from the old, fresh-painted farmhouse which Adrian could just see in his spy-glass as a white spot against a green hill as the Blennora bore west one-quarter north out of the Straits of Mackinac before the swing south around Waugoshance shoals.

When he passed at night, always—for his wife followed the shipping—a point of light gleamed for him, a love star on the black shore. It was his beacon, telling him all was well.

To compensate for his long absence, as absolute—save for the spy-glass and the light—as though he voyaged to the Antipodes, he was home while the winter held the lakes in leash. Winter, in Ellen's girlhood, meant her father. It meant little, loving Mother happier and no longer waiting and watching the water; it meant love and man's tenderness and man's heartiness in the house. Big, steaming breakfasts of meat and batter cakes; pipe smoke; men in and out; the girls doubling—Ellen had three sisters—to supply a guest-room for Curley, father's second officer, or for the Blennora's chief engineer. Guns and snow-shoes; men's heavy things drying before the stove; men's stories and talk and laughter. From this home Ellen had come to Chicago.

Lem Dewitt, Di's father, was an automobile mechanic with a job, usually, in the garage at Hoster. He had been, once, the town beau and had married the town belle. Pansy was a faded, querulous beauty in this day, recognized by old suitors who returned to town by her auburn hair. Lem was lazy and let the place run down. It was a one-story, clapboard cottage, originally white, weathered to dirty gray and streaked by rusty water dripping through the rotted gutters. The roof wanted mending, the rooms wanted paper and paint; the flues wanted cleaning. Pansy complained about it all and herself lay late abed, "did" her dishes and housework in boudoir cap and a cheap, gaudy kimono. She had time to manicure her pink hands and massage her sagging cheeks but not to scrub the floor.

From this home Diana, the eldest child, had fled to Detroit, whence she had come to Chicago to settle her dainty, dependent, man-desired self upon Ellen. In the two years since she had forsaken Hoster, Di never had returned; and she corresponded, when at all, upon picture post-cards.

Her mother's letters were chiefly complaints, in response to which Di impulsively deprived herself of a filmy blouse, worn a bit but not yet ready to be discarded, and mailed it home; or she would slip into parcel-post a pair of new gloves or silk stockings from the constantly accruing meed of her admirers.

It was ridiculous to suppose that Di would go home or pay the slightest attention to parental exhortation, especially since she had discovered her powers to delight men at a business "party."

The Rountree company did not approve "parties." Mr. Rountree allowed no item on the company pay-roll—or in the expense accounts of his salesmen—for the services of party girls. He directed that business be got by business methods.

The Slengels operated by far more personal methods and after far less stern ideas; and whatever one said of them, no one could deny that they were getting results. In New York they had just taken away an account from Rountree and were in full cry after the Nucast business; and here they were after the Metten business—with Di in Sam Metten's lap.

What could Ellen do about Di? Mr. Rountree could not help her; he would tell her to make Di come back to his office. Ellen knew that Di would no more return to the typewriter than she would go home to Hoster. Jay Rountree would understand that. Why was a man like Mr. Rountree, who saw into no one, never in trouble, while Jay, who appreciated others so perfectly, forever was in difficulties himself?

What difficulty—today? A girl? Did he love her? Ellen very well knew that he had never loved herself. No matter, if he loved, loved no one else. He did not have to love her to make her happy when he was home. Not happy enough; not nearly, nearly all the happiness which might be; but more than she could have with anyone else. When she was with him, he pulled her something in her heart which no one else touched at all. It hurt but she wanted it to hurt. The sight of him and his eyes on hers and his smile at her did it; when he spoke to her, in his nice, friendly way, he drew at something in her throat so that she could not speak. It hurt but she wanted it repeated and harder. She wanted nothing so much as more of that hurt from him, and harder, harder. That was to love; to hurt and to want to hurt harder, harder . . .

She reached the office and laid off her coat in the little closet between Mr. Rountree's room and her own beside it. The mail-clerk delivered to her the morning's tray of telegrams and letters for Mr. Rountree and left her alone with them at the big desk. Here was one from New York; on business.

"The Nucast business is safe," it said. That was good news; that would please Mr. Rountree. The Nucast account was a big one; bad to lose to the Slengels. More business messages; from Cleveland; from Baltimore; from New York. Another from New York; not business. Personal, this. Amelia Cather Lytle signed it.

This was about Jay; for Amelia Cather Lytle was Mrs. Lytle, the mother of Lida. Not of Lida Lytle. The mother had married again, as wealthy people in New York so frequently did. Lida's name was Lida Haige; that girl in her teens at Miss Willett's school; that girl . . .

Then Ellen, with her hands pressed against her breast to stop the thumping of her heart, read the message.

Jay disembarked at the LaSalle Street station amid a medley of college boisterousness and business greetings. Mostly it was a college crowd clustered about the gates.

Ben's mother and sister met him and Jay. They wanted to run Jay home in their car; but Jay told them he was bound for the office.

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Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

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"I'll toss your bag in at your house," Ben offered; and Jay gave it to Ben before he remembered that, likely, he would not sleep at home tonight; perhaps never again.

Ben had not intruded further into the affair of the telegram; and he referred to it for the first time since he had delivered it. "Want me to do anything for you?" he asked.

Jay said no, thanks. Mrs. Crosby invited, "Will you dine with us tomorrow?"

"Can't tell I'll be in town," said Jay.

"You needn't tell us," said Ben's mother.

"Just come if you can; or whenever you can."

Jay went to the telegraph desk, where he wrote out the words which had been forming in his head for the last hour. "Don't be sorry," he read to himself in whispers after he had written it. "Be glad. I am." He signed it and dispatched it to Lida.

That bound the matter; that bound him. So, definitely committed, he went out to the blowing snow of the street and strode eastward, facing the blizzard. Glad? He was not glad. That was untrue; that was a lie but of the sort which had to be told. The only way to do this was gladly; or as if you were glad; as if you wanted to. "Marry her; I marry her. Marry . . . Lyda; Leeda; my wife . . ." The idea ran into images of her in his arms; Lida embracing him; her kisses; his lips on hers.

Pleasant in a car to kiss her and embrace her; or under the trees after a dance. She was a warm little sprite. He liked her, that way. He had liked her very much as a companion in the light-hearted, reckless expeditions in Westchester County and Connecticut. She had delighted in them; and they had done no harm, no real harm—until Nucast.

When Jay had told her that he would be in New York for a week-end, Lida would "sign out" at school but she would not report at home. She and another girl would meet Jay and another man—never Ben—and the four of them would drive out in the country, sometimes to friends' houses; road-houses, sometimes. Always at night, he would leave Lida at some safe and chaperoned place such as his sister's home in Westchester County.

Margaret, his sister, was Mrs. Ralph Armiston and Ralph was sales agent for the Rountree company in the East. It was at Ralph's and Margaret's that he and Lida had happened upon Nucast. For they had found Nucast as a house guest. Margaret and Ralph both were making a great fuss over him. They said nothing when Nucast, liking Lida, invited her to drive over to another party with him.

Jay had never seen Nucast before. "He's all right?" Jay asked Ralph.

"Of course he's all right," said Ralph.

He was not all right and Ralph had known it, but in the cause of his own advantage Ralph had risked Lida rather than anger Nucast. For Nucast's business was essential to Ralph; Nucast held, largely, the Armistons' prosperity in his hands. So they had let Lida go with Nucast.

Not until yesterday had Jay learned that Nucast had proved not all right. Lida had supposed him like other friends of Jay and the Armistons (not entertained and indorsed for business advantage); Lida had gone on the theory that it was safe to drink with him as with Jay or his friends who would see that she never had too much and who would never take advantage. But Nucast had taken advantage.

Now there was nothing that Nucast could do; for he was married. Moreover, Lida wanted never to see Nucast. She had come to Jay because he was to blame for Nucast, he had left her with Nucast, guaranteed him to her. And fury, not against her, but at Nucast and Ralph and his sister flamed in Jay. But Ralph and Margaret were powerless to aid Lida.

He alone of them all could help her. So he had offered himself yesterday; and today she had accepted him.

The cold cut him. His father's office was on Michigan Avenue, confronting the lake. He reached the building.



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He wanted to think what to say to his father; he tried to; but his mind would make no proper preparation for the story he was required to tell. His mind went back and back again to the truth which he must not impart to anyone, least of all to his father. For his father, told the truth, would intervene; he would simply smash up everything which Jay had prepared to protect Lida. No one else must know; he must go through with it.

Fourteenth floor. Out here. John Roundtree and Company. That door, beyond which was his father.

Jay opened it and faced his father at his desk with Ellen Powell near him. She was standing, very white. What big gray eyes she had! What big, steady eyes!

"Shut that door," his father commanded.

Jay closed the door and confronted his father. "You've heard," he said; and it was plain. Plain, too, that his father believed what had been reported to him. For a few seconds Jay felt sick.

He would not have minded so much his father believing him when he accused himself; but already his father had condemned him on the word of another.

Jay turned against the lie in himself; he wanted to cry out against it to his father; he wanted to clear himself of it as of nothing else in all his life. But what had he wired to Lida just now? "Be glad. I am." It meant he was going through with it; going through! So he stared at his father and took it.

"I have heard," said his father, "quite fully."

"Yes," said Jay. "I suppose so." And his mind set to working. What had his father heard? He knew, in general, with what he had been charged; but with what special circumstances had it been related?

So Jay asked, because he had to ask: "What have you heard, Father?" And he saw this strike his father as an effort of concealment.

His father refused to reply and turned to Ellen Powell. "Where are those telegrams about him?"

"You have them," Ellen whispered and cleared her voice and repeated more loudly, "You have them."

"Where?"

They were before him; and she moved to the desk and touched them.

He drew them from under her throbbing finger-tips. He turned them upside down, insultingly, as his son's eyes rested on them.

"You want to know how much I know, do you?"

"No, Father."

"That's what you asked."

"It's not what I meant."

"What did you mean?"

Jay couldn't tell him.

Ellen Powell was standing near his father. Why did she? Why didn't she leave the room?

Jay glanced at her and saw her whiter, even, than before; and her eyes so big and gray. She had read the telegrams, of course; they had come first to her. She had learned all about him.

He had begun to feel as though those telegrams told what he had done. He looked away from her, biting his lips. He was sick, sick again. He might almost as well be guilty. He had not realized it would be like this. Why didn't she leave the room?

"Do you deny," demanded his father, "any of this?"

"No," said Jay. It was his chance to see the telegrams but, unthinking, he had passed it.

"How old is the girl?"

"Lida?"

"Have you others?"

"Others!" cried Jay; he could cast off that.

"No; no, Father."

"What use is your word? Didn't you deny this a month ago?"

What did his father mean? Jay wondered.



—"they're just as important to me as the smoke itself"

## "And Some of These, Please—"

"And two packages of Life Savers," he said to the clerk when he had chosen his day's supply of cigars.

"They're just as important as the tobacco itself," he went on. "Great between smokes. I use them now all the time. You'll always find a couple of packages on my desk at the office. And in my pocket at other times. I wouldn't be without them."

\* \* \*

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between  
smokes

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In a moment he returned to the question: "How old is she?"

"Old? She's just nineteen." Why didn't Ellen Powell go?

His father turned to her. "He wrote me a letter on his twenty-third birthday, last month," he said to her. "Find me that letter."

Ellen went to the personal files against the wall and bent over; she knelt as she searched, she was shaking so.

Looking about, she saw Mr. Rountree watching her as he waited for the letter.

Jay, watching her, remembered that on his birthday he had made one of his periodical attempts to clear up quarrels with his father; he had made a special effort of reconciliation, writing to his father honestly of what he had and had not done. In reply, his father had been conciliatory, expressing a certain amount of faith in him and a willingness to take him on trust for the future. But now his father believed, and must believe, that he had written that letter after—Lida.

He burned with flaming shame at this realization; and his father swung about and caught him.

"You now recollect your letter?"

Jay nodded.

Ellen drew it from the files and brought it slowly to the desk.

"You wrote me this after you—you must have written this after—"

Jay had to say it. "Yes, Father."

So he was stripped of any defense of himself.

"Very well, Miss Powell," his father said to her, dismissing her.

Ellen closed the first door and the second. Shut away from their voices—Mr. Rountree's only it was, soon—she sat at her desk, stifled. He had done what the telegrams implied! He had said so. Yet he was the same.

When she had faced him and heard him say so, he had been the same as before to her. He was in trouble, in far, far deeper trouble than ever, but he had not changed to her. She had not shrunk from him or wanted to shrink from him. She had not reproached him or wanted to. She had wanted to help him, to defend him as never before. He was hers, hers to help and defend, whatever he had done. She did not, she could not care; she loved him never, never so much as at this moment.

Suppose he had done wrong, terribly wrong, unforgivably wrong with Lida Haige! She forgave him! Whatever it was she ought to feel against him, she felt for him. She yearned to be with him.

He did not love Lida Haige.

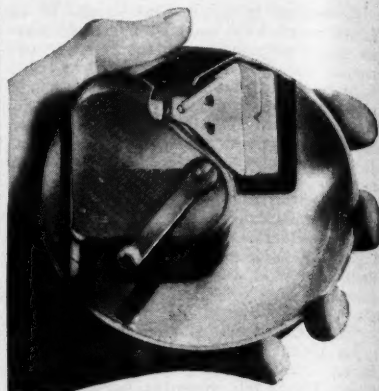
This was not as he would have come if he loved, loved her. He had done wrong with Lida Haige; that was all.

All? It was a great deal; oh, it was a very great deal! But it was not all. To love was all.

That letter which he had written upon his birthday and which she had just found in the files; his fine, fair, frank letter. She knew the substance of it, for his father had dictated to her the reply and quoted many of Jay's words. How fine and frank the boy had been! But if he had written it with Lida Haige on his soul, how false and low and utterly base!

Ellen sat up straighter, with her heart pounding harder and more slowly, with a stifling hardness and slowness, as she recollected phrases of Jay's letter. If he had written it with Lida Haige on his soul, she could not forgive him. But never, never could he have written it then. She could imagine him having done wrong with Lida Haige but she could not imagine, him, having done it, composing that letter.

Her heart pounded and pounded but it was ceasing to stifle her. Slowly, pulling herself up on her hands upon the desk, she arose. She had to return to the other room. She went to the first door, opened it, heard their voices. She opened the second door.



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"Do not come in!" Mr. Rountree faced her. Jay faced her, very white. He, too, wanted her out.

She clung to the door and gazed at him, holding his eyes on hers. He looked away but his eyes returned to her and with the flood of her faith in him, color crept into his cheeks; and her faith filled her again.

"Do not come in!" Mr. Rountree forbade her.

She almost cried out in reply. Cried out what? That Jay had not done that which he had admitted. But there he stood before his father, having confessed it.

"You don't want me?" was all she could say.

"No."

She retreated; and through the door beat and beat the voice of his father who believed the boy had done that thing and, so believing, was making disposition in these minutes of Jay's years ahead, of all his years ahead.

"Marry . . . marry," Ellen heard. It was plain that Mr. Rountree commanded him to marry Lida Haige. It was plain that this was what Jay proposed to do; so it was the very thing which his father, instead of enforcing, should prevent! For there was an element in this affair of which he was ignorant, and which Jay would not tell.

At last the buzzer under her desk sounded and Ellen reentered the big room.

"Put in a telephone call for Mrs. Imbrie Lytle on Park Avenue, New York City," Mr. Rountree directed. Then he shot at Jay, "Possibly you can supply the telephone number."

"I can," said Jay and gave it.

"I will return before you complete the call," Mr. Rountree said and was upon his feet, tall and towering over her. His black hair was damp with sweat as though he had been through violent physical struggle. Tiny beads of sweat stood on his forehead.

He passed Jay without glancing at him and went into the general offices.

Jay had remained near the door but he came toward the desk after his father had gone.

"That's over," he said to Ellen; and she replied:

"I've got to put in that call."

She tried to tell him, by the way she said it, that she was acting against him only under orders; she was not against him.

"Go ahead," he said. So she sat in his father's chair and started the call, while he watched her. He was paler and his eyes were wider and he was astrain. He was astrain somewhat as he was in that picture which she kept in her room, showing him at his oar at the end of a race.

Jay turned from her and went to a window where the storm offered violence enough to draw away his thoughts to the lake. Her father was on the lake, likely, guiding his great ship through the gale.

"Where's your father?" he inquired, turning to her. "Still with his ship?"

Ellen swung about in Mr. Rountree's swivel chair. "Yes; he ought to be beyond the Straits. Navigation's lasting late this year."

"This'll soon close it," said Jay. "Then he'll be home; you'll all be home for Christmas, won't you?" he asked, attempting to speak in his old, eager way.

"I suppose so," said Ellen dully. Christmas! What would Christmas be to her this year, though she was at home, with Jay Rountree married to Lida Haige?

"Your mother well?" asked Jay.

"Yes."

"And the rest of your family?"

Ellen nodded; and to save herself she could not keep tears from her eyes.

"Someone's not," said Jay, with his swift concern. "Who is it? What's the matter?"

"Nobody!" She tossed the tears away.

"They're all right. It's nobody at home. It's here."

"Oh," said Jay. "I've bothered you."

"Yes; it's you."



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"Don't bother!" said Jay. "Don't! You—you've always been mighty decent to me."

"I mean to be! I mean always to be!" How little she was in his father's big chair with her toes not quite touching the floor! She had pretty, slender feet. Her big, steady eyes were on his, very unlike Lida's eyes. Lida's were small and brilliant and restless, and Lida's lips were restless, even in a kiss. This girl's would be gentle and steady. What a fancy to fly through his head!

He returned to the refuge of impersonal talk: "How's Miss Dewitt?"

"All right," replied Ellen, not thinking at all. "I mean, she's left us."

"Oh, has she? Trouble here?"

"No trouble. She's gone to the Slengels. They offered her a party job; or that's what it's turned into."

"Oh."

"The Slengels are going after our big accounts, you know," Ellen reported. "They're out for the Metten business here; and they've been after the Nucast business in New York. But that's safe, we heard this morning."

"What?" asked Jay. "What?"

"Your brother-in-law wired last night." She picked up a telegram from the desk and handed it to him.

"The Nucast business is safe," Jay read and rocked on his heels. So yesterday Nucast had given Ralph his order; yesterday Nucast had paid Jay Rountree.

For this must be payment—or what Nucast would consider payment—to him for his offer to Lida. It dizzied him. Almost he lost control of himself before he dropped the telegram and went out.

Ellen picked it up. She thought in some way she must have handed him, instead of the business message, a telegram about himself; but she read again: "The Nucast business is safe." Only the business message; yet it had affected him more than all else this morning. Why?

Holding it, she put away Mrs. Lytle's telegram. What it told was not so! This business message referred, she knew, to what had happened to Jay Rountree.

In the waiting-room outside his father's office Jay was hailed by an agreeable, vigorous voice and a bald, neatly barbered man of forty-five extended a broad, firm hand cordially, at the same time repeating Jay's name.

Jay had no idea of his, but supposed that he had met the man with his father. Evidently this was a buyer and an important buyer or he would not be in this inner room nor would Lowry, the salesmanager, be so full of fidgets because Jay had forgotten him.

"Mr. Metten and I were speaking of the round you shot at Skokie last summer with Melhorn—or was it Hagen?" Lowry said quickly to supply Jay with the name.

He was Metten, of course; one of the Mettens, for there were two, a younger, fat brother and this one, Phil Metten. Jay shook hands and said Melhorn had showed him up.

"Not at all," protested Metten. "You shot one beautiful game. Par, my Lord! A sand-trap is nothing to you. A birdie; an eagle; a birdie, you drop in a row like that! If just once I drop a birdie—"

Metten embarked upon a vivid description of his own game, gratified that Jay stood listening or seeming to listen. Actually, Jay's mind had gone again to Nucast, who was paying him for marrying Lida.

It could be no mere coincidence that on the same day Jay Rountree had assumed responsibility for Lida, Nucast had called Ralph and promised to Rountree his profitable business for another year—that business which had been in doubt until yesterday. No; this was reward to Jay; and reward extended in such form that it could never involve Nucast personally, and also could not be refused. How could Jay demand the rejection of the Nucast business without exposing everything he was pledged to keep from public view?

"Where do you play, South?"

"What?" inquired Jay, aware that a question was asked him.

Metten repeated it, drawing him to the chairs, where they all sat down. Metten, it seemed, was going South to play after Christmas and he wanted to know about Southern clubs.

"Some place with good golf and nice people," particularized Metten. "Not the crowd."

Jay mentioned a few resorts, while trying to recall what Ellen Powell had just said about Metten. Oh, yes; the Metten business was up in the air, as the Nucast account had been. Slengels were after the Mettens. So that was why Lowry had Phil Metten here this morning and was so nervous about the impression made by Jay.

He realized that he had been keeping Metten waiting for an appointment with his father; but Metten did not seem to mind nor to be in any hurry now. He made a joke and Jay smiled. At what? he wondered afterwards. The funny thing was in his own mind; and it was that Nucast was paying him, and he was put in the position of receiving payment, but no penny of it went to his empty pockets. You might as well smile at being broke, absolutely, and marrying under the conditions.

Of course he could not marry without obtaining funds somehow. So, while he discussed Southern golf courses, he inventoried his assets with regard to new necessities. What, in cash, did marriage cost?

Metten mentioned a wish for a place pleasant for his wife; and Jay wondered how much Metten estimated as the cost of taking his wife South after Christmas. How much must he have to take Lida Haige away with him? Not Lida Haige then; Lida Rountree. She would require much more than Mrs. Metten.

From fifty dollars, which Jay had borrowed from Ben in New York, he had sixteen left. Not even the fare back East. In his checking account at Cambridge he had at best ten or twelve dollars; at worst, and more probably, an overdraft. Every month a forgotten check or two surprised him. Bills at Cambridge and in Boston would total a couple of thousand more, maybe. They had not bothered him before; he had planned to pay most of them when he would leave next June. But he was leaving now. In fact, he realized with something of a start, he already had left.

"Do you know Tryston?" said Metten. "No," said Jay; what was Metten talking about?

"Certainly you know Tryston," Lowry rebuked him. "You won a cup there."

"Oh; the Tryston Club!" Jay was listening to his father, who, by another door, had returned to the office. Had Ellen Powell completed the call to Mrs. Lytle?

"Tryston is a good, sporty course," he said to Phil Metten. "The best mountain course I know in the South."

"You think Mrs. Metten and me, we will like it? Nice people go there? You know them?"

"Yes," said Jay. There was his father's voice, phoning to New York while he talked Southern golf courses. No matter. His father could not bind him more than already he had bound himself to Lida. "You'll like it. I know the people."

Ellen Powell appeared in the doorway and Jay jumped up. Her eyes lingered on him but she had not come for him; she did not speak to him; she invited Phil Metten, pleasantly, "Will you come in, please?" And she apologized, "Mr. Rountree is very sorry to have kept you waiting."

No harm done from that, Jay thought; for Metten stayed where he was, asking more details about Tryston. Lowry was over his fidgets and was keeping Metten there with Jay instead of trying to move him on into the office.

"Can you lunch with me?" Metten asked Jay.

"What?"

"I'd like to take you to lunch."



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"Oh, thanks," said Jay. "I can't today."

"How is tomorrow for you?"

"All right," accepted Jay absent-mindedly,  
as Lowry jostled him. "That is, if I'm in  
town."

"We make it tomorrow. Very glad to  
know you better," said Metten, again grasp-  
ing Jay's hand before he went with Lowry  
and Ellen Powell.

She looked back as she closed the door,  
and smiled soberly at him. For the moment  
he wondered about her; then, left alone, he  
dropped upon his chair. Ben would go back to  
his rooms, after Christmas vacation, and pack  
up his things and send them to him—where?  
Where would he be having his room with Lida?  
How would he pay for it?

Not with Lida's money; so much was cer-  
tain. But what would Lida do with her  
money? She had a great deal, which she  
surely would spend. How could he stop her?  
He had not reckoned with the difficulty of  
Lida with a lot of money, he with nothing and  
less than nothing; debts.

He went out and, upon Michigan Avenue  
in the blowing snow, he wandered as far as  
the University Club, where he turned in upon  
Christmas meetings of college groups, under-  
grads and grads, sons and fathers, Harvard,  
Yale and Princeton people and boys whom  
he had known in prep school. They called  
to him noisily and claimed him.

Late in the afternoon he took a taxi home.

It was a gay, cheery house, in its exterior  
aspect, which was his home. It was of tan  
brick, with its wood trim painted a light blue  
which, with the help of little heaps of snow  
on the sills, held the last brightness of the  
fading day. The windows were wide and here  
and there they flickered with firelight. Beedy  
had built for him, Jay realized, a wood fire  
on the big hearth in the hall.

The gayness and color represented, to Jay,  
his mother; for she had "built" the house  
here on Astor Street amid the duller dwellings  
of wives of men who were presidents of banks,  
of railroads, of companies manufacturing  
things.

His father had restored, with each repaint-  
ing, the bright, agreeable hues and tints which  
denied the nearness of the huge, surrounding  
city, denied even the close-neighboring man-  
sions on both sides. Eastward, to be sure,  
the fringe of the city was scant; behind the  
house was only another house faced to the  
Drive, which was saved from the waves by a  
narrow strip of snowy parkway and a but-  
tress of stone and concrete upon which the  
breakers beat and beat.

Jay let himself in with his latch-key and  
halted before the flaming hearth in the hall.  
Silence in the house, except for the snapping  
of the wood; silence and oppressiveness.

His father had not maintained, when redecor-  
ating the interior, the original papers and  
hangings. Maybe he could not; perhaps he  
had not tried. Slowly somberness had over-  
taken the hall, the drawing-room, the dining-  
room, and had spread through the house.

Defying it, Jay had a habit of whistling  
when coming in; but he did not whistle now.  
He went up to his own room, which he could  
remember when it had been the nursery with  
a glorious band about it picturing Jack and  
Jill, Humpty Dumpty and the Cow jump-  
ing over the Moon. That had been a bit of  
his mother, who, he had been told, had had the  
room so painted when Margaret was the  
baby.

Since Jay was the younger child, the nursery  
had remained his room and his sister had been  
moved to the chamber which still was Mar-  
garet's, though she had been married for two  
years and lived in New York. Her door was  
closed; it was always closed. The doors of the  
rooms in front were closed, his father's door  
and the one which had been his mother's. In  
front, on the third floor, were the chambers  
of Lloyd Dill and his wife, who had come to  
keep house after Margaret had married.  
Lloyd was a second cousin and worked in the

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Not the faces  
known to Fame,  
but loveliness  
unknown—in city,  
town and hamlet  
—has made Amer-  
icathe Kingdom of  
Beautiful Women.  
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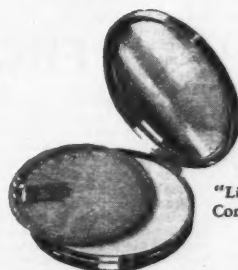
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Rountree offices. Ann Dill was not about. No one was about, though someone—Beedy, undoubtedly—had unpacked Jay's suitcase, which Ben dutifully had delivered.

Mail heaped Jay's table, the large white and cream envelopes, thick from containing another, enclosing cards of invitation to holiday teas, dances, dinners. He pulled the switch of his lamp and opened the envelopes. Some of them were from people whom he knew but more—after the modern manner—were from persons of whom he had never heard. He stopped before he had opened all, switched out the lights and threw himself across his bed.

Marrying; marrying Lida Haige. Not just dancing with her; not just kissing her and pressing her to him within his arms. Marrying. A bedroom like this somewhere with her—his wife . . .

There was a knock, Beedy's knock. "Come in," called Jay and rolled to face the door. "Hello, Beedy."

"I didn't hear you come in," said Beedy. "I was in back. If you'd called—or whistled."

Beedy remembered he whistled. Beedy liked his whistling; Beedy, Jay knew, liked him and he felt Beedy's fealty to him. Beedy was fifty, grayish, lonely, a butler.

"Beedy," said Jay, sitting up, "thanks for unpacking me. I wish I were staying; but I'm not."

"You're off before Christmas?" said Beedy. "Tomorrow, I think."

"Oh!" said Beedy, retreating a little, and reported, "Your father's come in."

"Anyone with him?" asked Jay.

Habitually, indeed almost invariably, his father brought home a guest—a member of some missionary board, a bishop or someone such. If he had not a guest, he would come home only to go out to a dinner of some board of relief or well doings.

"No one is with him," said Beedy; and Jay knew that this was intentional tonight and that his father would not go out.

He found his father in the alcove where the piano was playing. It performed electrically and his father stood watching the ghostly miracle of the keys moving without fingers.

"Hello, Father," said Jay.

His father looked at him, stepped to the piano and stopped it. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, club and here."

"I expected you again at the office. I have talked with Mrs. Lytle. I have told her you are returning to New York. I have made a reservation for you."

"Century tomorrow?" asked Jay.

"Miss Powell has your ticket."

"I'll need more than tickets—marrying," said Jay.

"I have arranged more," replied his father and switched on the piano.

Ellen had his tickets and she had not left them at the office but kept them in her handbag. How could she give them to him to send him to marry Lida Haige?

She had returned to Di, who was in negligée, never having stirred from the room during the day. Di possessed the ability, incomprehensible to Ellen, to idle and loiter hours on end at small bodily ministrations. She liked to bathe leisurely and lie on the bed nearly or quite naked, when the room was hot, day-dreaming and dozing or telephoning or munching marzipan and turning the pages of picture papers. She could employ hours with complexion creams and over her hands; she stained and polished not only her finger-nails but her toe-nails as well.

Marzipan, in a red lacquer box with gold dragons, reposed beside the bed.

"Art Slengel," said Di carelessly, indicating its source. "He's phoned me, too. He's bringing Jello around at seven."

"Here?" asked Ellen.

"Silly," laughed Di. "He's picking me up. We're going out."

"Where?"

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"Where I certainly hope and pray dinner'll be ready," replied Di. "We'll have cocktails in the car. Art has the cutest cubby for his shaker. I don't know where we're going, Ellen, and I don't care long as dinner'll be ready when we land. I'll say I'm starved. Ellen, listen—"

Ellen gave up, guiltily. She had done nothing about Di all day. Even now she could not consider Di, solely. What Di was doing linked itself with what Jay Rountree was about to do.

She watched Di bedecking her lovely, soft, seductive body with silk gathered close or left loose with Di's instinct to tantalize a man, almost any man.

Di was bedecking herself for Sam Metten's lap, tonight. Tomorrow night, for another man, likely; or even tonight, if it happened that Art Sengel brought with him another than Jello.

Di simply felt no sense of need of inviolateness of her body, no joy of saving it until she could consecrate it in love to one man.

Jay could not feel the need of inviolateness of himself. He was leaving tomorrow to marry Lida Haige, whom he did not love. For some reason other than love he would marry her, not regarding—not imagining, probably—what it would do to him.

Jay did not dine with his father and the Dills. He decided to go out, indifferent as to his destination except that it would not be Ben's table or an entertainment of other friends. He looked in the heap of invitations for a dance being given that night by someone whom he did not know; and one, he put the card in his pocket.

Arriving at the door of a strange mansion, he did not produce the card. No one knew him; but it was not necessary that anyone should. Most of the young men within were, Jay knew, complete strangers to the hosts.

The hostess, having daughters, had bought from a professional purveyor of such things, a list of eligible and presentable young men. Jay and Ben were both on such a list.

In this ballroom, Jay recognized no girl or woman. He nodded to some of the men but avoided them. Introductions, in this mansion, were as superfluous as invitations. No girl could know whether or not she had met any man who stepped out of the stag-line. What would be an introduction, in any case? A mere mumbling of his name by someone to whom he had mumbled it.

A girl whose looks he liked danced by, and Jay tapped her partner. The man yielded. The girl—she was a nice little thing with pretty shoulders and pleasant gray eyes—smiled at him and clasped him for the dance.

He was tapped in turn and yielded; but he obtained the same girl later, and later again. He realized only when he was searching for her the third time that she was somewhat like Ellen Powell.

There was a girl a lot like Lida, with bright, black eyes and very lively, full of the devil. He watched her but did not tap her partner.

He discovered plenty of "stick" in the punch.

Beedy awoke him. "It's eleven, Sir. Miss Powell has telephoned from the office. She said to remind you of your train."

At the office, Ellen Powell handed him tickets and currency. He did not count the money until he was on the train and it had started, when he ascertained that his father had given him a thousand dollars.

New York! It was calm and sunny in New York, not gray and clouded with blowing snow. It was crisp, cheery, not cold.

Jay walked on, up Park Avenue, his thousand dollars in his pocket. He had checked his bag at Grand Central. Likely, Lida and he would leave, married, from Grand Central. He had halted near a booth with an idea of phoning his sister or Ralph that he had returned to New York; but then what to say?



According to Titus Livy, who used to say it with epigrams in dear old Padua, experience is the teacher of fools. Titus left this vale of tears nineteen hundred years ago, but the school of experience founded by Eve and her apple addict confederate is still doing business at the same old stand—from "William Tell" by H. C. WITWER

## "No time for Yale —took college home," says H. C. Witwer

H. C. Witwer, popular short story writer, confessed that he has acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference and mental calisthenics, you should see the well thumbed pages."

In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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## ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

Likewise, he had considered calling Lida. She wouldn't be up.

It was improbable that she was out of bed now; yet he entered the big building on the west side of the avenue, where the doorman spoke his name and the elevator boy did not inquire what floor.

Eight, it was, lofty enough to welcome the sun shining in upon a niveous Parian Psyche forever nude near a window. A cat slept in the sun, an enormous cat mistakable by its size and color for a mottled tiger cub. Lida's cat.

Mrs. Lytle was not in; nor was her husband. Lida was.

"Jay?" she called, her voice coming past a door ajar.

"Hello, Lida," he hailed.

"I'm in here."

Jay handed his hat and coat to the man servant who had admitted him and he went to that door, ajar, halting a moment, with a catch of breath, before he pushed it gently. How easily it opened! There was Lida; there she was, looking at him.

She was seated at a table, a tiny breakfast tray of a table, in the sun beside one of her windows where white, black and slashes of scarlet assailed him. The white was her skin. How white she was; her forehead, cheeks, throat and shoulder half bared and her hands below the big sleeves of her boudoir gown.

The black was her hair, cut and clipped like a boy's; her brows, neat and jet and narrow; the big pupils of her eyes; black, too, was the satin sheen of her loose, looped gown. The scarlet slashes were its lining exposed at the neck and in the sleeves; scarlet, or near to scarlet, was the spot of her lips. The spot pursed and parted but she did not speak. She was looking at him.

Between them, off by the wall to the right and badly concealed by a Chinese screen, was her bed, as she had lain in it. She had arisen from it, thrusting her toes into scarlet satin mules which left her white heels bare. The black and scarlet peignoir parted and exposed her blue silk pajama jacket clinging close to her bosom. He noticed her, with no stir at all; and he needed to feel stir; he wanted to; and he couldn't.

"How glad you look!" she cast at him. "How darn glad you look!"

It was his own word of the telegram he had sent her, binding himself to her. "Be glad!" he had told her. "I am!" But now she saw him.

"How glad you look!"

He closed the door behind him; and after this half-second of halt, he advanced to her, smiling; or meaning to smile. An arm's length from her, just before he could touch her, he halted again as though something external stopped him. For he had meant to go directly to her and seize her. With her in his arms, he could do it gladly—or like gladly. She stirred him, excited and warmed him when he held her. But now he had stopped.

She darted a look into his eyes, down at his lips, at his forehead, at his lips, into his eyes again. She sat not still, as she seemed from a little distance, but constantly aquiver. He knew her aquiver; he knew the excitement of the slight, tense trembling of her in his arms; and suddenly he seized her, quivering, quivering against him and within his arms.

"Lida; Lida," said his breath, leaving him. Sinking to one knee, he pressed his lips on hers. How hot were hers! How hot had become his own!

Hers moved, quivering, drawing upon his in her kiss. Hers never were quiet. He had known that; but she was less quiet, warmer and wanting, requiring, claiming more than ever before.

He drew back a little; and a little, she let him. She put him farther from her, pushing him away with both her hands on his face as though, if he drew back, she would have him not at all. Then the feel of her fingers changed; while she still thrust him away, her hands caressed him, and her bright black eyes danced



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## "Old Town Canoes"

and danced in little tempting, tantalizing circles about his eyes. Suddenly she surprised him with a second of steadiness; then her eyes set to dancing again, eluding him, teasing him, daring him. Catch me; catch me; catch me and hold me even for a minute, her eyes and the quiver of her and the hot, soft, soft caress of her fingers on his face, said. So he caught her and kissed her again; and she kissed and kissed his lips.

"Who's here?" he asked at last.

"No one; just us."

"When did they leave?"

"Last night. They'll be in this morning; or they might be. But they aren't yet."

"When may they be in?"

"Why?" she asked with lips against his, her hot, soft, caressing lips.

"No why; no why," he said.

"You want them to come in?"

"I don't care."

"What do you care about?"

"You."

"You do?"

"Of course I do. That's why I came back."

"It wasn't because I wired you?"

"Anyway, I was coming back to you."

It wasn't true, he knew; or he had known it and would know it again; but he felt no falseness in it, saying it with lips upon hers.

She tightened her clasp. "You wanted me to wire you?"

"Thank heaven you did."

"What?"

"Thank heaven you did!"

What was he saying? Did he know? The stir he had sought, and tried to force, had seized him like drunkenness. It was like knowing he was drunk and doing a thing because he was drunk and knowing it, yet not stopping himself.

"Why were you coming back to me?" Lida said.

"To marry you."

"Why to marry me?"

"When can we do it?"

"When do you want to?"

"Now."

"Now? Right away?"

"I don't see why we should wait for anybody—even your mother. Do you want to?"

"No reason," she said. "No reason."

He had had no notion of such immediateness as marrying her at once this morning. It had come to him because he had found neither her mother nor her stepfather here. What had he to say or do with them? He need not see them or speak with them. Better not, in fact. He need only marry Lida; only that. And get it done before he came out of this God-sent drunkenness.

"I don't want to wait for them," she said.

"Then we won't."

He loosed himself from her and arose; and she sat looking at him, her eyes steady upon his at last. Steady for her, that was; not steady for Ellen Powell. What a comparison to hang in his head; Ellen Powell's steady eyes!

Lida arose slowly, letting the black and scarlet peignoir part to her toes. "I'll get dressed," she said.

"I'll go out."

He thought, as he turned to the door, that only an hour later, after someone—some minister probably, perhaps a justice of the peace—had mumbled a few words over them, he would stay. He would be her husband, she his wife, for all their lives.

"I'll not be long," Lida's voice said.

"Don't be."

He was in the sunlight of the drawing-room with the white Parian Psyche and the sleepy, enormous cat; and his stir was slipping from him like drunkenness with soberness coming on. Where was Nuca, Nuca this morning? He could not keep it out of his mind, try as he would. The Nuca business was safe. The order must have gone through by this time and been accepted.

Lida was not long. She was very quick; and slim and smart when she appeared in a

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dress of brown so deep it was almost black like her eyes. She had on a hat which made her head small and smarter. She stepped into the sunlight and the warm brown in her dress and in her eyes flashed forth. She smiled confidently and kissed Jay coolly.

"How do we get married, you and I?" she said.

"License, I suppose, first, I guess."

"You go for it; or must they look us both over?"

"Both, I seem t've heard," said Jay.

"So d'I."

"City Hall. I don't know it's the only place; but must be a place."

"All right."

The cat in the sun under the Psyche was waking up. The cat stretched herself languorously, sensuously, and rubbed back and forth against Jay's leg. He withdrew. He hated that cat with its thick, tawny coat. Lida stooped and caressed the cat. "Good-by, Raca," she said. It was her sole word of parting and apparently her sole sensation. How much more had been his at leaving his home, after Beedy had called him?

At City Hall they stood with clerks, with a street-sweeper, with an earring groom of black, oily curls and a beshawled bride, with a pallid pair of lovers, exceedingly frightened. An odd lot to carry photographed in your mind all your life. Jay knew he would see these people, at sudden moments, throughout his life.

"Now how'll we be married?" he asked Lida, when they were in their cab again. Nothing beyond the next imminent step had they talked over. One step; take it; now another; take it. They had their license.

"No church," said Lida.

"Minister?"

"Oh, pick one from the phone book; 'Piscopalian preferred, if I don't know him—and he's not on Staten Island or in Brooklyn."

Jay visited a cigar store and consulted a classified telephone directory. It was while there that suddenly he realized the need of a wedding-ring; he located a jeweler's and purchased, guessing at the size, a platinum band.

He was standing beside Lida in a small, stuffy living-room, a minister with prayer-book in front of him; and three women, two of whom would be witnesses, present. He said once, "I will," and repeated after the minister, four or five words at a time, the till-death-us-do-part promise. So did Lida. Then they knelt, to please the minister. When they arose, they stood rather stupidly. They were married.

Jay took the minister aside, and from the packet of banknotes which Ellen Powell had handed him he drew a fifty-dollar bill. It was altogether too much for him to give, he knew; but he had besides, in his pocket, a couple of fives only. That was too little; and one did not ask change in a marriage fee. He gave the minister the fifty. He grasped Lida's hand and led her out. He had not kissed her in the little musty room of their marriage; he did not kiss her while on the stairs but hand in hand with her, ran down to the door.

"Where to?" inquired the taxi driver, when they were again in the cab; and they knew that he knew they had been married.

"Grand Central," said Jay gaily; or like gaily.

Lida, his wife—for now she was his wife who sat beside him—said nothing but let the cab start. "Why Grand Central?" she asked then.

"Let's get away," said Jay. "Let's get on a train."

"What's the matter with getting on a boat?" his wife asked him, in her quick, cool voice.

"Boat for where?"

"Across," said Lida, coolly as before. "Europe."

"Oh."

"Nothing'll be crowded, Jay. We can get a cabin on any boat at the dock."

"We can't get passports at dock," said Jay and immediately refused the evasion of this excuse. "I can't manage Europe, Lida."

"I can."

"I know you can," said Jay. "I know you can."

There was her money at him already. She had not waited with it; she could not wait. Married, he, beside her, was feeling bound, constrained; married, she, beside him, was feeling free, released. With him, she could go where she pleased and when she pleased.

"I want to get away, Jay!" she told him. "I'm going to get away."

"Of course you are," said Jay. "But not to Europe now."

"Bermuda?" she asked. "Can you manage Bermuda?"

He shook his head.

"What can you manage?"

"Mountains," he said. "Mountains South."

"What mountains?"

"Near Tryston."

"Oh, Tryston!"

"You know it?"

"I know it."

Only in the emergency of the moment had he found the destination in his mind. Tryston; he had been talking it over with someone recently; with whom, he did not recollect.

"How d'you feel about Tryston?" he asked her.

"Let's go there," she yielded suddenly to him. "But you don't go from Grand Central, do you?"

"No," said Jay. "My bag's there."

"Mine's home. I don't want it. I'll buy what I need tonight; and wire for things to be sent. They're mostly at school, anyway. You go get your bag. I'll shop; when'll we meet at the Pennsylvania station?"

"In an hour?"

"It'll be all I need."

On Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fourth Street he left his wife. He paid off the cab, with the tip expected from a man just married, and walked to Grand Central.

Married; married; he had married Lida Haige. How strange, how constrained, how bound, to be—married. If you felt it so. Lida didn't; she felt far, far more freed. Back on Fifth Avenue, she was spending her own money for her own things. How quickly she had yielded on Europe and Bermuda. Too quickly; she only had put off, he knew, this matter of her managing Europe, for both of them, on her money.

He counted, with a bit of panic, the amount remaining of the thousand dollars which Ellen Powell had handed him. Nine hundred and twelve; now tickets for two for Tryston; and the berths. No; a compartment, of course.

Western Union! He wrote on the yellow pad his father's name and office address; and wrote, "I have married Lida."

In a yellow envelop, it would be laid upon his father's desk; and he thought not of his father but of Ellen Powell opening it. How little she looked in his father's big chair with her toes not quite touching the floor!

At the appointed pillar in the Pennsylvania station he met Lida; very slim and smart she stood. A porter held a new, small, smart bag.

"I've the tickets," said Jay. "Shall we go out to the train? It's ready."

The porter, knowing the newly married, quickly departed after the bags were placed in the compartment. He closed the door behind him. Lida and Jay stood in their compartment alone. He began taking off her coat. Quivering, she was, quivering again, with her eyes dancing, daring, daring.

She put a hand to the light-switch. Darkness, in which her coat dropped; she was in his arms, her lips hot, hot upon his.

*Even more dramatic and astounding than the conditions he exposed in "That Royle Girl" are Mr. Balmer's revelations in "Dangerous Business"—as you will see in his Instalment for May*



## Lone Fountain

(Continued from page 43)

precipitated his own death upon him, Scott was not even brought to trial. He passed a long sentence on himself, forswearing totally both cards and drink until he should be thirty years old; and wrote out this pledge, and gave it into my keeping, and, so far as ever I knew, stuck to it rigidly.

"And one day he was gone again, without any good-by, and my next sight of him was after my troop had been stationed for two years at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and was about to be transferred to Arizona.

"The Park was still unknown to the summer mob, and only adventurous travelers found their way to it with pack-horses over the trails.

"No! Civilization paid us but few visits; it was science that paid us visits in advance of the holiday tourist. The reports of our own geologists brought investigators from Europe, some of whom made agreeable breaks in our isolation from the world—some, not all.

"Heavy steps came across my porch one afternoon, and in my doorway stood a square-shaped individual in spectacles, extending a card in my direction. I rose and read it: Herr Doctor Professor Schmidt, he was, from Berlin, with titles copiously printed. He had come to study the geysers, the hot springs, the mineral formation, all the geologic incidents of the 3500 square miles covered by the Park. Now the Park was then no place in which to lose one's way; and as a preliminary I unfolded my map of it.

"I do not need instructions," said he. "I have in Germany this volcanic area studied." His voice was dry as a blackboard, a high tenor, issuing from a body which one expected would sing bass.

"What do you need?"

"Permission to supply my camp from your commissary, and also another man. In Cook City I engaged one, but the fool has left me."

"My impulse was to remark that the man would have been a fool not to. 'Are you alone, then?' I asked.

"I have an Indian."

"An Indian! We know of only five that are willing to venture in your volcanic area."

"Evidently he is one of these."

"What is his name?"

"I have not asked. It is not important."

"Two persons are insufficient in such a camp," I said. I could easily have detailed an enlisted man to guide him, but his manner had not appealed to me. "I don't know of any man," I said. "If I hear of one, I will tell you. Buy anything you need at any time. We will try to forward mail. How long shall you stay here?"

"Naturally until I have another man."

"Where are you camped?"

"On the Gardiner River, perhaps a mile."

"Before he took his leave I learned that Oxford had given him a degree at the instance of his friend Max Müller, that his subterranean studies in Sicily, published at Leipzig, had been translated into French and Italian, because they proved some error which I have forgotten about a spring called Arethusa: his fame seemed to rest on putting other geologists in the wrong. Did I know of earthquakes here? Had the geyser water any taste? He would report its chemical analysis to the world.

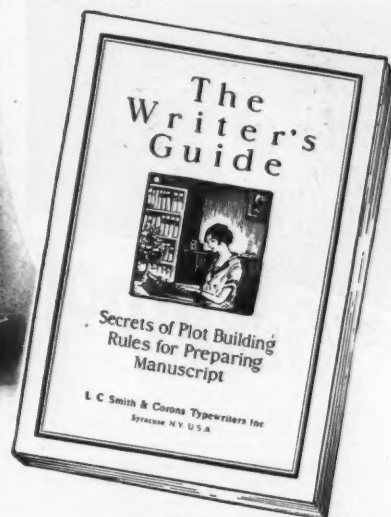
"I did hear of a man who had left some mines near the Park's north line, and I rode down to Schmidt's camp. I am not likely to forget that. No. Not very likely.

"A Sibley tent was by the bank, white against the dark rocks across the stream; some yards away was a rough *wickiup*; beyond, some horses grazed, and an Indian squatted near these, plaiting strings of buckskin. Schmidt I did not see; but near the small quiet smoke of the cooking fire a woman sat; black-haired, full-bosomed, quiet as the fire, looking down in thought as she stirred something. Grace flowed in her dark, bare arm, and beneath her light shirt the curves flowed in harmony with the



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free sweep of her stirring. Perhaps she was twenty-five.

"Some paces from the fire, on a tree stump, motionless, unaware of my approach, gazing at the woman, sat Kenneth Scott. Scott must have been twenty-four then. He was wearing his buckskin, his hat lay on the ground, and his hair shone as I had first seen it at Bellingham Bay. Neither of them noticed me as I rode nearer, while the river made its sounds, the smoke rose, and the Indian sat always plaiting his buckskin. Did her blood know, I asked myself, that Scott's blood was speaking to it? And presently I was to receive the answer.

"At my voice, she raised her eyes, but did not cease her leisurely stirring. Her eyes were deep and seemed dark as her hair, until one saw they were blue—and their long, curled lashes set off the white which encircled the iris. I took off my hat, and her grave glance waked and flashed a greeting. Had I at that time seen the Mediterranean peoples, I should have known she was one, and that the old centuries of Greece and Rome had molded her with subtleties and violences, deep beyond the comprehension of Northern minds; and that she had her blue eyes from the Normans.

"My speaking had jarred Scott out of his trance; he got up and spoke to me as if we had seen each other an hour before.

"Surely this is the camp of Professor Schmidt?" I repeated.

"Hans!" called the woman. 'Hans!' Song and the basking South lurked in her tones.

"There was no answer, and again I saw her beautiful teeth as she smiled, speaking with an accent, and carefully.

"When my husband is being scientific, I must call him never less than three times before he will hear me. Hans!"

"The Professor emerged from the tent, turned his spectacles vaguely about, and upon seeing me, bowed. 'Ah, Lieutenant, it is you. Good afternoon. I was coming later to see you.'

"I have heard of a man who has just left the mines," said I.

"I am the man," said Scott.

"I have engaged this young person, said the Professor. 'You know him then, already? He assures me that he understands camp work and has been twice through this volcanic area.'

"That's since Walla Walla," explained Scott, to me.

"He certainly understands camp work," said I. 'And I have never known him to misrepresent himself in any way.'

"That is most satisfactory," said the Professor.

"And since it is so well that you have known him," said the woman, her eyes alive, and with the careful enunciation of a language not her own, 'I am sure you will tell me that you know him to be a good boy, who always is mindful of his place. Is it not true?' And she smiled at him as a mother might.

"Scott's face went instantly scarlet at the indulgent—almost caressing—domination conveyed in her voice. That was the answer to what I had asked myself; the old Mediterranean centuries had spoken.

"Professor," said I, 'did you not give me to understand that only an Indian was with you? I don't remember your mentioning any lady. This Park is very rough and lonely.'

"Ach, it is only Nina, my wife! She goes everywhere with me. I married her in Sicily, in Acireale; she is quite used to volcanic areas. Is it not so, Nina? Nina, this gentleman kindly permits that we buy provisions and necessities.'

"Thus introduced, she rose and came forward, and again I took off my hat. Except for the dusky thicket of her hair, she might have been a bronze Aphrodite, come to life after her long burial beneath Mediterranean earth. I dismounted, while Scott's eyes under his slanted woodland brows followed her.

"Nina," said the Professor, 'is useful in the kitchen; and very intelligent when she copies my notes. Und in high altitudes when I am wakeful, she reads und I go to sleep so. You will excuse me now, Lieutenant, as I have yet,

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before we start tomorrow, some notes to finish. I find interesting that specimen at your Mammoth Springs which you have so quaintly baptized Jupiter Terrace.' And with another of his formal bows, he trod his way back to the tent, and disappeared.

"That is a very wrong name you give," said Nina seriously; 'Jupiter would never come to this place here.'

"If only all the Greek gods would," said I, laughing, 'think what a drawing attraction it would be for the American public!'

"But the spirit of my chaff seemed to displease her.

"This should be the home of many gods," she said. 'See that you do not offend them.'

"Are you not of the true Church?" I asked, still laughing; for an image of the Virgin hung from her neck.

"Certainly." And she crossed herself. 'But those others have power in Sicily still.'

"Do you really believe such things?" asked Kenneth Scott.

"At Acireale," she answered him, 'I could show you in the sea the rocks which a giant once threw.'

"Polyphemus!" exclaimed Scott. 'Ulysses!' "Ah, you know! I thought Americans did not know. Then why do you ask if I believe?" She pointed to the distant, unconcerned Indian near the horses; aloof; inhabitant of his own impenetrable world; always plaiting his buckskin thongs. 'It is his gods who must live here. See that you do not offend them.'

"It is a long way even now from Mammoth Hot Springs to San Carlos, where my troop went in a few days, and where, as a mitigation for the evils of that post, I found the Grovers stationed. Elena and I often wondered what were the experiences of that party in the wilderness, and our guesses disagreed. 'She will teach him that he is tragic,' Elena insisted.

"We referred to it until the revolt of the Cibicu scouts concerned us and our lives more nearly. And it was ten years before I saw the Park again, on a furlough. I wanted some fishing and hunting, Grover was now a colonel and commandant of the Park, and I went there, this time in a train; the Park branch of the Northern Pacific had reached Cinnabar. Three hotels had come, two very primitive, and still the tourists were few—only eight or ten were in the train to Cinnabar.

"As we were getting out of the train, two of these noticed a striking figure out of the window, and exclaimed that there was an old-timer if ever there was one.

"I saw the figure on the platform among the railroad employees, and agreed he was a true type. Then I received a great shock; as I looked at him, I recognized Kenneth Scott. His hair was perfectly white.

"I have now reached what I recorded afterwards in my diary."

The General paused, but no one spoke. As he put on his spectacles and opened the book, the thunderous blasts of the storm swept the chimney. He began to read what follows.

When I stepped down at Cinnabar, Scott wrung my hand without any words. "They told me you were coming," he said at last.

This was a changed Kenneth; not only capable of affection, but even of betraying it.

"Have you been here ever since?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I have traveled. Mexico. Japan. Sicily. But I always come back—so far." In his speech and his look there was that which now checked the question I had been about to ask him concerning the party with whom he had gone as guide. "They said you wanted to fish and hunt," said he.

"And to see what has been done to the Park."

"May I go with you?" In the old days he would have asked if he might come, he would have said he was coming.

At this point I was told that Colonel Grover had sent an ambulance for me, and my baggage was aboard.

"I'll come for my answer tonight," he said; and I drove off.

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Presently, as the mules were galloping along beside the Gardiner River, the enlisted man who was driving said: "I saw the Captain talking to Lone Fountain."

"Is that what you call him?"  
"Everybody. He's a good guide. About the best. Makes his dudes put their fires out and keep all the Park regulations. Oh, Lone Fountain is harmless. But—" The soldier tapped his forehead significantly.

The Grovers confirmed all this.  
"Why Lone Fountain?" I inquired.

"Because he always shows any of his parties that will go off the beaten trail a geyser in which they can see no interest. It is near the trail to some good fishing down in the canyon. He declares it is not extinct. But there's nothing in the idea. Oh, he's harmless." This was the Colonel.

"You should see him," said Elena, "cross a stream by leaping his way on the wet ledges of protruding rocks. His body is still as young as ever. And I would trust him with any horse I ever owned. But I cannot make him talk to me. Perhaps you will admit at last that he is tragic."

When Scott came in, he was dressed in the buckskins, which had withstood the years better than he.

"Remember them?" he said. "Remember this?" And he showed me a battered Ovid.

With some difficulty I overcame his refusal to take money for his horses and his time on the camping trip I decided to make with him. In other days he would have prevailed; but something was gone out of him, and instead of the old fascination, he was wistful. The luminous concentration had died out of his eyes, and the strange interest of his voice was rather gentle than vital, as it used to be.

In all the three weeks of our fishing and hunting north of the Park on Hell-roaring Creek, I never saw a sign to account for the soldier's tapping of his forehead. We talked, we were silent, we slept, we waked, we smoked; and no one unacquainted with Scott's former self would have taken him for anything but a quiet, serene man, surprisingly well informed, and experienced in all woodcraft. Sometimes I had a feeling that he was going to reveal what had changed him so, but in those three weeks he did not. He lived deeply withdrawn into himself, unlike the Kenneth Scott of other days.

Then, suddenly, it came. We were on the trail from Yancey's by Tower Creek to the Falls, and had crossed an open, edged by large pine-trees, into which I was following the trail, when my horse stopped, held his ears forward and backed a few steps, snorting. Scott was fifty yards behind me with the packs, which had paused to drink at a little stream the trail crossed. It might be a bear, I thought, but I saw none, and horses have their whims; so I urged the animal farther into the pines. He went nervously, as I reasoned with him.

Then a little wind from the wood blew in my face and I knew what the matter was: on the wind came that unmistakable volcanic odor which floats from so many steaming pools and chasms in the Park. It is a common thing for horses to shy at the smell if they are unaccustomed to it, or come upon it unexpectedly. In a few moments my voice had quieted the horse.

As Scott came along with the packs, he spoke. "I thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"The horse. I thought he saw a wild animal. But it was just a hot spring that must be in the wood."

"How do you know he saw nothing?"  
"I can't be sure; but I didn't see it. The smell would explain his behavior."

"How do we know what they see?"  
At this I turned round to look at him, and his face gave me a strange impression.

"I don't think I understand you, Kenneth."  
All the horses were now standing still, except one pack that wandered toward the creek.

"If you remember your Bible," said he, "you remember Balaam. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself

unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall; and he smote her again."

I looked at the shoulder of Mount Washburn, to which the sun in the west was drawing near; and the pines, and the open, and the rocks rising beyond toward the mountain, all seemed to unite in a presence that watched us. I tried to shake off this idea, of which I felt ashamed.

"Balaam was a great while ago," said I, lightly; "changes have come in the world."

"The eternal does not change," said Scott.

At a splashing sound behind us, I started, and was ashamed of myself again. Scott was galloping to the creek, but he arrived too late; the pack-animal had rolled in the water, and what it carried went under a number of times before Scott made the horse stand up. The load had to be spread to dry in what of the sunshine remained.

Scott looked at the sun and shook his head. "It will be dusk before we make our camping place."

"Why make it, then? Haste is not in our program."

At this he turned to me rather quickly. "You would camp here?" he asked, after a moment.

"It's a good place," I replied.

He hesitated. "Well, why not?" he then murmured.

Without delaying to search for poles, we stretched the tent between two slender pines at the edge of the wood; and while Scott set about the fire, I strolled in among the trees to pick up dry sticks for pegging the guy-ropes.

A breath of sulphur met me as I reached the point where my horse had first shown fright, and in a few steps more through the intense stillness of the pines I heard the sound of the unseen geyser—that soft heavy beat of exhalation from the bowels of the earth.

I stopped to listen for the next beat, which followed after a space of silence. The heavily muffled and suppressed cough suggested to my somewhat disturbed imagination the choking of a deep laugh.

It was humiliating to be jarred as I was by the sudden harsh cry of a Clarke's crow overhead. I watched the bird's gray shape take flight and disappear. One thing and another had brought me to so little creditable state of uneasiness, that my wish was to get away from the trees into the open. And now the final traces of sunlight vanished from the wood, leaving it somber and sinister. To give the lie to my own senseless apprehension, I resolved not to go out of the wood but—just as a child in the name of fearlessness will walk into a dark room solely against his inclination—to go deeper into the wood and come face to face with the object from which the sulphurous breath was borne on the air.

I went over the rise where the trail led, and there below me in a hollow was the sight; piled and tumbled shapes of stone, gray in hue, flung together once by the convulsions of the planet; and mingled with their castellated mass, the petrified and distorted precipitate from ancient boiling floods. The eruptions must have been furious once, a mighty volume, shaking the earth while its gush poured vapors and gleaming pillars of water toward the sky. Nothing of this was left today, save the embattled accretions heaved up ages ago through that vast gaping slit of darkness. While I looked at it, the breath and the sound rose from the exhausted giant at their rhythmic intervals.

Not cured of my uneasiness, as I strolled on again for pegs among the trees at the rim of the rocky arena, my foot pushed something, and I kicked it free from the dried ground—the rusted remnant of a hunting-knife. Signs of an old camp were faintly visible. My pegs collected, I found the knife again and picked it up, and from the top of the rise surveyed the tumbled rocks and formation, the tomb of a natural force once so fiercely alive. I regained the open country with relief.

Scott let the knife lie across his open palm, considering it. "I had forgotten it," said he.

"Yours?"  
"Ten years ago."

"Why did you camp in such a place as that?"

"It was no choice of mine."

"Has that thing in there a name?"

"That thing! Do you think it should have a name?"

"I do."

"It is on their latest map without any. Too many like it here are on the beaten track, alive and tame, willing to perform for tourists to look at. This one would never do that. It's wild."

"Scott, what's the matter with you?"

He answered with a smile of desolation, "She gave it a name."

"I should not wish to camp there," I pursued; "there is something about the whole place . . ."

"If you had been a horse you would have shied yourself," he suggested. "You would have been right."

"Kenneth, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Oh, you needn't waste any fright on me!"

Either he was being deliberately perverse, or the impulse to say more was hampered by his will to say nothing; we finished our supper and arranged the bedding before I made another attempt to unlock his reserve.

"And so you all camped in there?"

He nodded in the firelight. "In there. But not all of us came away." And he set about washing the dishes.

"They were an odd husband and wife," said I.

"Had they any children?"

"Lord, no!" he burst out violently.

This was a flash of the Scott of old; and after it he would not say a word; and presently I got into my blankets.

Before sleep came to me I felt him getting into his own; sleep prevented my being aware that at some later hour he rose. I waked in the depth of the night, and his blankets were empty. The moon, though past the full, gave much light. He had left the tent flaps open, and there in front glowed a few last embers of our fire. In the frozen air I jumped up and threw on my warmest clothes, and hastened along the trail beneath the moon and the cold shining of the stars. From the rise above the rocky arena I saw him in it below, sitting beside a fire, his gauntlets clasped over one knee, staring at the geyser. If he knew of my presence, he made no sign of it, or any movement while I was descending to him.

I sat down by him without any word and laid my hand on his shoulder; and with a long-drawn breath he passed a hand over his eyes. "Anxious in spite of me?" he said, still looking at the geyser. "Could you be at the Mammoth Springs without hearing from somebody that I was harmless?" He stopped, and turned to me with his smile of desolation, which seemed to come from beyond pain. "Harmless. That has been true for ten years. People did not say that once." He looked again at the geyser. "Would you mind listening? I think I can tell you the whole thing here. I think I should like to—now, tonight."

I nodded; and it was some moments before he resumed, while the breath of the geyser sounded recurrently in the silence. I dragged a fallen log to the fire.

"She loved me long before the end," said Scott. "She loved me the first day. Looking back, I knew it. It was in her hands she kept from touching mine; and once or twice her eyes said so; but she was often afraid to let me see her eyes towards the end. She would look away, or keep her lids over them. Do you remember her lids, how heavy they were? Do you remember the blue of her eyes? And she knew my love of her was a revelation to myself, an amazement, a delirium of discovery and joy."

"That she was the first who had ever waked me to this would have given us our happiness; if it had not been for him." Scott pointed to the geyser. "His power was over her before the love I made to her began to win her. I was winning, we were on the threshold of our happiness—had she not that very day accepted my lips? And then, why so often could she



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hold me off and call me a boy? It was the power he had over her. What man has ever contended with them and come off first?"

The chill of the night was penetrating even through my thick woollens, and I rose and stood near the fire while he continued.

"The Professor would camp here instead of out in the open. He was studying geysers, and it saved him a walk. He wrote long notes on every geyser and spring, even when he said they were the same kind. I suppose he thought it was quantity that made a man famous. I saw it all—how she came to marry him.

"Her people were not poor, she had convent education, but there was nothing at Acireale. Nothing, unless—unless"—Scott glanced at the geyser—"unless she got a fright. I have been there. Then he came along with his talk and his microscopes, and she thought she would like a change, and travel in great cities, and be the wife of a great man, and meet other great men.

"But she must have found him out soon. Her ideas of him had changed long before ever they came to America. She never said a word of it to me, she was what you call loyal, I suppose; she helped him every way she could, she was the brains. I saw it all. I used to watch her writing for him, reading to him . . . I don't believe he had ever really seen her in his life—not on their wedding-day, not on their bridal night . . . Oh, how soon she must have found him out!

"When he would lecture in that voice about the mechanical theory of heat, I used to want to take him by the beard and drag him over the rocks. But it is an awful thing to kill a man, unless it is the only thing to be done.

"I suppose it was her convent education that taught her to be dutiful like that, helped her to act up to her responsibilities—but then, how could she believe in pagan gods at the same time?

"For the first weeks of our camping, I never took what she used to say now and then about gods as being something that she meant. After a while she got over her surprise that I knew anything that is to be found in books, and she began to talk to me about her own country. She loved to do that. Sometimes when I brought wood for her cook fire, or when we were riding along, or when the Professor was in the tent and I helped her to wash the dishes, or put camp in order, she would describe her home.

"She told me of orange-trees, and how their smell would fill a valley, and blow seaward to the decks of ships. She told of how the flowers grew. And of wild mountains where the descendants of Greeks lived still, with looks and costumes unlike their neighbors. And of theaters, where puppets played the stories of old kings. And she would come back to flowers often. And in the middle of such talk she would tell me of the Lake Pergusa that filled the hole where the god Pluto carried Proserpine to live with him in his kingdom below. Once she was going to tell me something, and stopped, and would not go on.

"When she found that I knew some of those stories, she often told me others. You see, she was very homesick; she had not seen anyone for a long time who wanted to listen. Do you remember her voice?

"After a while I knew I had loved her from the first minute. Don't you think that she must have known? I had never been afraid before to make a beginning with any woman. After I had made a beginning, she stopped calling me by my name, and called me Child.

"It's a long time since any man or any woman has found me a child!" I said.

"That is because no one in your country is grown up. You are a nation of children."

"You can't do without me," said I. "I mean you. You know it. You're feeling it now." She had been looking at me, but now she looked away. "Tell the Professor," I said. "Tell him about me."

"She made a very weak answer. 'I don't want to trouble my husband with anything that is not dangerous.'

"I suppose it was not a weak answer, because it made me angry. I went off and rode my horse all that morning. She is fighting me, I said to myself. But she has to fight. That's something. It's her religion that makes her fight. I'm not much afraid of any religion. I thought that, and more like it, all the hours I rode.

"When I got back to camp, the Professor was late and we had dinner, she and I and the Indian. When he was gone away to fish, she took it up where we had left off, although I did not realize this at first. She began to sew and while she stitched she told me a new story. In Sicily, she said, a nymph named Arethusa had been fleeing from her lover, and he was near overtaking her, when Artemis the goddess of chastity descended and stepped in between them, and changed the nymph into a flowing spring.

"You may see it still flowing today at Siracusa," she said. "I have seen it often."

"It is sometimes a good move to make a woman angry. 'If your nymph's safety depended on any goddess,' I said, 'I pity her.'

"But she laughed with joy. 'My safety needs no goddess at any rate, so long as I am pursued only by a child.'

"I could have killed her; I was wild with love; but I said, 'A child too old to believe in a child's tale of goddesses.'

"What faith you have in your unbelief!" she remarked quietly; and resumed her mending.

"If I could speak Italian," I said, "I could make you listen."

"I will teach it to you with pleasure. You are a clever boy."

"It was then that I kissed her for the first time. I sprang before she could move, and she did not move then; but when I stopped, she had a stiletto in her hand, and her eyes glittered as I had never seen them. Nevertheless, she spoke as calmly as ever—no, not calmly, but quietly.

"Do not force me to use this."

"Use it! Use it!" I said. "I'm ready." And I tore my shirt open. I was neither quiet nor calm.

"Nothing I had said or done before, not even my kisses, had affected her like this. The stiletto slid from her hand, her eyes changed, and she stood looking at me without a word. Mechanically I stooped and picked up the weapon and handed it to her. She took it mechanically.

"You are a beautiful child," she said; "there is no doubt of that. And some day it may be that you will grow up."

"That day will be on this trip," I replied.

"But in some way she had regained herself, again had the upper hand of me. That was a new thing in my experience; no man, or woman either, had ever got the upper hand of me before. But I wanted more than love with her now, I wanted life with her. And I would have won it. Won it in spite of the fight she had put up. She was not always able to stand me off . . . And she grew less and less able. And then . . ."

Scott went no further for a while.

"How could I, how could you, or any man," he resumed with less emotion, "get into his head that she believed those things were true—nymphs, gods, and the giant beneath Mount Etna? In an Indian you expect such superstitions; but she had been educated, had lived in Berlin, Paris, London. I asked her if other Sicilians had such ideas.

"They are not ideas," was her reply. "All Sicilians know it."

"She actually began to teach me Italian. Knowing what I did of Latin was a great help. I made a progress that she had not expected. Between his specimens and his note-books, the Professor noticed it and approved of it. Think of that! I suppose it was unimaginable to him that any property of his, woman or dog, would fail to place him first. But it was long since she had belonged to him—if ever she had. She belonged to her church. I am sure that was the rock which held her.

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[ Lilas de France ]

"You will some day speak Italian very well," she said. And then, answering what she saw in my eyes, "And you think I am playing with fire. If you were fire, I would have you sent away."

"I could not find any reply. It was one of the days when she was the stronger. It is true that her age, though the same as mine, was beyond mine, far beyond, centuries—but I would make her for that very reason love what I was—my body's strength, my spiritual April, my innocence of her spiritual autumn, my ancient Sicily with its Greek ruins and its tales of gods and bloody massacres had given her when she was born. Do you remember her when she walked? Do you remember her voice?"

"A certain experience on a definite day let into my mind the first glimmer that the stories she told me were not mere mental playthings but some mysterious part of her, deep down and through and through."

"There was one of those little bubbling geysers, a little round shallow thing, hardly the size of a plate. The water came up through a small hole in the middle of it and trickled across the formation, down into the Firehole River. Once in about ten minutes it would rise into a diminutive activity, and sink. The Professor saw it, and said that now he would show us something which demonstrated the mechanical theory of heat very neatly. He called us to watch."

"We did not know what he expected to do with the thick solution of soap that he was making in a basin of hot water. As he began to pour this into the little geyser which had just sunk down, the Indian made a movement and gave a sharp grunt. We wondered at him. Almost at once the geyser foamed again, violently, rose much higher than its normal eruption."

"You would not have believed that!" exclaimed the Professor in triumph. "You will be my witnesses. I shall be the first to announce this."

"Not good," said the Indian. "Not good. I go if you do that."

"She was standing near me. 'His gods live here, and are offended.'"

"It need not be done again," said the Professor. "It is a complete demonstration."

"After that day the Indian was different. After that day she was different. I was further from her. Something had come between us that was not there before. Her power increased over mine. But I was not to be stopped by that. I felt power in me which I would make prevail at the right time."

Scott rose to drag a log to the fire, and I threw on another; and for a while we watched the spray of the sparks, and heard the beats of the geyser beyond them, heavy, rhythmic, unceasing.

"It may have been a couple of weeks after that experiment that we camped here, when the nights were growing cold. The Professor would not hurry, though I told him snow came early. He wished to omit nothing."

"When he saw this one, he said it might be important, that the formation was of interest; and so we had to camp here, farther from water, and where the Indian and I could not watch the horses so well. The first day, the Professor said that this was dying. He made calculations."

"Must it die all alone?" she murmured as she stood in contemplation of it.

"She stood there," said Scott, pointing. "There, by that rock. Do you see?"

"That was the first day. The sun still kept the days warm, and there was nothing but sun, never a cloud. She sat on that rock, watching it."

"It was the third morning that she came into camp with some flowers, climbed to the brink of the chasm, threw the flowers into it and said: 'They are for you, Lone Fountain.'"

One instant after she had spoken those words her face was stricken with terror; she gave a cry, and then the terror changed to rapture. We all saw that. And I saw the Indian nod as if he approved.

"Ach, Nina," said the Professor, "have you

then not left those silly notions in Sicily? You will make yourself ridiculous to this intelligent young man."

"Suppose," said she, "Etna should come to Yellowstone?" And she smiled at me.

"Nina, you are incorrigible. Well, I must go to see those hot springs in the canyon," and he rode out of camp.

"She came down from the rim of the geyser, and I saddled her horse and mine; for I was to show her Tower Falls that day. While I was tightening the cinches, the Indian spoke to her. I knew very well that it was about what she had done; and after we had left him to guard camp and were half-way to Tower Creek, she told me that he was glad of her offering of flowers; it would atone for the experiment which her husband had made."

"He did not say it in that way," she continued, "but he made me understand him." And then she spoke a few words in Italian. "Do you understand that?" she asked.

"I know the meaning of your words. It is you I cannot understand."

"Kenneth, you are like my husband!"

"Not at all like your husband." And I looked at her as I had not been able to look for many days. And she was not able to meet it. "My turn!" I thought. And I felt the resurgence of my power.

"She had said in Italian: 'Lone Fountain is not dying. They do not die.' And that word about her husband had escaped her. Never before by word or look had she given me the slightest glimpse of her mind as to him. Everything he demanded of her, to read aloud, to take dictation, to copy notes, she did loyally, as if she asked nothing more than these chances to be of use."

"But today was mine, I knew it; it must not be lost; and as we were choosing the place for our nooning above Tower Falls, I said again: 'Not at all like your husband.'"

"Sicuro!" she said, and laughed in that joyous way she had sometimes. "Not like him. And when you have ceased to be a child, and become a man, you will not be like him. Now run away, Boy, and catch some trout to fry. And I will make the fire and boil the pot for our coffee, and get all things ready."

"It always stung, that word child. But the sting was a challenge today, and I liked it. As I climbed down to the pool in the creek just before it meets the river, I remember stretching my arms out and feeling my returned power. And I caught enough trout at once, and then because down there it was very hot in the noon sun, I stripped and plunged into the pool."

"While I swam round where the water was deep, I looked up and there, on some rocks above, she stood. It took away my breath, and I felt the blood come to my face."

"She walked down a little nearer, because of the noise of the water, and then she called, laughing:

"You need not look so bashful. I have been but a moment here. Everything is ready, except your fish. Now you must not hide any longer in that cold water. I will go away, and you can dress and recover from your blushes."

"But when I came with the trout, I could find nothing to say, no answer to the natural talk she made. I sat in stupid silence, eating the lunch she had prepared; until at last she exclaimed:

"What is the matter with you? Have I not said that I was not a spy? And suppose I had seen you! Do you also suffer from the false and ridiculous American shame of the body?"

"I gave her no time, I took her before she knew: and she did not fight this meeting of our lips; and she closed her eyes."

"But to my whisper she answered by opening them quietly and looking at me from far away, divided from me once more by her greater power. Her beauty wrung my heart—and her sadness. I saw into the depths of her sadness, unveiled by any of that gaiety and laughter which she could wear so well."

"I love you so much," I said to her, "that dying for you would be a much more easy thing than living as you keep me livin'." But

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# Beautifully Poised—Beautifully Groomed

## The American Girl of Today!

Eager—poised—well-groomed—that's the lovely American girl of today! And always her figure is pliantly confined, though she may choose the softest kind of Gossard combination, step-in or girdle. She knows the grace, the importance of proper figure support—the vulgarity of the lack of it. And she chooses Gossards with decision and confidence.



Model 3676 of the Gossard Tedetite series is illustrated here. Silken soft, utterly boneless, its skillful design curves and moulds both slight and average figures. Made of satin tricot, \$5.

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The H. W. Gossard Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires





## "How can I make myself more beautiful? . . ."

**H**OW often have you asked yourself that question? . . . And what has been the answer? . . .

Color! More color! Lovelier color! More natural color! . . . the kind that makes all the difference in the world, between being *passably* good-looking and *really* good-looking!

Artificial looking make-up won't do! The beauty of your lips must be brought out by a deep rich natural glow—not hidden by a greasy smear . . . And your cheeks, they too must radiate youth . . . with the soft petal-like bloom of a sun-kissed rose . . . delicate and lovely!

To discover this beauty for yourself, you need to do what thousands of others have done—you need to discover a make-up different from the rest—from all the rest—different in a hundred ways! . . . Remember this one thought and let it guide you, for it's true . . .

"Tangee changes color, as it is put on, from orange to blush-rose, the glow of Youth—and no other make-up in the world does that."

Plan for tomorrow's loveliness by getting Tangee today! Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Crème Rouge \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

Be sure to see the name **TANGEE** on each container.

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The George W. Luft Co.  
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Please send me FREE the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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against your decree I will never revolt, I will only implore."

"And I fell on my knees, which I had never done, and had despised; and I wept, which I suppose I must have done as a child. But it wasn't for myself! It wasn't for myself!"

"She touched my hair, and it was like a sword of bliss killing me. 'If you have always been a boy,' she said, 'you are a man today. I know I have given you much reason to think me nothing better than a very cruel woman.'"

"I shook my head as her hand lay on it; I could not speak then."

"Yes, cruel. But I have not meant it. I have not understood you. I have been very cruel, and I do not forgive myself."

"Not cruel, not cruel," I said under my breath; and I kissed her dress."

"Now let us go home," she said. "And perhaps you would forgive me if—if—perhaps it is not a decree . . . And yet—to risk my soul . . ." She left her thought unspoken."

"At that, joy swept me in a flood, and I looked at her; but the power was in her eyes, and it quelled mine."

"My joy grew with me as we rode along slowly on our way to camp. Plans half shaped themselves, plans for the future with her, what I should do; I knew very well that I could take care of her. And she believed at last that I was a man! My plans stopped when that thought surged up in them; it unsteadied my mind."

"Then, coming towards us on the trail, I saw the Indian, and supposed that our pack-horses had strayed."

"How," said the Indian. Their faces never show anything."

"Hunting the pack horses?" I asked.

"I go," said he.

"You leave? You go away?"

"I go. She made bad medicine."

"Stunned, bewildered, I watched the Indian grow distant on the trail. Bad medicine? Bad medicine? The words reiterated themselves. He was going away because he was frightened; and a sort of fear began in me."

"She had not understood those words 'bad medicine,' and I was finding it not perfectly simple to convey their superstitious import, when her mind leaped ahead and suddenly comprehended what I did not, and could not."

"All in a moment her face had changed; it expressed both triumph and terror. 'Then he has thanked me for my flowers!' The words were just audible."

"He?" I repeated dully. 'For your flowers?'

"Oh, let us hurry!" she exclaimed.

"Arrived in camp, she sprang from her horse, and ran to the geyser, and climbed to the rim."

"The Professor came out of their tent, looked about through his spectacles, and spoke to me. 'I thought we should go tomorrow. But we must stay till I have made further observations here. I have been mistaken in the nature of this geyser. It is not often that I mistake.'"

"Do you know what caused the Indian to leave us?"

"Ach, is he gone? He did not inform me."

"But if the Professor could not explain it, explanation was given. From the geyser came a sound which I had not heard before."

"The Professor called my attention to this. 'Yes, I must make further investigation. It is an interesting case.'"

"She had come down from the crater, so deep in her silent thoughts that only I, who had begun to know her, discerned the agitation which she concealed. Sometimes I saw her looking at me with something like appeal. Once during the evening, I thought that the ground trembled; and it was then that again for an instant her eyes fixed me with a piercing search, as if for shelter, for refuge."

"Tell me what I can do," I muttered to her. But she made no answer."

"Presently the Professor requested her to read aloud to him. As she followed him to their tent, she said to me:

"I will come."

"I lay in my blankets, roofed by the canvas covers flung over some cross poles. I lay in a

# Corns

## Lift Off - No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit. Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop loud noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address Medicated Ear Drum, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 40 Hoffman Bldg., 2535 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

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One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

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Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

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It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

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## Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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"Ask for them by name"

# KOTEX

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No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

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To keep your face, hands, neck and arms velvety soft and luxuriously smooth just pat on Frostilla. Ten seconds are enough. It quickly disappears, without the slightest sticky after-feeling. Your skin is left sparkling, refreshed... radiant with a delicate beauty, far lovelier than you ever dreamt skin could be.

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tumult, watching the light in their tent, listening to her voice reading and reading. The late moon came out, and still she read; and I must have fallen asleep. You cannot have such emotions as that day had brought me, one after the other, without exhaustion.

"Suddenly I found myself sitting up in my blankets, wide awake, grasping the cold barrel of my rifle. She stood at my feet, shining in the moon, ready. I stretched my arms, I saw her stretch hers, and I saw her smile.

"Then to the moonlight some other light was added, for no moon ever shone like that. All the trees, all the rocks, all things grew visible as day. And awful. Her smile changed to terror, and she stood as if stricken, while I sat numb, as if stricken too.

"Something crossed. Passed across. High. I mean, tall, but over the ground. It moved along over the ground, floating. It was steam, and I could look through it in the blinding light. Its top was—I don't know where it reached—but up, over the trees. It was a cloud of steam, but I could see right through it, right through it; it was nothing else; only it moved over the ground, floating across to her, and melted somewhere beyond. After it a second came. Just like the first. Floating to her and going. But no wind. Not one breath. The whole sky was still. A third came moving across. Not slowly. Faster than a man walks. And not one breath of wind.

"That is how they all begin. First the steam, with the small spurts of water that fall and are followed by more, coming on and on, until the true column bursts upward, mighty, and thunder-like.

"But as I watched her, powerless, her eyes opened wide and wild, and I saw her call my name. Then I was able to leap out of my bed, answering her as I rushed to her. But I did not hear my own voice, any more than I had heard hers. Horror reeled in my brain, because there was no noise anywhere. They make a roaring, yet there was none; and still the pouring vapors rose as if they were breaking from a long prison.

"We clung together in the frightful clearness, greater than day, that came from no moon or sun, and we stared at that thing.

"As each new cloud shot from the vent, it left the piled rocks and formation, and glided across to her, one herald following another, a train of messengers. They came and came, and thicker and closer, till they moved in a file unbroken; pillars, messengers, wrapping her and me in thick folds, and passing on, and vanishing beyond, leaving us an instant in the terrible light that filled the wood, and wrapping us again, as we clung together.

"We spoke to each other, we knew what it was we said, but we could not hear it; the appalling spell of muteness lay on everything, while those vapors spouted higher and higher that should have thundered, yet were noiseless as a dream.

"She knew that I would die with her if this was to be death instead of love; her eyes answered mine steadfastly, till fear swerved them, and I looked where they were gazing, distended.

"It had begun, it was coming now. In the midst of the steam clouds, down low, just above the crater's rim, the true column showed. It paused there, it gathered strength and rose, it was twenty feet above the crater, it extended and soared, and I lifted my eyes to follow its upward mounting, sparkling in that light, gleaming, flashing, magnificent, towering far above the tree tops into the sky.

"And then, all in a moment, without beginning, he stood there inside the crystal pillar of water, shining out from its midst like a statue of white fire. The stream poured upward, enclosing him; it rushed over his body; he was at its center, in its heart; yet not a line of him was blurred, he stood a chiseled shape, motionless as stone, living as flame or molten ore, a figure symmetric that could have cloven the air as the lightning crosses the sky.

"A glow radiated from his young form, fierce through the streaming might of the

flood, turning to fiery flashes every drop flung above the trees into space, tingling through my own senses as though they were being steeped in the elixir of life. All winds and streams and elements and forces vibrated in that terrific apparition.

"Had he come from Etna, summoned by the evocation of her flowers? Had he watched her there from the secret chambers of the mountain as she wandered in the savage valleys above Acireale? Had he desired her then, but in some way been thwarted, and had she known this? Was her offering of the flowers made in the spirit of a game, not quite believed in, such as children play and frighten themselves with? Or had she wittingly played with fire? My gasping brain seemed like to turn over and crash to demolition, as these maniac fancies pursued each other through it, and I strained her closer and closer to me.

"He had been motionless, standing august, yet stealthy, as if on the alert to guard against her escaping him here—if she had once escaped him on the sides of Etna. And through the whirl of my thoughts came this: 'He cannot step outside the circle of that water. When it sinks down, he will go with it.' And with all my might I resolved to stand where we were and hold her fast.

"His arms still hung relaxed against his sides, but with his head he made a barely perceptible sign. I could not hear the shout of defiance that I gave at feeling her body tremble at that command; whatever influence was diffusing that terrible light, still totally deadened every sound.

"She passed out of my arms, I could no more hold her than if she had been a spirit or a mist, and her eyes no longer sought me, they were on him. Slowly, step by step, she left me and drew near him, while I called desperately her name—phantom cries! I leaped for my rifle, and poured into him all the shells in its magazine—phantom shots! But he was aware of it. He turned one glance from his eyes upon me, and I fell, and could not move; I was bound fast in every nerve and muscle. But my sight was not stricken. I lay and saw it.

"Slowly, step by step, like a sleep-walker, never stopping, never struggling, she moved on, and he waited. His face changed as she came... became human... a lover's face... wicked with all the wickedness of the immortal gods. She reached the rocks, she began to mount them, she was close to that crystal torrent, when his arms lifted and opened to receive her. I did not see him take her. I could not look any more...

"I saw the dawn, and the sunrise, and knew that their light was of this world; a Clarke's crow came flying and calling through the wood; sound had returned, the place was once more natural. But my muscles still seemed rigid, my strength helpless. So I lay, battered in body and mind almost to inanition. I saw the Professor come out of their tent, trace her footsteps to the rocks. Then he came running and seized me, and lifted me up, and it broke my impotence, and I spoke.

"In his ravings that day I was of little help to him, he passed into incoherence. The next day he seemed to have recovered some balance, but it was only a seeming. Our horses were gone. There were signs that my picketed animal had violently dragged his rope loose. After two days' search, I told the Professor that we must walk out. He would not. To save his life, I had to leave him. In two days more, I met some soldiers and sent them to find him. Snow had come. They found him at last. He had been eating berries and twigs, and was crawling on his knees. He recovered his mind in the hospital at the Post.

"But she? Where is she now who would have clothed her body and soul with mine and lived in happiness? Is she with him? Or has he, like Zeus and Dionysus and those others, cast off the mortal woman when once his lust was slaked? Shall I ever find her again?

"I can understand her belief now; I can believe, as she did, in many gods. But if her Christian God is all-powerful... why does



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He . . . how can He . . ." Scott's question faded into silence, and he sat looking at me with his smile of desolation.

The General laid the diary upon his knee, and no one spoke. The storm had died down; only the quiet falling of embers was to be heard, until our host resumed.

"That journey was my last meeting with Kenneth Scott; once again I had news of him.

"Before I left the Park, dim rumors were the only answers to the questions I asked. Some men of the first cavalry had found a crazy German, wandering lost between the Upper Falls and the lake; at least, people had once said so; but the people were gone, the soldiers were gone. It was clear that Scott's own tale had never been told, except to me. At that time in that region, ten-years made forgotten history.

"Yes; I never saw him again—but here is a part of a letter that Elena Grover wrote me from Taormina, while her husband some years later was our military attaché at Rome."

The General reopened the wrinkled morocco volume at another place, and read:

"The natives here speak of a man with long white hair, who is dressed oddly in soft leather, and frequents the crevices of Mount Etna. They tap their foreheads and say, 'È Passo.' I tried my best to find him. We had to go. I wish I could have done something for him."

"There is the whole of it," said the General. "Kenneth Scott—ah, well, every man who lives a long while survives many with whom he once talked and laughed—and never thinks of most of them. But he keeps a few—still sees the look in their eyes, can still recall their voices. I shall miss Kenneth to the end. The closest friendships, even the longest loves, are but islands in the vast and uncharted solitude of the human soul."

## With the Coolidges in the White House

(Continued from page 89)

historic old Lincoln bed was put back in the great bedroom. A double bed was put in the President's bedroom and it is here that President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge now sleep.

Mrs. Coolidge's own bedroom is used as a sort of personal sitting-room. It is large, sunny and beautifully furnished and the Lincoln bed with its massive gold crown only adds to the room's charm.

I have already told the distressing history of one of the twin beds that was used by dear Calvin Coolidge Junior during the days of his sickness, just before he was taken to the Walter Reed Hospital.

Calvin was a lovely and gentle boy. I remember the first moment I saw him limping about with his sore foot.

"What in the world is the matter, Calvin?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mrs. Jaffray," he answered. "I've got a little blister on my toe from playing tennis."

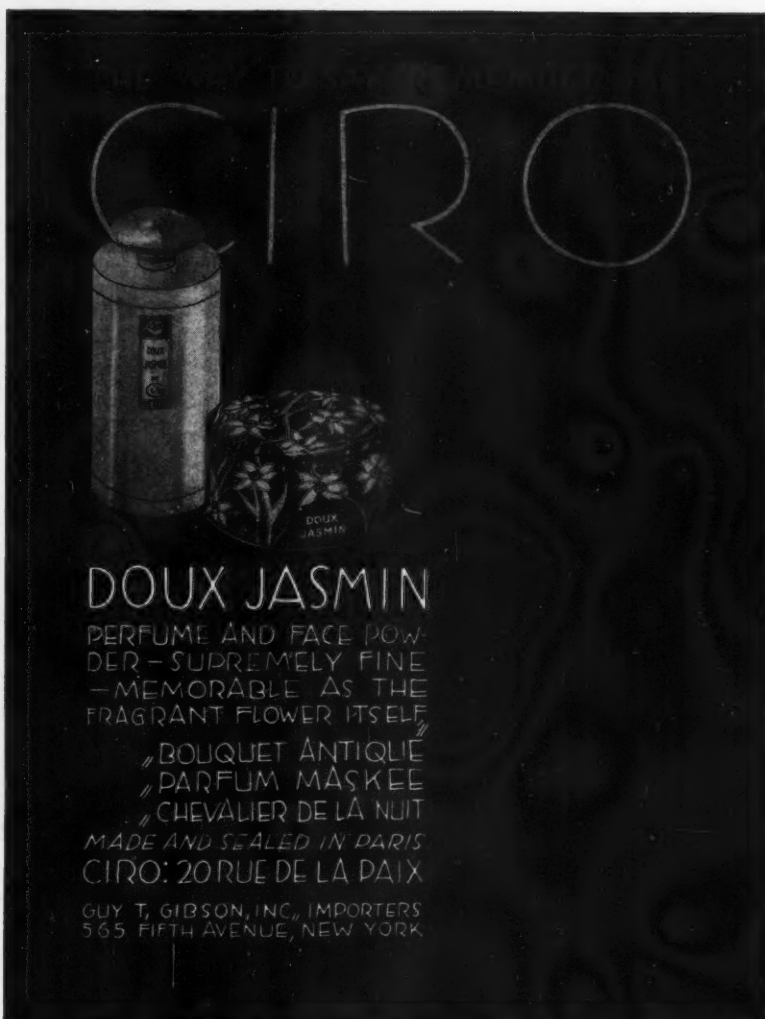
The next day he moped around but again said there was nothing much the matter with him.

Twenty-four hours later three doctors were working over the poor boy, and the following Monday he died.

Both President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge had a fondness for wandering about the house, and even into the kitchens. When Mrs. Coolidge first went into the White House she would often go down-stairs with her secretary about eleven o'clock and have coffee.

President Coolidge eats very little. He almost nibbles at his food. Always in his bedroom will be found a bowl of nuts and a bowl of fruit, and even on his desk in the Executive offices will be found tidbits which he enjoys munching.

The President is called a little after seven in



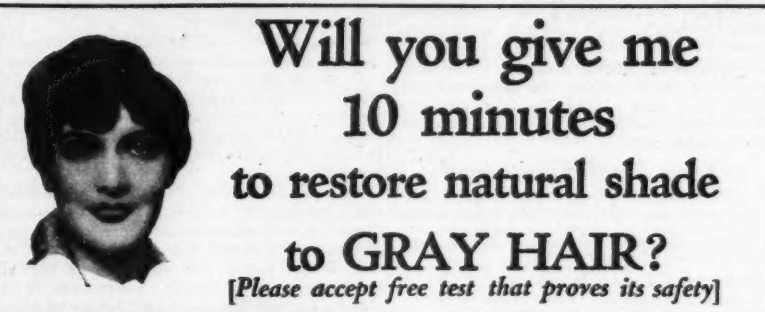
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Will you give me  
10 minutes  
to restore natural shade  
to GRAY HAIR?  
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the morning. As a rule he rides his mechanical horse for a few minutes or takes a brisk walk and then at eight he breakfasts with Mrs. Coolidge in his bedroom.

Usually he has a cooked breakfast food, a little bacon, hot muffins or rolls and clear coffee without sugar or cream. He is very particular about just how his cereal is prepared. He does not care for the ordinary manufactured brands and much prefers the strictly home-made kinds. In fact, we made our own cereals for him.

I would buy a peck of wheat and a quarter of a peck of rye and turn it over to the cook, who prepared it to the President's taste. In this manner the whole wheat and whole rye were used—a homely and simple but no doubt very nourishing dish.

It took her some time to prepare this exactly to suit the President, but after a few trials the cook found just how he liked it.

Always he is a man of few words. He is by all odds the most silent man who has ever been in the White House. Jolly President Taft, the amiable Mr. Wilson, and the kindly Mr. Harding were all cheery and extremely pleasant men in their intimate daily life at the White House. They were never too busy to have a chat with any member of the household.

President Coolidge, on the other hand, is a silent and rather austere man with little or nothing to say.

As a matter of fact, during all the four years or more that I lived in the White House while he was President, there were few times that we conversed. I recall one of them vividly. It was on the night of a big State dinner shortly before I left the White House in June of last year. I stepped into Mrs. Coolidge's bedroom to see a lovely new gown she had just purchased. While I was admiring it, President Coolidge came in from down-stairs.

"Did you look in at the dining-room, Mr. President?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Didn't you think it was beautiful?" I asked.

"Yes, it's all right," he answered, with his peculiar Vermont accent.

"Did you step down-stairs into the kitchens?" I questioned.

"Yes," he said, "and I don't see why we have to have six hams for one dinner. It seems an awful lot of ham to me."

"But, Mr. President, there will be sixty people here," I explained. "These Virginia hams are small and we cannot possibly serve more than ten people with one ham and be sure of having an abundance."

"Well, six hams look like an awful lot to me."

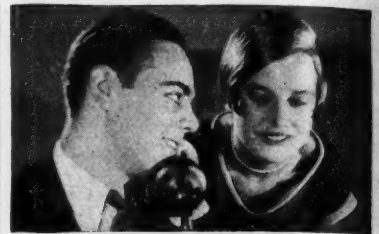
There was no need to argue so I left the room.

Of course in a way White House economy reflects the economy that President Coolidge is insisting upon throughout the whole country. I imagine many people will feel that he is right in exercising a close watch on all White House expenditures.

As I have explained, the only expense that the President has to bear, outside of his own clothes, is for food served at the White House. The servant hire and the running expenses of the White House are met out of special government appropriations. Likewise all State dinners and receptions are paid for out of what is left from the \$25,000 annually appropriated as a special traveling allowance for the President.

Personally I have always felt that the President's time was much too important for the small details of housekeeping, but that is a matter of personal opinion. The White House is run in the most economical way possible and the actual White House expenses of President Coolidge during the past four years have averaged less than \$1000 a month. I think it is quite safe to say that President Coolidge has been able to save \$50,000 a year during all the time he has been in the White House.

No one, I suppose, should criticize him for this. It seems to me that it is extremely unfortunate that this great and rich United States has failed to make any provision for the future of her Presidents after they leave the White House.



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Few of them have been rich men, or even comfortably well off. Colonel Roosevelt had a small private income, but when he left the Presidency it was necessary that he apply himself industriously to writing in order to augment it. Chief Justice Taft benefited from the personal generosity of Andrew Carnegie, and a rich brother, but he found it advisable to accept a professorship at Yale and later a post as Justice of the Supreme Court. Had Mr. Harding lived and retired from the Presidency, he alone of all the recent Presidents would have had a comfortable private income.

President Coolidge, except for a small inheritance, will have only the income from the money he saves in the White House unless he enters some active profession following his retirement from politics.

The very least this generous country should do is to give to all her ex-Presidents an annuity of \$25,000 as long as they live, and on their death transfer it to their wives.

I know from my long years in the White House how much this would have meant to the men and women who were chosen for the highest honors in the nation. It would have lessened to an unbelievable extent their anxiety for the future. The great office of President of the United States would have been removed from all the petty financial worry that haunts the lives of common citizens.

But possibly, after all, this is one of the things that has endeared the White House and its masters to me. As I wrote at the beginning, it early became to me not a cold official government building but a plain home, crowded with little triumphs, failures, joys, sorrows, happy and sad memories.

Life is lived there—and all life is pretty much the same.

At the end of almost seventeen and a half years it came my time to leave. No quarrel or harsh words marred my departure; it was mutually understood that I would go.

When I said good-by to the White House and the people who live and have lived there, I bade farewell to friends and to years.

New occupants will come, new Presidents, new First Ladies of the Land, but the White House will go on forever.

## The Old Countess

(Continued from page 97)

walked towards the dressing-room, Amélie following her.

"But—Jill—you're drowned!" he cried.

"Ah—it is a wonder indeed that Madame is not drowned—in this flood!" Amélie set down the *broc* for a moment to enlighten him. "Never has there been such a flood in Buisson. Already the poor people are driving their cattle into the town, and the corpse of a cow passed along the river a little while ago."

Jill had fallen on a chair in the dressing-room, and, after looking at her for a moment, Graham knelt down before her and began to take off her sodden shoes. "Get a glass of hot cognac and water—will you, Amélie?" he said tersely, and Amélie sped away on the behest.

Graham deftly, quietly poured out the water and chafed Jill's icy feet as he put them, carefully, into the basin. He often bathed Jill's feet for her, and never failed to remark on their beauty. But today he said nothing. And she suffered his ministrations in silence.

Amélie brought the cognac and she drank it obediently, and then, when the feet were dried, "Now," she said, "I'm going to sluice down with hot water and go to bed."

Dick had risen and was looking at her. "The best thing you can do. A long sleep is what you need. Like mine. Such dreams, Jill—such strange long dreams I've had."

She saw from his eyes that his dream was still about him and seeing it she felt again the sense of an unearthly radiance that had come to her on the mountain road. She and Dick

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were suddenly near together; almost as near as she and Marthe had been. They were friends in a deep, final sense that made of the nearness of marriage a clumsy inadequate device. They were smiling at each other and tender, foolish thoughts came to her mind.

"Not too strange I hope," she said. "What would your horrid Freud make of them?"

"He's welcome to make what he likes. Are you going to sleep in here?" There was a little bed in the dressing-room.

"Yes. So that you shan't disturb me."

"You'll have some dinner first?"

"Yes. A little dinner, on a tray. Amélie knows."

"I see. And then you'll sleep?"

"Yes. Don't come in to see. I'll be sound very soon."

"And tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow we can talk, D'ick," said Jill. She smiled at him and standing in the door, gazing at her, gravely, she saw that he measured the immense distances that had come between them. They were near as never before in their lives; yet all life now divided them. He would not kiss her good night. No. She saw that he would not. The radiance was there, about them both, and it still sustained her; but when he had softly closed the door, Jill, for one black moment, gasped on a rising surge of tears; bit them down, fought and mastered them. No; no; no; she would not think. The next thing to do was to sleep.

But Jill did not sleep as Graham had slept. The rain poured on, and it seemed to her that she heard it all night long, though she drifted into intervals of unconsciousness. Dick heard it, too, for she saw the crack of light under his door while he walked about and opened or shut his windows. But she could do nothing for Dick now. She wondered if Marthe were lying awake, listening to the rain. And the terrible old lady, what were her thoughts? All three thinking of Dick.

How strange it was. How absurd. What did it mean? Was it all a fevered, tumultuous dream, this love that so tormented and severed them? Why could they not all love each other, and Dick, and be happy in the radiance of unity? But no; the night wore on and her pulses, beating in heavy, lonely sorrow, told her that while one was enmeshed in personal life, such unity could only come in moments that transcended and lifted one above life.

She fell asleep at dawn and slept until Amélie knocked at her door with her breakfast.

"Ah—c'est un véritable déluge, Madame," said Amélie. "The roads are flooded."

Dick came to his door and smiled at her and asked her how she had slept. She felt that he had seized the opportunity while Amélie was there so that they should not be alone. His face looked strange and new. He was much older. She suddenly saw what he would be like when he was an old man. Something elemental, atavistic, was revealed in his face.

"I'm breakfasting down-stairs," he said, "so that I can watch the river. It's magnificent. When will you get up?"

"As soon as I've had my breakfast."

"And come down to the salon?"

"Yes."

Dick looked at her; humbly, intently. He was afraid of her; afraid for her. Before his strange, aged, humble eyes, Jill's eyes fell. She could do nothing for Dick. She would not be able to hide from him how he must make her suffer.

"All right, then," Dick muttered. "I'll be waiting." He closed his door.

"Did Madame see Madame la comtesse last night?" Amélie then inquired.

Jill looked up in surprise. "Yes. Why?"

"The old lady seems to have lost her wits," said Amélie.

"Jean, the baker's boy, drove down from Mérimac last night and saw her in the forest, running down the road, bareheaded; not even a cloak upon her in the storm. Made-moiselle Ludérac and Monsieur Trumier came after her and led her back."

"Good heavens!" said Jill, to herself, though

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she spoke aloud. She was thinking of this end to Marthe's day.

Amélie looked at her consideringly and ventured further.

"*Elle est toquée.*" She placed a finger on her forehead. "Jean heard her screaming out the name of Monsieur and that she must go to him; that she had something to say to him; a confession; and that he would forgive her. Jean thinks that Mademoiselle Ludérac promised her that she should see him. Only so would she consent to be led away at last. Ah, it is a sad life for that young person, is it not, Madame? First the mad mother and then the mad friend."

"If only she *were* mad. That would be a comfort," Jill thought. Aloud she said: "Mademoiselle Ludérac is a saint, Amélie. But the old lady isn't mad. She's had a misunderstanding with Monsieur and it makes her miserable. He will see her, and it will be all right. It's dreadfully sad when old people like that are so unhappy."

"Ah, yes, it is a sad thing, when one is over eighty, to be capable of such attachments," Amélie observed. "There is an age for everything, *n'est-ce pas, Madame?*"

But to this Jill found it more convenient to make no reply.

She dressed quickly, turning her eyes from her mirror to the desolate scene outside. When she was ready she went down to the salon.

Dick had lighted the fire and stood at the window looking out and as he turned and saw her he said nothing.

Automatically, Jill fumbled in her pockets for her cigarettes. She had left her case upstairs, and Dick offered her his own, struck a match and lighted her cigaret for her while she sank onto the sofa.

Half closing her eyes, she drew in a breath of smoke. The cigaret affected her as a raft they both clung to. But they must plunge. And she felt the water close over her head as she said, "Dick—I know everything."

He had stood looking at her with the lighted match in his fingers, and he shook it out and tossed it in the fire, and sat down on the edge of the table, folding his arms.

"I was with Marthe twice, yesterday," Jill went on. "We were both too tired. I couldn't persuade her. We had to leave it. But today you must make her understand that you and she must go away together."

Dick loomed up there between her and the window, tall, dark, still, with his folded arms. "Leaving you?" was what he said at last.

"I'll be going, too," said Jill, pausing for a moment to think. "In another direction. It's all really simple, isn't it?—when people understand each other; and love each other."

"Simple, do you call it?" he said. "Bringing our marriage to an end?"

It was not a case for retort. He did not mean it like that. Jill understood.

"We couldn't, of course; if it had been anything small, or usual. I mean—if you'd been unfaithful, in the usual way, with the usual sort of person—I'd have forgiven you, of course. I shouldn't have dreamed of our parting. But it's not a case for forgiveness. Only for understanding. And I do understand."

"I don't quite make out how you do," Dick muttered.

"How I understand as I do, you mean? Because of Marthe, of course," said Jill. "After all"—and she could not repress a curious little smile, half sweetness, half bitterness—"I loved her before you did."

"Did you? I wonder," Dick murmured.

"Well, I *knew* I loved her before you did," Jill amended, gently. And this Dick, apparently, accepted. "There's nothing left for us to go on with, is there?" Jill took up.

"We care for each other, just as much as ever, no doubt. But that's not enough, now. You've never cared for anybody as you do for Marthe. And you can't go on without her. Or she without you, for that matter; though she thinks she can."

Dick seemed to ponder, his eyes still on the fire. He brought them to her as he said at



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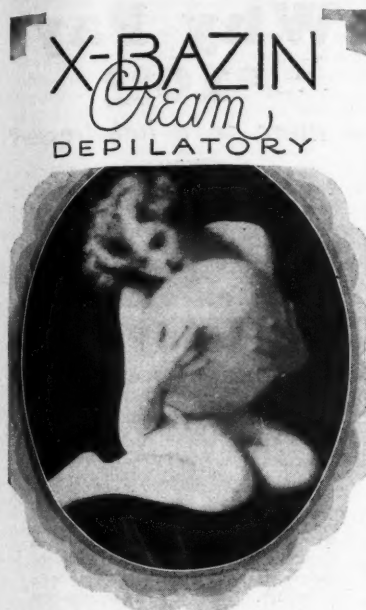
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last: "But how can I go on without you?" And at that, after a moment, Jill knew that he walked away to the window.

But Dick followed her. He laid his hands on her shoulders and turned her round so that he looked down into her eyes.

"How could you go on without me, Jill?" he asked.

If she allowed her thoughts to rest for one moment on her own shipwreck, Jill knew that her tears must gush forth; and if she wept Dick's arms would go round her. She yearned for his arms; but they would sear her flesh. She held her eyes widely open while she looked up at him, a wide, tragic gaze from the eyes so framed for mirth, and she asked: "But how could I go on with you, Dick?"

"You've never meant so much to me," he said, looking down into those wide eyes. "I've never loved you so much."

"Yes," she nodded; she even tried to smile. "I believe that. But it doesn't really help us. Because you love her more than you thought you could love anybody. That's what I said to her, yesterday, Dick. When you're with her you're in heaven."

"But it helps us in this way," said Graham. He would not pause for what she had said to Marthe. "It makes it possible for us to go on together, in spite of everything. Not one woman in a thousand could stand it; but you are the one woman who could. Anyone else would tear themselves—and me—to pieces; but you'd understand; as you do. And when I came back, you would have pity and help me to go on without her."

"When you say, come back, do you mean come back from her? Do you mean that you and Marthe would go away together and then that you'd leave her?"

"She won't come away," said Graham. "I asked her. Yesterday morning. Not only did she refuse; but she showed me why it was impossible. She showed me that I couldn't leave you. So what I asked of her then was that we should be lovers. And that's what I ask of you. That you should remain my wife, while she is my mistress."

At that Jill closed her eyes. "It was what the old woman said."

"Madame de Lamouderie? What did she say?"

"That you were lovers; already. I knew it wasn't true."

"She said that, did she? Cursed old witch. Well, her lies are always half truths, I expect. I would have been Marthe's lover now, Jill, if she would have taken me."

Jill was leaning away from him, with shut eyes; but fiercely, almost savagely, while he put his truths before her, he held her still and made her see it all; all that she had lost; yet all she gained in the strange triumph of such sincerity.

"What would you rather, Jill—give me up; let me go; or have us lovers? The truth, the real truth—that she sees as clearly as I do—more clearly—is that you are my wife and she and I lovers. It's because it's the truth that I feel I may make her accept it. I'll never make her accept your place."

"But I haven't got any place," Jill freed herself at last, and his hands fell from her as he felt that now indeed he had said all that need be said. "I'm your friend. But I'm not your wife. That's the truth you must make her see. She sees the other because she's French. But I'm English. I'm not a wife if my husband loves somebody else more than he loves me. Oh, I'm not unkind, Dick—you know I'm not. It's only truth. And how could I bear it for Marthe, that she should be your mistress? That you should love her—and leave her? I couldn't bear it. I must go. I must go today. I must leave you to her. When she hears that I have gone, she will see what it means to me. She'll see that to myself I'm not a wife any longer. A wife must be everything. She must be home; but she must be heaven, too." Her hand was on the door now.

He eyed her from across the room. "You



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can't go today," he said. "The car's broken. And everything's flooded."

"Tomorrow, then," Jill muttered.

"Tomorrow? Well, we'll see." He eyed her strangely. "You'd have to accept it, Jill."

"Accept what?"

"If she won't consent to come with me; but if she will consent to love me. You'd have to accept it; if she did."

There drifted across Jill's mind the memory of a phrase that she had heard that morning; words that Marthe had spoken to her in the wood; was it only that morning when it seemed years ago? "Love need not be light to know itself measured. What is more grave than to be doomed to part?" Even Dick did not know Marthe as she did. Even Dick did not understand the doom that rested upon Marthe. And this was why she had come to Buissac; this was why she had not turned away from the spell-bound house. Uncannily, beautifully as if in a dream, she saw it all and felt herself armed with the power of the vision.

"I will never accept it," she said. "Never; for Marthe. You must make her consent. You must live for her; not only love her. You must make her happy. I've had a happy life. I'll be happy again; don't worry about me, Dick. But she's had nothing. You'll have everything to make up to her. You can't only be her lover. Do you see?"

He did see, at last. He could never himself have found strength to put Jill out. She put herself out. He could never have found the strength with which to beat down Marthe's resistance. Jill gave her to him. Never had he and Jill been so near as in this moment when he saw at last, clearly, that they must part.

It was late afternoon and at the *manoir* door Graham had rung three times. The dark house, cloaked with rain, loomed above him, its walls filled with the furtive patterings of falling drops, like the running feet of mice. Behind him the wet branches of the sycamores sighed in the melancholy wind. There was no other sound; but, as he stood there, his foreboding Scotch blood alert and listening, old Mador stumbled round the corner of the house and fixing his fading eyes upon him, lifted his nose and uttered a long, low howl. Hastily, angrily, at that, Graham turned the handle of the door and found it yielded. The chill, high hall was before him.

Graham stood and looked; and listened to the stillness. He was alone as he had never been alone. Jill had not yet left him; but she had found a car and it was to take her that night to Mérinac, where she would catch the Paris train. He had come to tell Marthe Ludérac that Jill was his wife no longer.

But as he stood in the silent house the real Marthe Ludérac seemed further from him than the Marthe of his dream.

This house had always terrified him. He knew that now. And had there not been terror, from the first, in his love for Marthe Ludérac? Had he not felt her, from the first, a ghost? a corpse? What did he do, standing here in this house of death? What had he come to seek? Where was Jill? And life—safe, sweet life?

He mastered the sickness of his blood. He went forward and opened the drawing-room door. The room was empty. The shrouded harp stood in the recess. His easel leaned in its place and he noted the gashed canvas, though he did not move forward to examine its destruction. But by the fire the footstool had been pushed away from the *bergère* and on the little table was the white earthenware basin that had been so inopportunistically visible when he and Jill had found the old lady asleep; on a day of ill omen. Madame de Lamouderie had been there, then; and recently.

He went outside and stood. "Joseph!" he called. And as he heard the echo and the silence, another fear smote upon him; a natural, not a supernatural fear. Where was Marthe? He went up the stair. He found the green baize door; but it was to the old woman's room it led him, for again he lost his way.

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The room was empty; well ordered for the day. There stood the pink dressing-table and there the bed, all canopied in pink. In a corner was an important *prie-dieu*, mahogany and worn green velvet, a crucifix above it; and on the opposite wall hung a large engraving of a picture popular in the 'eighties: "*Enfin Seuls!*" showing a draped and padded drawing-room in which two lovers clasped each other. Hideous rubbish it was; just such a picture as Madame de Lamouderie would have hanging opposite the crucifix; yet the element of sincerity in the lovers' absorption transcended the frippery, and Graham felt his heart stabbed to a living love once more by the sight of that embrace.

He turned away. He could find his way now. The doors stood open to his hand, as they had stood on the moonlit night. He stood on the threshold of Marthe's room, as he had stood once before, and it was as empty as if she were dead.

Poor, sad, desolate little room, without a trace of magic now, the window opening on the rainy sky. Yet it had signs of the happier past of childhood. On the bed was a faded old red satin eiderdown; on the chest of drawers a little toilet set of silver, such as a child might receive on a splendid birthday, carefully laid out; and was that not, in the corner, sitting in its little chair, a faded, smiling, ancient doll? Yes; through all these years of tragedy, she had kept her doll to comfort her. Graham's heart almost broke as he looked at it.

"You can't only be her lover." Those words of Jill's came back to him. He had only been her lover as yet. As he looked at the piteous room, at the smiling doll, a new element came into his love, and into his life. He was unworthy; unworthy; how deeply unworthy—of Jill, and of Marthe. What should he ever do to repay? to atone? How lift himself to the level where he could be to Marthe what Jill's love and sacrifice demanded of him? Tears came into his fierce dark eyes. He could have fallen on his knees beside the bed and prayed to be purified and strengthened.

A mewing sound came down the corridor and turning he saw the old white and gray cat of Jill's first encounter with Marthe Ludérac. Graham picked it up tenderly.

He went down the corridor, holding the cat, and back to the stairs. The front door opened as he descended them and on the landing he looked down at the upturned face of Joseph. The relief of seeing him was exquisite.

Joseph was agitated, too much agitated to express any surprise or displeasure. "Is Monsieur looking for Madame la comtesse?"

"Yes. And for Mademoiselle Ludérac."  
"Mademoiselle has gone out to look for her kid. It has escaped, or been taken away. She went to give it its evening milk in the shed—and found it gone. But the rope, too, was gone, so that we think the boy from the cottage may have come to fetch it."

Relief, delicious, ecstatic, was flooding Graham's heart. He stood above Joseph, the cat in his arms. "Why should the boy come for it—if it's Mademoiselle's?"

"Ah; Mademoiselle Marthe intends to buy it now. She will give him two fowls, for his first communion feast, in place of it, as well as its price, too, to his mother; but Blaise will have set his heart on roast kid."

"Will he! The little ogre!"  
"Ah, roast kid is an excellent dish, Monsieur," said Joseph, in his flat, impartial tones. "And if the kid is not eaten, the fowls will be."

"That's true enough!" laughed Graham, his sardonic humor gratified by Joseph's realism. "But since Mademoiselle wants it to live that's all that need concern us, isn't it? I must go and help her find it; at once."

"Ah, but it is Madame la comtesse who is lost now!" said Joseph. "It is Madame la comtesse who will trouble Mademoiselle more than the kid. She is gone. She is disappeared. I went to look at the fire, after Mademoiselle went, and she was not there. Only a half-hour before I had taken her in her *panade*; but she had not eaten it; the bowl

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was untouched. And she was gone. And nowhere to be found. Madame la comtesse is not well. Mademoiselle is much alarmed for her. And what I now think is that she may have run down to Buissac to find Monsieur. She hoped to see him last night."

"I see," Graham reflected. "Yes. That's probable. Though I've just come from Buissac and didn't meet her on the road."

Joseph reflected, observing with a thoughtful eye Graham's hand as it unconsciously caressed the head of the cat. "She will have gone through the forest, then. Will Monsieur not search for her? And bring her back?"

"But what of Mademoiselle? It's she I've come to see."

"She will not have gone far," said Joseph coldly, though Graham felt that Joseph was less cold than might have been expected. "She will first have gone down to the cottage, to see if the kid is there. If it is not, she may stay there for a little while with the poor woman, who is ill."

"Well; I'll go down to Buissac, then," Graham placed the cat in Joseph's arms as he spoke. "I'll go to the cottage first, and tell Mademoiselle that I will bring the old lady back, if I find her. How's that? Joseph," said Graham suddenly, "you may trust me."

"Trust you, Monsieur?" Joseph eyed him askew.

"Yes. You may trust me and Madame Graham. We want the same thing for Mademoiselle."

"You cannot take her from Buissac. You cannot take her from France," said Joseph in a low concentrated voice. "She remains with me. I have cared for her since she was a child. I have known her from before her birth. It would kill her to take her away."

"No; no; no; it wouldn't kill her," said Graham, also speaking in a low voice and as if to an equal. "But you shall not be left. Trust me. If you could understand what I feel for her, even you would be satisfied."

"You cannot understand her," said Joseph. "You are a stranger."

Graham stood there in the hall, and for a moment, as he looked at Joseph, a new fear flickered in his heart. What was the life he could give Marthe Ludérac? Would he take her from the darkness that she knew into another, a strange darkness? Was she not rooted here as deeply as the chestnut trees that grew above her mother's grave? Then he remembered Jill. Jill believed that he could make up to her—for everything.

"Trust me," he muttered, and he went out, closing the *manoir* door behind him.

Graham did not knock when he reached the cottage. He pushed open the door and found himself in the one room of the place, with hard-beaten earthen floor, wide fireplace, where a pot hung from a chain above a faltering fire, and a high, stately bed in a corner. On the pillows lay the white face of a peasant woman that turned to survey him in astonishment. A small boy sat before the fire.

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Ludérac?" Graham asked.

The little boy, staring with all his eyes, remained speechless, but the woman said: "Mademoiselle was here a little while ago. We have no news of the kid. The mother has been killed by the lightning. Heaven pray that no evil has befallen the kid. Mademoiselle has promised to buy it from us."

"Where has she gone, then? Where is she?" cried Graham. "She's not looking for it on such a day!"

"But Mademoiselle would be well capable of looking for it—with her love for dumb things. I cannot tell you where she is gone, Monsieur. Back to the *manoir*, I think."

"But she's not at the *manoir*. Where would she have gone? Where would she look for it? Can it have run down to the island?" cried Graham.

"It could not get over to the island. The bridge is under water," the small boy volunteered suddenly.

"Under water? How do you know that?" his mother questioned.

"I went down to look this afternoon. The stream was almost level with it then. And I went to the bottom of the road and saw the dike. All the people from Buissac were there. The water was running over the top and through the stones."

"Running through the dike? And why did you not tell me?"

"Mademoiselle Marthe and Monsieur Truier were there and told me to say nothing, lest it should trouble you. But you would rather know that the kid could not be on the island," said the boy, with conviction.

"Pray heaven the dike does not give way!" the woman exclaimed. "It is the best grazing land in the commune and we all remember the flood of fifteen years ago. Not only were six fine cows drowned, but the land was spoiled for two whole seasons."

Graham took out some coins and laid them on the table, muttering his thanks. He closed the door behind him and stood among the vineyards. The wind had dropped a little but the rain fell still more resolutely and the evening was now as dark as the rain. Where was she? Might it not be that she was again at the bottom of the road watching the menaced dike?

Suddenly he saw below him, black, tottering, half blotted out by the rain, the figure of Madame de Lamouderie. She was climbing the cliff-side, inch by inch, stopping to breathe at every three steps. He saw her against the sky, as he had first seen her; but this was a livid sky; and she was below, not above him. As he stood there, looking down upon her, she lifted the gray disk of her face, and she stopped short as if a bullet had gone through her heart.

A horrible presage traversed Graham's mind as he saw that arrest. Just so would a criminal stop short seeing suddenly before him the armed and inescapable forces of the law. No fear that he had ever known equalled the fear he felt as he recognized in that instant the embodied evil before him.

He walked slowly down the path until he had come close to her, and as he thus advanced upon her he did not move his eyes from her fixed and staring face. Then, standing still before her, he said: "Where is Marthe?"

Madame de Lamouderie made no reply. She continued to stare at him.

"Where is she? I've come to find her," said Graham.

She made an effort to speak at last; but only a croaking sound issued from her throat.

"Why are you out here in this storm? What's brought you out?" Graham demanded, mastering his mounting fury.

"I have come to look for her," said the old lady in a dry, rattling voice.

"Come to look for her! When did you miss her? You must have gone before she did."

The old lady shook her head. "No; no; you are mistaken. You do not understand. It was when I did not find her that I came to look. She is nowhere to be found. Nowhere."

Graham stood there, piercing her with his menacing stare.

"I want her," the old lady went on, her voice now pitched in the tremolo of pathos and ill-usage. "I cannot live when she is not beside me. She is the one person in the world who cares for me."

"That may well be so. That's very likely, I think," said Graham with unstudied cruelty. But he stood and pondered. There was always the half truth in her lie. And as he stood in this uncertainty, the old lady watched, watched him, in what was almost a frenzy of fear and caution; as a lion-tamer in a cage might watch the lion upon whom his wiles have failed to act. And as he remained silent, she found a further note:

"I am very weary," she murmured. "I am dead with weariness. Will you not lend me your arm to reach the house again? Then we can take counsel of Joseph."

"No; I'll do nothing for you; nothing, do you hear?" Graham muttered. "Until I

find her. Stay here, or crawl back home by yourself—as you please; you'll get no help from me. There's something about you; there's a lie; a horror—" He stopped.

From far below them, through the rushing of the rain, a sound came to his ear. Faint; thin; intermittent. The bleating of a young animal in distress.

"She's down on the island!" he cried.

The old lady sprang at him and seized his arm. "No! No!" she cried. "You are mad! On the island? You are mad! It is already under water! I have been down to look. The dike is down. The kid is drowned. Listen. Listen—to one who loves you! It was for your sake—for the sake of your wife that I lied to you! Yes! Yes! I have lied. So that you should not go to her. So that you should not break your young wife's heart! Oh, listen! Stay one moment. She is at the *manoir*. She is hidden in the *manoir*. So that you should not find her! She begged me to keep her secret! She is in deadly fear of you!"

Turned away from her, his hand laid on her shoulder to force her from him, he had paused to hear what she might still bring forth; but now, again, came the sharp, the faltering bleat; unmistakable. The kid was on the island and Marthe was with it.

As he sprang down the path he dragged Madame de Lamouderie with him. She was clinging to his arm, clawing at his coat; her feet slipped and beat on the uneven path as she grappled with him. But one backward blow of his arm freed him at last. He heard her fall roughly on the stones and as he bounded forward her wailing cry followed him—half curse, half lamentation:

"Insensate! Mad! Cruel! You will drown! You will die! The dike is down! You will not find her."

The bridge was already under water, but the hand-rail still emerged; his feet found the plank and he crossed on it. Films and fans of water were sliding over the meadow and he heard the deep rush of the streams on either side, but the ground rose, and as he turned and ran round the promontory he was hardly ankle-deep in water. The dike was not yet down. The cabin was not far. Not farther than quarter of a mile. If the plank was too deep by the time they got back to the bridge, they could pull themselves across by the hand-rail. Even if they had to throw themselves into the stream, the current might carry them against the cliff. They could climb up and be saved.

On one hand as he ran he saw the shadowy ranks of the poplars, swaying against the wind; on the other, looming above him, was the cliff. The memory of all his old terrors was in his mind, but a fiercer fear raced beside him. Should he outstrip the fall of the dike? Even as he ran he could feel that the confluent streams met in mounting waves over his feet.

Suddenly his ankle turned under him in a sickening twist and wrench. He fell heavily on his hands and knees over a hidden obstacle and as he raised himself he ground his teeth with fury, for the foot was sprained, or broken. Forcing it to bear his weight, he splashed forward, catching at his breath, the anguish bringing a cold sweat to his brow, and he saw at last before him the cabin, set small and low between the heights; visionary no longer; its sinister secret all displayed; the place appointed for their death, unless they could outstrip the flood. And, loud and piteous now, came once more the cry of the kid, shut into the cabin.

He reached the cabin and dragged himself round to the door, holding by the wall. The door was on the farther side, and there, bending to the latch, was Marthe. She was picking, pulling, fiercely yet accurately, at a knot tied with wet rope to a padlock across it. She wore the small black shawl tied under her chin and the black rain-coat in which he had first seen her. Graham laid his hands upon her shoulders.

She gave a great start, as she raised herself; but she did not move away from him. And, after the gaze in which her eyes measured the

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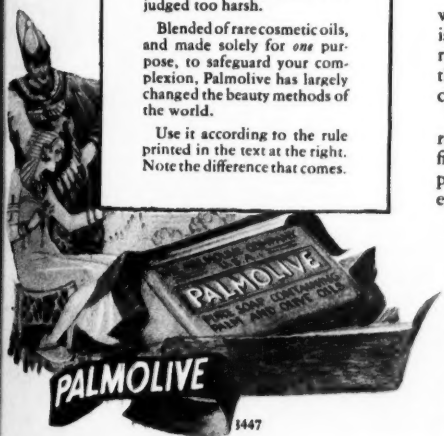
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full meaning of his presence, she said: "It is tied too tight. I cannot open it."

Without a word Graham took out his knife and sawed at the tough, wet rope.

"Did you hear the kid cry? In all this storm? Is that how you found me?" Marthe went on. And not pausing for a reply: "She carried it down. She took it from its place in the shed and carried it down. I met her. She told me it was here. She did not even trouble to lie to me. She did not even pretend that it had run away; she was so sure that I was to die. She tied the rope; so that I should take too long. She risked her life to do it. She is mad."

"Yes. That was what she did. I met her too. She lied to me. To the last she tried to keep me from you. But we've foiled her, this time; we've foiled her at last," muttered Graham, bending over the knot. Terror and joy inundated his soul. And again it was as if he blessed Madame de Lamouderie who brought them thus together.

The rope snapped. Inside the hut the kid was cowering. Marthe lifted it, murmuring, "My poor little one, you shall not be left to die."

"We shall all die, unless we make haste. Give me the beast. And run. Run to the bridge. I'm following." He leaned against the wall and put out his hands for the kid, while he felt the water lap about their feet.

But she was standing still. Her white face scanned him. "What is the matter? Why do you not come, too?"

"I am coming. Give me the beast." He forced himself forward on the broken foot.

"You have injured yourself. You are in great pain. You cannot walk," said Marthe.

"I've hurt my foot, a little. It is nothing. I can get along—more slowly. In God's name, give me the beast and go!" cried Graham in a voice of sudden fury. "I promise you to save it—and myself—if I can."

"You think that I will leave you? You cannot think it. Take my arm," said Marthe. "Lean on me."

As she spoke a distant tumult shook the air. Muffled yet portentous it seemed to drop down upon them from the promontory as the echo of the catastrophe was beaten against the rock. And a strange stillness followed it.

"The dike is down," said Marthe.

"Run! Run! In God's name, run! There is time yet!" cried Graham. "The river will take five minutes to reach you! You can reach the bridge in five minutes!"

She had turned her head to listen; now she looked back at him. "There is no time. And you cannot think that I would leave you. There is no time. We must climb onto the roof," said Marthe. "Wait. Hold the kid."

She put the kid in his arms and ran inside the cabin and returned, pulling through the water a heavy trestle. She pushed it against the wall of the cabin. She took the kid from him and helped him to struggle up beside her. The cabin stood some six feet high. It was solidly built.

"The river may not rise to this level," said Graham.

"Yes. It will," said Marthe. "I was a child in the last great flood. It was less terrible than this. When the dike went down, the river rose far above this height. But wait. It may not be so sudden. The dike may give way by degrees. I do not think that all has fallen yet."

They saw, as she spoke, that the obscurity before them shaped itself into an advancing, a darker obscurity. It came with a sinister stillness, softly, swiftly, and spread about them. The river finding its ancient bed once more; rippling and gliding deeply to the poplar groves; to the cliff; as distant now and as inaccessible as the island. The timbers of the cabin groaned and trembled as they felt the impact. But they still held, and the river paused a foot below the cabin roof.

"Can you swim?" asked Graham.

"No."

"Nor can I. Yet"—he looked about him—

"one might keep afloat. You could put your hand on my shoulder. The current might carry us down against the cliff."

"To dash us against it? You with your broken foot? We could not keep afloat. Why waste our last moments in a vain struggle?" said Marthe. She spoke almost with a tender mockery.

He looked back at her. "Then we are to die together, Marthe," he said. She had drawn her shawl down about her shoulders and folded the kid in it against her side. The form of her face seemed to float upon the darkness; he saw only her gaze and that a starry ecstasy breathed from her.

"Yes. Together," she said. "Are you not glad, too?"

He made her no reply. He put his arms around her and laid his head, at last, upon her breast. So the dream came true. That had been her secret from the first. It was because she did not belong to life, and to the earth, that he had sought her. She was the light that trembled through all living; but she did not belong to life. It belonged to her; as the earth belongs to the sky. It was so clear to him now that she could not have lived and belonged to him; that he possessed her now only because she was to die. "Eurydice," he murmured.

She smiled, as if she understood, though he had hardly known that he called her by the name of his dreams, and, held in his arms, she leaned her head so that she could look into his eyes. And she began to speak to him, at last; swiftly, unhesitatingly, with a passionate quiet and impetuosity; like that of the river rushing over the broken barrier; with an intimacy that years of life together could hardly have made more complete.

"I may tell you now how much I love you. I have loved you from the beginning; from the first moment that I saw you; though at first I thought it fear. It was as if I had been waiting for you always; as if my roots in the dark had been seeking you; listening for you. When I saw you my life ran into yours. I could do nothing to help myself; I could be silent; but I could not help myself; it was like a river running into the sea. And Jill was there, beautiful to me as no one in my life had been beautiful. It seemed to me that you were the darkness that pursued me, and she the light; I hid myself in her so that you should not find me. Yet my thoughts were full of you always. It was of you I was thinking when you came that night; and when I saw you there I did not think of Jill at all; only of you, and of my gladness—my terrible gladness—that you had come. My love for Jill gave me strength against you; but my heart was full of longing for you and the thought of life without you was already like death. All yesterday I wandered, and it seemed to me that I could not live when you were gone. Oh, say that you are glad, too. Say that you are glad to die with me as I am glad to die with you."

"All I know is that I am with you," Graham muttered. Her passion, her beauty dazed him. She was like a flame within his arms. "I am glad because I have you. That is all I need."

Silent, with closed eyes, they kissed each other, again and again, passionately; and as they clung together the sound of the dull, portentous uproar smote again upon their ears. But those longed-for kisses, in all their tragic sweetness, seemed now irrelevant.

He was nearer her when he could look at her than when he kissed her. Let him sink once more into those radiant eyes. Let him lose himself. For the cabin again trembled beneath them; the water had risen nearly to the roof; he was seeing, in dark flashes, the swiftly approaching death. How would it be at the end? Could they keep this rapture fast? hold closely to each other, while they fought the cold, insensate element that would batter at lips and nostrils? How horrible to have to fight death even while one prayed for its deliverance! And, looking into her starry eyes, thinking that this loveliness must die in torment, Graham groaned aloud.

As if she guessed his thoughts she smiled at him and, with a gesture maternal in its tenderness, she drew his head to hers, pressing it against her cold, wet cheek. "Do you remember, in the garden yesterday?" she said. "When you asked me to love you, I was silent. Shall I tell you why I was silent all that time? It was like an hallucination that came into my mind. . . . A little boy; our child. . . . If I loved you as you asked there might be a child to make the meaning of my life—even after you had left me. I seemed to see him running up the garden path before us there; very young; with ruffled hair, and eyes like yours. Only his were not lonely eyes; but happy; for he was with his mother. It was like an hallucination—I saw him turn his face to smile at us. And then I saw that it must never be. He would have been a disinherited child; like me. An outcast. It was only a dream. I had not to struggle. But while it lasted it kept me silent."

"My angel! My saint!" Graham whispered. She had kept her face pressed close to his while she told her dream and she was silent for a while. The water lapped up to their feet. "No; not an angel," she said then. "Not a saint. Saints do not long for human love as I have longed. I have had desires as wild—as desperate—as those of any woman. You must know me as I am. Not a saint. But it has not all been that. I have had other longings." She drew from him to look at him again. The rain streamed like tears over her face. It was as if already the dividing waters were veiling her from him. Yet light came to him from her. "Do you believe in God?" she said. "Can you feel, before we die, that you believe in God?"

"I can believe in God when you are there." "I believe in Him even when you are not there. Always, at great moments, the sense of a presence has come to me. When my mother killed my father and I found them; when I held her in her frenzies at night; when she died and left me. I feel it bless us now."

Graham was trembling, with grief and pain and adoration. The sense of light was about him and while he gazed into her eyes he felt himself lifted and sustained on a strength infinitely transcending his own. Marthe's strength? God's strength? What did that matter? Was not the heart of the mystery this flame that she revealed to him in whose light he might find it bliss to die? And as he gazed at it, at that moment, he saw it fall from her face. He felt a shock go through her and heard a far-off cry.

The watery wastes were empty. The promontory cut its vast bulk across the sky, shutting out Buissac; but, borne on the wind, beaten by the rain, wavering as a foam-bell wavers on swirling water, the cry had reached them, and he drew away to listen. And Marthe, too, looked towards Buissac.

And in that silent, listening moment Graham felt a vast menace, an abyss of emptiness, poised above them, opening beneath them, and remembered all his terrors. It was as if in that moment Marthe left him. It was the voice of life calling out to them and as she heard it her flame went out.

Again it came. Round the promontory they saw a light appear, wavering like the cry, floating in the darkness. Jill was calling out to them—"Marthe! Dick!"

It was the voice of life.

"No—no—no," he heard Marthe say—or thought he heard her say. The words were no more than a whisper and her head was turned away from him.

Graham sprang to his feet, steadying himself by a hand laid on her shoulder. "Jill! Jill! Jill!" he shouted. Already he could see the boat; the lantern at the bows; the two forms straining at the oars in the racing current. And Jill answered him: "Marthe! Dick!"

He looked down at Marthe. She sat below him still, her face turned towards the boat, the kid, wrapped in the shawl, held closely.

"We're to live, Marthe," he said. "She's come to save us. She gives you to me. Nothing can part us now."



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She did not look up at him. She made him no reply. The water lapped up about her feet.

"Come," he said, harshly. "Stand beside me. Help me. I can't be saved unless I lean on you. You've got to live—for me."

It was life Jill brought them; but what was this dark dismay lapping at his soul?

Marthe rose to her knees and he took her hand and pulled her up beside him, grasping her shoulder, fastening her to his side. Let him hold her close. Life might be the looming menace; but he wanted Marthe.

And she was obedient. She stood steadying him, sustaining them both, for the water was sweeping now strongly over their feet and without her he could not have held himself upright. The boat was near them and the lantern illuminated the faces of the rescuers; a man's face, wary, resolute; Jill's face, golden in the light, exhausted, joyful.

"My darling Jill," Graham muttered. "Atrapez!" called the man. He crouched and poised himself, flinging a coiled rope.

Graham fell to his knee to catch it. He passed it round a corner of the cabin roof, looped it over a projecting beam and over one arm, holding Marthe with the other.

The boat shot down the stream, while the rowers struggled at the oars, and, as the rope drew taut, turned in the current with a violent jar, then slid, docile, against the roof; and, as they all drew thus near together, Jill, for one moment, raised her eyes upon the two in a deep glance of love and triumph.

"Gare à vous!" cried the man. "Do not touch the boat. Get in carefully."

"Put your hand on my arm," said Graham. "Then on his. Quickly. Quickly."

"I cannot with the kid," said Marthe in a low voice. "Take it. Put it in first."

He controlled a rage of terror and impatience that rose in him, but she had unwrapped the kid and he took it from her.

The terrified little creature struggled in his arms and he tottered and nearly fell, saving himself by a clutch at the side of the boat. Jill held hard at her oars; the boat was righted; the kid was safe. He had tossed it in and turned again to Marthe.

She was not there.

"Marthe!" he cried, looking wildly round. She was not there.

"She has fallen!" shouted the boatman. "She has gone under the boat! Down the current! Look!"

Jill shipped her oars and snatched the lantern from its place and held it up. "Marthe!" she cried. "Marthe!" and she turned the lantern on the black water, on the poplar groves, on the cliff, round on every side, while the vacant beams stretched far into the desolate night.

"Where is she? She has left me! Let me go to her!" Graham was crying in a nightmare voice, for the boatman had seized him by the arm, and Jill had seized him. "Let me go to her!" he cried, struggling fiercely. But they dragged him in.

"Row! Row! Row!" said Jill.

And the man rowed down against the cliff where the current flowed so swiftly and Jill crouched with the lantern and Graham lay insensible at the bottom of the boat.

There was no face upon the water. Marthe was not there. She had slipped—or fallen—or been swept away. The river had taken her. She was gone.

### Epilogue

All Buissac, on a radiant afternoon, was gathered high above the river on the promontory road. It was at the spot where Jill Graham, two years before, had leaned on the parapet to look out over the plains and down at the island, and the scene wore again its springtime vesture. The plains melted in azure undulations to the sky; the river flowed in silver majesty; the island was tranquil, all the ravages of the great flood mantled with compassionate green.

Only one change there was; the unwonted stillness on the opposite shore. No women



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knot at the river's edge to wash and no men fished. The sounds of the countryside had gathered themselves into one dense hive of ardent humming on the promontory road, where a memorial tablet, set into the cliff above it, was to be unveiled. It was a great day for Buissac; a day such as history is made of, on which the roots of legend flower; and since Marthe Ludérac's death legends had rooted themselves. The soil of life in such a remote, unsophisticated community is propitious to them and the tragic circumstances of her death, the grief that had attended it, had lifted and enshrined her shadowy figure.

For weeks after the catastrophe Graham had lain at the Ecu d'Or, his life and his reason in danger, and Jill, pale, silent, had passed among the people, and wherever she was seen, with her stricken face, Marthe Ludérac was remembered. She had visited the *curé* when the body was recovered and made all arrangements for the funeral; she sat with the mayor and supervised the disposal of Marthe's small fortune. She was at the *manoir* day and night, tending the old woman desperately dying there. Her authority was undisputed. A sense of mysterious significance and grief surrounded the dead girl with an aura.

Then, when at last Graham could travel, he and she had gone and for two years Buissac heard no more of them. But Marthe Ludérac was not forgotten. Her legend grew quietly, insistently, as lilies-of-the-valley grow underground. Excitement, elation, was felt when it was known that Madame Graham had returned to erect a monument to her; but no surprise. She was already a presence among them.

In the cemetery, half a mile below, there were now three graves under the chestnut branches. A solitary wreath of daffodils had been laid on Madame de Lamouderie's; but Marthe Ludérac's was heaped with tinsel flowers, bead wreaths and sacred ornaments and looked at last in keeping, it was felt, with the rest of the fine Buissac necropolis. Madame Michon might have pronounced it almost *coquet* when, with the others, she came today to lay upon it her own splendid offering.

The Michons expected great things from this accession of fame to Buissac. They were enlarging the Ecu d'Or, and Madame Michon was graciously ready to give information to those who crowded round her.

Madame Graham was staying at the Ecu d'Or, *bien entendu*. She was to unveil the monument and might now be expected to appear at any moment. *Ce pauvre* Monsieur Graham could not be with them. He had not yet recovered, Madame Michon gathered, from the effects of the terrible night when he and Madame had seen their beloved friend swept away before their eyes. But he was, at last, beginning to paint again. One saw the gladness in Madame's face when she spoke of it. Ah, she had suffered, the poor lady; she was changed; aged; but still as charming as ever. She was sending the little Germaine to school and Madame Jeannin had cause to bless her. But then, had it not been for Blaise Jeannin, Monsieur Graham would have perished with Mademoiselle Ludérac.

Blaise, indeed, in Sunday best, a watch-chain across his waistcoat, was a center of interest. Many people here today had not seen him before and pressed round him as he recited, with the assurance of old custom, his reminiscences. He had climbed down the cliff to this very spot when his mother, on that night of disaster, had told him to follow the *Monsieur Anglois* and help him in his search for the kid, and had seen Graham running along the flooded island. A passing motor had picked him up and brought him to the Ecu d'Or, where cries and lamentations had greeted the dreadful news he had to tell.

He could recall it all. Madame Graham saying she must find a boat; Monsieur Michon telling her that it would be an act of madness to attempt to cross the broken dike; Monsieur Prosper coming forward and asserting that he could take her.

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The great Professor Foges of Vienna says 95 per cent of all diseases originates in the intestinal tract. We should eliminate digestive waste every 9 to 12 hours. Few do. And the result is that this waste breeds amazing numbers of germs and poisons. Some of it even hardens and encrusts itself on the intestinal walls—never passing!

But worse still, these poisons and germs seep into the system. They penetrate into the blood vessels in the intestinal walls and sweep on through the blood stream.

Those headaches you get, biliousness, anemia, dizziness, hardening arteries, rheumatism, most organic disturbances and diseases . . . all start in the germ factory of the large intestine.

### How Water Aids Health

Water is Nature's greatest cleanser. Nothing equals it. For years science has had only the old fashioned enema to aid it. But the enema is woefully deficient. The large intestine is shaped like an inverted horse-shoe. The enema cleanses only to

the first bend. The accumulated poisons beyond remain untouched.

An eminent New York specialist, tortured by intestinal poisons, created a unique and ingenious device known as the J. B. L. Cascade. It administers luke warm water, mixed with an energizing tonic, under gentle but effective pressure. The water enters the whole lower intestinal tract and flushes it clean. There is no pain, no discomfort.

### Immediate Benefits

The effects of this J. B. L. Cascade Internal Bath are truly magical. Your system, freed of these insidious toxic poisons, rebounds to the call of youth. Your tired nerves relax. You sleep like a child. You eat with relish and joy. In truth, Internal Bathing with the J. B. L. Cascade makes a new person of you.

Yet you only have to take this marvelous bath about once a week. Just before retiring. The tonic, meanwhile, rejuvenates and strengthens the flabby intestinal muscles — makes them do their normal work.

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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Blaise had remained at the Ecu d'Or, dozing before the fire until, hours later, Monsieur Graham had been carried in, unconscious; he had started forward then and cried: "Et mon biquet?"

And Monsieur Prosper had said: "Ton biquet?—Et bien, elle est morte pour ton biquet, cette pauvre demoiselle."

His biquet still remained for Blaise the central figure of the tragedy, and he could not now regret that his mother had accepted the money and he the watch; for here the watch still was and the kid would long ago have been eaten. Madame Graham had come to see them that morning and had told him that it was now a mother.

Madame Jeannin, her pale face shining with excitement, talked with an astonishing volubility. She was a very fount of tradition, for had she not known Mademoiselle Ludérac from her childhood? She could tell them what her favorite dishes had been and how she was not always sad at all. It was with Madame Jeannin and her old mother that Madame de Lamouderie had taken refuge when terrible misfortunes had befallen her. Ah yes, she was a veritable countess, pour sûr, and of a great family. La vieille maman had been a bonne in her Paris house.

But how they could have gone on caring for her she did not know, since all money from Paris ceased at last to come and well did she remember the day when Mademoiselle came to their cottage and took the poor old lady to live with her. Ah, that was a devotion! When Mademoiselle was not with her, Madame la comtesse pined. She had died of grief, and it had broken one's heart to hear her moaning day and night: "Marthe—Marthe—Marthe." Only when Madame Graham sat beside her and held her hand would she be still, and in her last moments she had cried out upon Marthe Ludérac's name, as if upon a saint's, and had begged for her intercession with le bon Dieu.

There were many, also, who remembered the child leading her mother in the woods and one or two who said that they had witnessed the scene of the stoning. She had thrown herself before her mother and had looked like a martyr, with great courageous eyes and blood upon her forehead. The story of the young permissionaire was told; Marthe had become a heroine of the great war; and people passing the manoir at night had heard the angelic notes of her harp and now recalled the supernatural awe that had fallen upon them. One woman said that she had seen Marthe Ludérac in the forest at evening carrying a succored animal, and that there had been an aura about her head. So the hive hummed on, storing its legendary honey.

But one figure stood apart from all the dense and eager crowd; bereft, morose, uncommunicating, an old blind dog beside him. No one spoke to Monsieur Trumier, though glances were turned on him as he stood near the veiled monument, holding Médor by a cord. He had let the manoir to a family from Bordeaux and lived in Buissac near his niece's family. He made no friends; he spoke to no one, occupying himself with his niece's children and Mademoiselle Ludérac's decrepit animals. He was often to be seen in the cemetery, tending her grave, and sometimes he and Médor wandered for hours on the island below where she had lost her life. A slight feeling of superstitious awe surrounded him, and it was whispered among the children that whereas Mademoiselle Ludérac blessed you if you were good to animals, Monsieur Trumier, if you were cruel, could lay a malediction upon you.

When Jill's little open car appeared at last at the turning of the road, it had to come slowly, so dense had grown the crowd. People stood on the parapet of the wall and boys had climbed up into the wayside poplars and clung there to the branches. Jill was pale as she looked at them all, opening a way for her. She had not expected such a crowd.

Sitting beside her were Monsieur le curé and Monsieur le maire; a marvelous proximity

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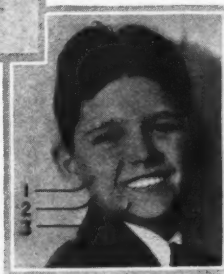
But these vitally important mouth glands slow up.

Modern diet, with its soft, easily swallowed foods, restricts the natural fluids which the mouth glands should produce. Without hard chewing to exercise them, your mouth glands falter. Even in childhood, discoloration and decay begin, gums soften in disease.

To correct this, Pebeco was especially perfected. Its principal ingredient renews the normal action of the mouth glands, keeps them vigorous day and night. You can taste the important substance in Pebeco that does this. As you brush your teeth, you get its sharp, clean, pungent tang.

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indeed in the eyes of Buissac, and as all eyes dwelt upon the three it was felt, more deeply perhaps than at any other time, that Madame Graham was a remarkable woman.

She was grave and very pale; but she was not wearing black; her clothes were the girlish country clothes they had always seen her wear and when she got out and made her way among them, she paused to shake hands with Monsieur Prosper, with Blaise, with Madame Jeannin. Then she went to stand beside Monsieur Trumier, stooping to caress the head of the old dog before she looked up at him. It was seen that though she and Monsieur Trumier looked at each other, they did not speak at all.

Monsieur le curé and Monsieur le maire then took their places before the crowd.

Monsieur le curé, who was very red, told them of the filial virtues of the dead girl. She had been, he said, a very perfect example to them all, in that respect. They would all remember how terrible was the cloud of guilt that had rested upon her home and with what patience and fortitude she had tended her mother until her death. He ended with an allusion to *la sainte Vierge* and *Sainte Anne* that was not felt to have much relevance, and he came to an end abruptly and stepped back to make place for the *maire*.

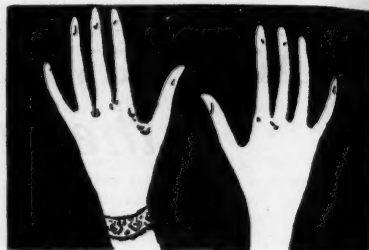
Monsieur le maire spoke at much greater length and in a florid voice. He spoke of France, its glories and attractions, and of the generous young English couple who had come among them. They had loved Buissac from the first; and who would not love Buissac that knew it? and who would not love France, the chivalrous, humanitarian nation? She was a torch to all the peoples, said Monsieur le maire, and, as always, she led the way towards the glorious eras of liberty and progress that opened before the new generations. How France was appreciated, and in the person of a humble and unfortunate young citizen, the magnificent work of art, now to be unveiled before them by its generous donor, attested.

Monsieur le curé had spoken to them of Mademoiselle Ludrac's private virtues; he had to remind them of her acts of courageous patriotism. She had succored French soldiers during the war. She had taken them in and given them food and shelter, poor and unprotected as she was. Her virtues had been French virtues; courage, patriotism; magnanimity; and for ages to come none of those who passed along this road would fail to honor France in honoring her. So, with a quivering voice, Monsieur le maire ended, and no one who saw Madame Graham leaning back against the cliff, with folded arms and downcast eyes, would have suspected that she controlled a bitter inclination to smile.

But though Jill controlled a smile, Monsieur le curé and Monsieur le maire had done what she had intended they should do. The church and the state had recognized Marthe Ludrac. Her turn had come. She stepped forward and withdrew the veil.

The tablet, set flatly in the gray limestone, might almost have grown by natural agencies of time and weather from the cliff, so simple, so elemental was its design. The life-size profile, carved in low relief, seemed to breathe from the rock; but with another breath than that of life. Had the spirit of the dead girl yearned for a reincarnation in her loved country, her longing might thus have found fulfillment; for this strange head, bent forward as if to gaze down at the great river and out over the plains, was like an emanation of the dreaming soul, so remembering past beauty that it had emerged through the rock—and through the minds of those who had loved her—to look and listen forever to the sights and sounds that had accompanied its pilgrimage on earth. It looked; it listened; but what was the meaning of the beauty that it saw, the secret melody it heard?

Above it, carved in the framing stone, an inscription ran: "Marthe Ludrac: She had compassion on all that suffers and lost her life, below this spot, while rescuing a kid from the flood."



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

Nearly every woman who sees them envies me my hands. They ask me how I keep them so soft, so white, so young.

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This hand lotion is sold by all toilet counters. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Hand Lotion. Price 60¢.

I urge you to try it. I have tried nearly everything of this kind, but nothing compares with this. A guarantee comes with it. Your dealer will return your money if it does not please. Try it and see what it means to you.

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Beneath was a drinking fountain and carved round it, processionally, a file of animals, led by an archaic girlish figure carrying a kid.

The crowd gazed, silently, and in an unbroken silence listened to Jill's brief words. She told them that her husband had drawn Marthe Ludérac's head from memory and that a friend of theirs, a young French sculptor, had carved it and the fountain from his designs.

"Very few people knew her," said Jill, while her voice trembled a little. "She was very lonely. Her life was very sad. But I think it would make her happy if she could see us all here today. Her heart was full of love and she would see that we all loved her. And it would make her happy to think that because of her everyone in Buissac was kind to animals. She was a great person; though in her life she had no opportunity to show her greatness, except to one or two. They will never forget her; but long after they are dead, this memorial will tell people that she lived here and was loved."

There was nothing more that she could do. She and Dick were together, as Marthe had meant, in leaving them, that they should be; and perhaps, because of Marthe, people in Buissac would be kinder to animals. That was all. And she must leave her now, forever.

She stood in silence, with the rest, gazing up at the dear face; so remote; as remote as a star; yet as near as the light of the star shining upon one. As long as one lived and remembered, Marthe would shine upon one. And little whispers came to her from the crowd as all drew near to look more closely at the memorial.

"See; it is as if the wind were blowing back her hair."

"She is smiling, yet it is as if tears were in her eyes."

"It is a dead face," said one woman, for, as they looked, a sense of awe crept over them.

But her companion said: "No; it is a face in Paradise."

THE END

## The Bacchante

(Continued from page 85)

"wrangling is its abhorrence nor does any there gird himself against his fellow. That land, free of enemies!"

Oh, Martin, why can't we be kind when our time here is so short? I'm not old and I think I'm frightened of death. Perhaps I'm not—but I think I am. But there are things in life that make me long sometimes for the hills of the West.

Valentine

Dale returned the answer:

Dear Valentine,

I will come at twilight.

Martin

On the Sunday, when the gray day of winter was beginning to fail, he stood once again at Valentine's door. A maid, new to Dale, let him in to the warmth of a hall faintly perfumed with amber. Looking round quickly, he noticed changes in the house. There were more "things" about. The clever and expensive simplicity Dale had formerly felt at home with and admired had given place not to any exhibition of bad taste, not to any actual vulgarity, but to a more definite luxury. And this note of definite luxury was also apparent in the long living-room on the ground floor. It seemed to Dale that there were more cushions, more pictures, more ornaments than there had been.

"She has come away from simplicity," he thought sadly.

Valentine came in. She looked haggard. Her beauty had always been of the haggard type, but now she was obviously not only a woman who belonged to a type but a woman with weariness in her. Nevertheless, with her short hair, she looked young. And as

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for your baby



demand this  
special treatment  
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### NOT a Hair-grower

Wildroot does not wish to be classed with the so-called hair-growers. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair. Dandruff is unhealthy. Wildroot fights the dandruff germ . . . removes dandruff.

### A Typical Case

Mr. D. Curro of 1929 61st Street, Brooklyn, says:—"After many years of unsuccessful search

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she came up to Dale and said, "Martin—dear!" she had surely recaptured simplicity. She even looked wistful. He held both her hands. At that moment he was deeply moved and felt fundamental—man, rather than Martin Dale.

"Twilight!" she said. "But the twilight will soon be gone. Sit there by the fire. Don't look at the snow beyond that window. Put your head back—so that it rests. All your body must be resting, Martin—dear Martin. You read those lovely words, or you heard them. I don't know. And you had to send them to me. I know why. Because, through it all, we understand and care for the same beautiful things. And a similar love and understanding of beauty, Martin, is a link between two beings that nothing can quite break through. I have been angry with you and you surely—surely—have been angry with me. But when you came upon those words, you knew—I must tell her. She must know them, too. I cannot let her not know them now that I know them. And so you sent them to me."

She went away from him a few steps, and stood by the fire, and he felt her then as a very sincere woman, not thinking at all of herself. And after a moment of silence she said, in her dark-colored voice that reminded him of a viola:

"I have heard those songs which are inscribed in the ancient sepulchers, and what they tell in praise of life on earth and belittling the region of the dead . . ."

She did not look at him while she spoke. She looked down, with her head a little bent, like a woman in deep meditation.

"For none may tarry in the land of Egypt . . . The span of our earthly deeds is as a dream . . ."

He knew he would never love any other voice as he loved her voice.

"Him who has reached the hills of the West . . ."

She stood still for a long time by the fire, for so long that at last he began to wonder. Wasn't her tall, thin figure shaking a little?

"Valentine—dear?"

But she said nothing. He wanted to get up and go to her, but something held him back, something imperious. He dared not go to her just then. Perhaps she was shaken by some violent emotion and was trying to dominate it. Or perhaps she was wrapped in thought and had forgotten him. He didn't know.

"For none may tarry in the land of Egypt." She spoke again, now in a very low and, it seemed to him, deeper voice, a voice full of fate.

"The span of our earthly deeds . . . is as a dream." At last she lifted her head and looked towards him. "Martin, why do I speak Constantine's words, why do I have to speak them? You don't know what it is to speak great words as they should be spoken. Did I speak those words beautifully, inevitably, in the only way? For there's an only way always in art."

"Yes, you did." "I think I did, because I felt them, I feel them, in my spirit, deep down in my spirit, where there is truth."

She sat down in front of the fire near him. "Were you trembling just now, Valentine?" he asked her.

"Yes. I was crying inside. There are things in the Bible that always make me cry inside, and things in Shakespeare. One of them, in Shakespeare, is the lyric in 'The Winter's Tale'—'Fear no more the heat o' the sun.'" She said the whole of it slowly. "And I act in a play of Constantine's!" she said. "Don't you think that when we speak or read great words, and feel how great they are, we are really feeling our own greatness and the greatness of God?"

"Perhaps." "I think we are. But how difficult it is for us to give ourselves to our own greatness, holding nothing back. I am being hateful."

Dale put out a hand to hers. "Don't say that."



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"But it's true. If I didn't know it, it wouldn't matter so much. But I do know it. People who were ready to love me, real people, despise me now. And I despise myself."

"I don't despise you."

"Because you are good. But you wonder at me. You think 'How can she?'"

He didn't deny that. "If you hate it all so much, can't you break away from it?"

"I have tied myself up—legally."

"For long?"

"For five years."

"To whom?"

"To Carrie and Mark."

"Oh!" It was almost a groan.

"Yes!" she said, in answer.

"You can't break it?"

"Only by what they call mutual consent."

"And—and of course they—"

"Mark never loved me. He couldn't really love anyone. But now he is beginning to hate me."

"If it is so, I know why."

"Such a reason!" she said, in a tone almost of despair.

"And Miss Geean?"

"Carrie? She's been very kind to me always. But I'm terribly disappointed in her. She's really like someone out of Balzac. She's obsessed by things. She has a fierce greed for possessing things. Under her seeming gentleness Carrie's really fierce."

"And under her seeming youth she's really old." Dale couldn't help saying.

"Old?" Valentine said, in a voice that sounded startled.

"Yes. She's old."

"How do you know?"

"Because I danced with her."

"Danced!"

"Yes, at Ciro's. And when I took hold of her, her body told me—I am old."

"Oh—Martin!" She moved her hand in his. "You make me almost afraid of you. I've always thought Carrie wasn't old, really old. I thought she was about thirty-eight or forty."

"You say she's fierce and you are disappointed in her."

"I'm disappointed, because she knows what is fine, what is right in art. She has a natural flair. But she has a love of money which overrides everything else in her. She hates what I am doing really. But she is making money out of it and she is satisfied. D'you know what Carrie really is?"

"What?"

"She is a savage materialist wrapped up in satin. I believe she came to me when you did—the first time—because she scented that I would be a money-maker. And now I am making money for her. She used Mark to get me. Carrie is very clever."

"And she is a wonderful business woman. An American told me her nickname among the very few Americans who know her at all well is 'Wall Street.'"

"She has a history. I wonder what it is."

"I don't know. Carrie is like one of those safes which you can't open unless you know the right word."

"Oh, if I could only get you away from these people!" Dale took away his hand from hers and got up. A sudden restlessness had seized him. "Can't something be done?"

"You can't do anything. Besides, now—"

She paused. "You know Caliban told me!"

"About my cables?"

"Yes."

"You told me to find another actress."

"Yes, I know."

"Are you angry because I did?"

"Can she do it—right?"

"She could do it."

"As I could?"

"No—never!"

"You wrote it for me. Why d'you wish someone else to have it? Was it because you are in a hurry to have it produced?"

"No."

"Was it because you liked her very much?"

"Oh, no!"

"Was it because—"



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But she didn't finish that sentence. And he didn't ask her to finish it. Instead, he said to her: "Campion asked me to let him have the world rights of the play."

"Don't do that."

"No, I won't."

A silence fell between them.

"Caliban is finer than Carrie," Valentine said at last. "If I were with him, he wouldn't let me sell my gift for money basely. He would try to protect my gift, to develop it. I know that."

When she said that Dale felt afraid.

Little Brian came into the room presently. He was excited to see Uncle Martin again. Dale thought he looked oddly flushed and not at all strong. When he had been taken away by the nurse, Dale asked Valentine a question which had been often in his mind.

"Do you care for Brian?" he said.

"Martin, I'll tell you something I've never told anyone. Sometimes I don't know whether I love him or not. Something in me loves him, I believe, loves him almost intolerably as if with entrails; but there's something else in me which criticizes him coldly, cruelly, as one doesn't, can't criticize what one loves entirely. Often I look at Brian only with my brain. Can I? I seem to. And I see Mark in him, Mark's unloveliness, Mark's lack of understanding and lack of power to love, even Mark's commonness. Mark was very cruel to me about Brian. He—he didn't wish Brian to be at all. And— isn't it strange?—Brian detests him. It's as if Brian knew."

"Is Brian quite well?" Dale asked.

"Don't you think he looks well?" she said, rather sharply.

"No."

"He's a nervous child. He was born in very bad circumstances. Sometimes I think he is marked by them—branded."

"Does London suit him?"

"Perhaps not. He is very excitable. London! And I'm not a serene mother. I'm a dancing actress, not a mother. I can't be quiet—now, except for a little while with you."

Dale had a feeling then that if only Valentine could love him, could succeed in loving him, he would be able to help her as no other man could. He believed, genuinely believed, that he understood her as no other man did except possibly—he didn't know—Father Bexland. He was sure he loved her as no other man did. And because of that, he had the conviction that he could make her life absolutely right for her if only she could love him. Why couldn't she?

He was driven to ask her.

"But I do care very much for you," she said.

"Oh!"

"Yes. When Caliban told me about your cables from New York it gave me a horrible shock. He saw it. I hadn't time to hide it."

"That isn't love!"

"But the shock was not because of the play, it was because I thought those cables must mean that you liked another woman better than you liked me, that perhaps you believed in another woman more than now you believed in me. I thought you must be deserting my talent for hers."

"Your talent! Your talent!" He said it with exasperation. "What has your talent got to do with it?"

"Think, Martin! Duse's talent, genius—it is Duse. It is as much a part of her—more—than her beautiful hands, her beautiful eyes, her strange look, her voice, her way of moving. It is them and not them. It is behind and beneath them, in them and of them. But it is much more than they are. Many men have loved fools. But there are many men who have loved 'not flesh containing a fool but genius giving life to flesh, making it wonderful. I feel sometimes I have a small flame of genius in me. And it's awful to fear that one whom I know as I know you may be deserting my altar. Martin, you will never understand, no one will ever understand, what misery it is to be unworthy of the big thing God has given you as I am unworthy."



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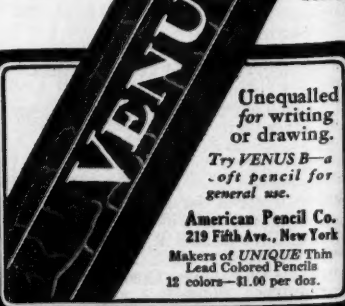
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You say, what has your love for me got to do with my talent? I tell you that you wouldn't love me without it. And you want to rescue me from my prostitution of it because the artist in you is the knight in you."

"And what about the man? The man whom you can't love?"

There came a faint tap on the door. It was followed by a maid's voice saying, "If you please, Ma'am, Mr. Trever is on the telephone wishing to speak to you."

"Forgive me, Martin!" said Valentine, getting up quickly.

Egypt is a land of forgetfulness for many. In Upper Egypt the perfect climate brings to birth in sensitive Europeans a physical sense of well-being which reacts on the whole nature and has even the power sometimes to send a sorrow to sleep. Egypt calls a man to waking dreams. It called to Dale.

Very soon after landing in Alexandria he went up the Nile, and after spending a fortnight in Assuan he settled in Luxor, putting up at the Luxor Hotel. The gaieties of the Winter Palace did not attract him. He wanted only Egypt, the—if that were possible—healing of Egypt. Solitude in darkness may be sinister, may even be terrible. He found solitude in Luxor just what he needed.

Every day he went on donkey-back to tombs or temples or mountains, or to the strip of desert, fringed by dusty tamarisk trees, that stretched beyond the little village of Biadreh. Often he would spend several hours there, lying on a rug in the eye of the sun far out on the sun-baked earth, facing the hills that guard the Arabian Desert. And always about one o'clock, if he looked towards the village, he would see a figure in a tattered garment, once white, approaching him carefully bearing a shrouded object—Abdou from the village with a tray holding a blue teapot, two little tumblers and a slab of sugar, destined for him and his donkey boy, Yessin.

Yessin frequently spoke about religion. For he was a howling dervish and deeply religious. He never smoked and never drank alcohol. On Friday nights he took part in the religious exercises of the howling dervishes, and sang till late in the night. His faith was obviously deep and unquestioning. It made Dale think about Valentine's faith, and about his own lack of definite faith. Could he even say, with that sincerity which he valued so much, "I believe—help Thou my unbelief?"

Although he began to be happier than he had recently been in Europe, Dale found himself very often thinking of Valentine, and usually in connection with the beauty, the enticement and the strangeness of this land of many seductions. His sense of beauty wanted Valentine's sense of beauty as his companion, and he knew how right she had been in speaking of the unbreakable link which a similar feeling of beauty forges between two people.


And especially he wanted her when he was out in the desert-land. He looked at the unearthly mountains and, in thought, put Valentine beside him, drew her into the sharing of his silence and his contemplation of those mountains. And sometimes he heard her dark-colored voice saying, "For none may tarry in the land of Egypt . . . the span of our earthly deeds is as a dream."

One day, as he listened to this voice, he saw in the distance of the waste a tall figure shrouded in black moving slowly along through the brightness towards the Arabian mountains. Slowly, with an intent decision, as if impelled by some great purpose, it went on and on. Dale watched it diminishing gradually. Then he heard Yessin's voice say:

"Him fellaheen woman."

He started. A strange illusion of the mind had taken hold of him. He had felt that the shrouded woman was Valentine, going away into the vast distance, leaving, obliged by some interior command to leave, the land of Egypt. Yessin's voice dispelled the illusion. He looked up and answered:

"Yes, I know. Where is she going?"




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"I dunno where him going," replied Yessin with soft indifference. "Nothin' there!"

"But," Dale thought, "there must be something there to draw that dark figure on."

And a feeling came to him that Valentine was, perhaps, being drawn subtly on by some force, some attraction invisible, towards a region where, to the casual onlooker, there might seem to be nothing, but where she knew there was something tremendous.

One day he wrote a long letter to her telling her of the beauty and the strangeness of the Valley of the Nile, and he was led, against his own will as it seemed to him, to tell her of his visits to the desert beyond Biadreh, and of his imagining connected with her.

"I think of you in all places, but it's only in that one place that I once seemed to see you, robed in black like a *fellaheen* woman, going out slowly into the waste towards the Arabian mountains. Really I saw a *fellaheen* woman, but I had the definite feeling that I was watching you. And I heard your voice saying, 'For none may tarry in the land of Egypt . . . the span of our earthly deeds is as a dream.'"

Rather to his surprise he received a long answer from her.

"Why do you write like that to me, Martin? To me, who have never been out of my country except once to Paris! I've always been working, and always in towns. Do you want to disturb me? Do you want to make me unhappy by telling me of your happiness in that wonderful land of Egypt? I think I'm afraid of your Biadreh dreaming among the tamarisk trees. And why do you see me going out alone into the waste robed in black, going away into brightness? What does it mean? This comes from some preoccupation of your mind, or from some secret suspicion of what may come. You almost make me afraid.

"Here life is shoddy and tumultuous. Think of that, Martin—a shoddy and tumultuous life! And Brian isn't well at all. He seems to get more nervous every day, and he dreams at night as a child shouldn't dream at his age, tragically, of dark things. I don't believe I'm good for him. Mother would take him to the sea. But I can't make up my mind to let him go—not just yet.

"The horrible play crowds the house. I'm so sick of it, and I hate it so, that going on every evening is a nightmare to me worse than the nightmares Brian has. Oh, Martin dear! If I could be at Biadreh with you! And yet I'm afraid of that place beyond the dusty tamarisk trees. Why did you see me robed in black? And where was I going?

Loving thoughts,

Valentine

"Yesterday, Sunday, I dined with the Campions in the 'mansion.' I had never been in it before. Mrs. Campion thinks I'm a great actress now. She said to me, 'You've found your right line at last, Miss Morris dear. It doesn't do in these days to be caviar to the general.' Oh, Martin! Was I ever caviar to the general? And oh, Martin, who was he?"

When a man in love receives a letter from the woman he loves, a rare letter, he reads it uncounted times. Dale brooded over Valentine's letter. He found something in the letter to sadden him, something even which woke and set walking in him the shadow of fear.

"Some secret suspicion of what may come"—those words made him uneasy. Was something preparing in Valentine, something mysterious which had prompted his curious fancy in the desert? And what was the matter with little Brian, the unwanted child?

Perhaps she loved Brian. Perhaps she even loved him very much. But she was evidently afraid of the Mark Trever lurking in him, of the false note which time might set sounding in him. Dale imagined her watching her boy with detective's eyes, trembling lest the ugly faults of the man she had so strangely been forced to love should reappear in him.

The postscript about the dinner at the Campions' house distressed Dale. Once he had almost detested Campion. Now he didn't,

perhaps, actually detest him; at any rate, he didn't wholly detest him. But he had begun to be seriously afraid of him. There was something inexorable in Campion.

Why had Valentine gone to that house? The fact that she had done so proved a weakening of will in her, and a weakening of will before Campion's. It meant that a secret persistence in Campion had achieved part of its object.

Yes, Dale began to be afraid of Campion.

A few days after Dale had received Valentine's letter he rode again with Yessin to the desert, taking his mail with him neatly packed by Yessin on the top of the wooden lunch basket. Yessin spread the blue rug on the warm, hard earth, laid Dale's mail on it carefully, the letters together, the newspapers beside them, set the lunch basket down a little way off, then went to hobble the donkeys. Meanwhile Dale lay down at full length, and looked towards the distant mountains.

"Lunshin, Sir?" said Yessin.

Dale let the mountains go, turned round on his side. "I'll just look at the mail first."

He opened and read his letters, then turned to the papers.

### An Actress Loses Her Child

The only child of Miss Valentine Morris, the famous actress, at present appearing with Mr. Mark Trever in Mr. Constantine's popular play, "The Main Business of Life," died yesterday of meningitis after a very brief illness.

He got onto his feet. He couldn't lie there on the rug in the sun any longer. He remembered a play he had once seen in Paris. A man at the telephone had heard his wife, a long way off, attacked by a ruffian, probably an *apache*, had heard her screams to him for help, had heard her—silence. He was in Paris in a drawing-room taking coffee with friends. She was over a hundred miles away in a lonely house hidden in a forest. Dale had never forgotten the expression of horror on the actor's face as he dropped the receiver and dashed frantically out of the drawing-room, watched by his terror-stricken friends. An utterly useless instinct to help a loved one had driven that man almost mad. And here in the desert beyond Biadreh a perhaps equally useless instinct was stirring in Dale.

"Yessin!"

"Yes, my gentleman."

"Get the donkeys! I must go back to Luxor. There's something in the papers—get the donkeys!"

"Yes, Sir."

Yessin walked quietly away over the dry, dusty ground towards the hobbled beasts. Dale stood where he was, waiting. And he seemed to hear Valentine's voice saying:

"For none may tarry in the land of Egypt." But that was a comment not on his fate but on the fate of a little boy.

"We can't possibly refuse her a fortnight," said Miss Geean to Mark Trever, in the managers' room at the London Playhouse.

"No, of course not. And Miss Carrington's quite ready to take her place. She'll be all right. Don't you worry."

Miss Geean smiled faintly and stroked the head of the white Pomeranian which was nestling under her chinchilla-covered arm.

"I'm not much given to worrying, Mark."

"I know you aren't. You're too intelligent for that. Of course I'm most awfully sorry about that poor little kid—I wonder who his father was, by the way."

"She never mentions him."

"Some actor fellow mixed up with her in hereafter days in the provinces before anyone'd ever heard of her, I expect."

Trever's big blue eyes were on Miss Geean; her gray eyes looked vague as they met them.

"Probably. What were you going to say?"

"Oh—only that though I'm so awfully cut up about the poor little kid, her being out of the bill will give us a chance to test things."

"Test things?"

"Yes; to find out whether she's such a draw as she really thinks she is."

"That's true."

"Personally—I may be quite wrong, of course—but personally, I don't think there'll be much of a drop in the business."

"I hope not. We got through Christmas so marvelously."

"And I think—mind you, I may be wrong—I think we shall have big houses all the time she's away. Luckily I shan't be out of the bill. Come in!"

A pale young man, with a servile expression and manner, came in with a letter in his hand. "This has just come, Sir, from Miss Morris."

"Any answer?"

"No, Sir."

"Leave it."

The pale young man humbly laid the letter down and went out.

"Perhaps this is to ask for more leave," said Trever. "No doubt she's awfully broken." He opened the letter, glanced at it and frowned. "Well—for a mother! Look at that, Carrie! What d'you say to that?"

Miss Geean took the letter and read:

"I said I must go away for a fortnight. I was talking nonsense. I intend to go on working. You can expect me tonight. V. M."

"What d'you think of that?" said Trever, with obviously intense irritation. "Why, the child isn't even buried! He died late on Saturday night after the performance, and now it's only Monday afternoon. She can't appear. It would make an awful impression on the public. Besides, there's Miss Carrington to think of. She's expecting to get her chance tonight. We must forbid Val's going on."

"I don't think we can. It isn't in her contract that we can stop her appearing."

"Confound her contract! This is a question of decent human feeling. I don't pretend to be any better than other people, but to appear before the public when your son's lying dead, and not even underground! No, that's too much! If she comes—"

"She will come if she says she will."

"Then I shall stop her going on the stage. For her own sake I shall stop her. I shall tell Miss Carrington she's to dress and make up in good time and be all ready to go on."

"I really don't think that Miss Carrington need enter into this question," said Miss Geean, with a distinct sound of dryness in her soft voice. "If the principal is in the theater, the understudy can't expect to go on."

"I know, I know! It isn't Miss Carrington I'm thinking of, it's Val's position, it's her popularity with the public. Why, a thing like this—I mean, her acting while her boy's lying unburied—it might absolutely ruin her. People might think she'd no heart."

"Or they might think she had marvelous pluck."

"My dear Carrie, ask yourself! A mother! You know what a feeling an English audience has for motherhood. The risk would be too great. I daren't allow her to run it. Besides—"

"Yes? Besides?"

"Well, I hardly care to speak about it, but between you and me I'm pretty sure this"—he gave the note he had just received an angry flip—"the writing of this was dictated by professional jealousy. I don't believe she cares for me to have the chance of appearing in this play without her. If the play goes as well without her as with her, why, then her value drops at once. You see what I mean?"

Miss Geean didn't say anything.

"What's the time?" said Trever. He pulled out his watch. "Lord, it's close on six o'clock! I say, Carrie, couldn't you go and—"

"I haven't the time. I've got Andrew Crane and his wife dining with me before the theater. I'm bringing them here."

"Crane, the great cotton man?"

"Yes."

"I should like him to see Miss Carrington. He's at the back of more than one theater."

Miss Geean got up. "I leave this to you," she said, without any apparent feeling. "But



Their first quarrel. Bad enough that she should be dining out without him—but that for her vain purpose of making herself more alluring, she should snatch his bottle of Hinds Cream—that, indeed, piles insult upon injury. Ah me, and to think that all over our fair land, this sort of thing is going on, and divorce on the increase. . . .

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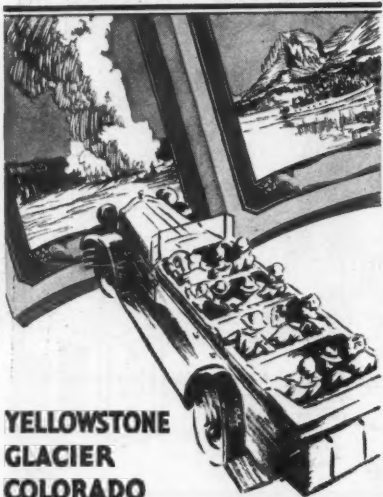
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I think if Valentine were to appear it would be a marvelous advertisement for the play."

"What do we want with an advertisement at this time of day?" exclaimed Trever, with a roughness that was coarse. The Pomeranian began to bark violently. "What the—"

"He thought you were going to attack me—perhaps," said Miss Geean, again with that dry sound in her voice. Then she turned and walked slowly out of the room, carrying the still barking dog with her.

Trever looked again at his watch. There was a knock on the door. "Come in!" he said, savagely.

The door opened, and an extremely good-looking dark girl, with a pouting mouth and provocative eyes, appeared.

"Oh, Miss Carrington, it's you! Shut the door, please!"

"Is it all right, Mr. Trever? Am I to play?"

"Of course you are! I told you so."

"I was only wondering. I heard there was a note from Miss Morris."

"You're going to play tonight. Don't be afraid—and look here, Andrew Crane's going to be in the house."

"Oh! what a chance for me! Did you arrange that?"

"What d'you think?"

There was a silence. Then she said, very gently and with obvious reluctance releasing herself from Trever's arms, "You are a trump, Mark."

"Only just found that out—after Brighton?"

"Sh—sh!"

"Go and dress and make up at once. And now I must get some dinner."

He rang, and as she went out, flushed under her paint and smiling triumphantly, she heard him ordering some food and champagne to be brought to his room at once.

While he was hastily eating and drinking, the servile young man, whose name was Roy Smith-Archer, came in with an air of pale secrecy.

"What is it now?" said Trever.

"Excuse me, Sir, but I thought I ought to let you know that Miss Morris has just arrived."

Trever put down his glass. "Miss Morris! Already! Where is she?"

"She's gone to her dressing-room, Sir."

"Are the slips printed about Miss Carrington playing tonight instead of Miss Morris?"

"Yes, Sir."

Trever, with a hard face, went resolutely out of the room. Then he walked down the passage, mounted a short flight of stairs, stopped at a door, on which was printed in large letters "Miss Morris," and knocked. There was no answering call, and for a moment Trever stood waiting in the passage. Then the door was opened and Valentine stood there. She had on a plain black dress. Her short, copper-colored hair was uncovered. She was pale. Her always rather haggard beauty looked now ravaged, as a woman's beauty is ravaged by prolonged sleeplessness and acute mental distress. A sort of startled expression showed, seemed indeed to be stamped on her lips and quivered in her eyes. She looked much younger than usual, and Trever noticed that though he couldn't account for it.

"Good evening, Mark," she said, in a low but calm voice. "What do you want?"

He took her left hand and pressed it gently. "My poor girl!"

"Please don't," she said, taking her hand away quickly.

"But I—"

"I know! But you needn't say it. Thank you for your letter."

Somebody passed behind Trever in the passage.

"I want to talk to you for a moment. Let me come in."

She was standing in the doorway and for an instant she didn't move. She seemed to be hesitating, disinclined to let him in.

"Come, Val!" he said, with a change of voice. "I've got to talk to you. And you know we can't discuss affairs in the passage."

Someone else passed behind him and said, "Good evening, Miss Morris."

"Good evening," said Valentine. "Discuss—affairs?"

"I mean that I must speak to you about—let me come in."

"Very well."

She moved away. He walked in and immediately shut the door behind him.

They were in a long sitting-room, with a door at the far end, over which a black silk curtain embroidered in an elaborate Oriental design in red was drawn. Elephants and strange foliage and flowers appeared in this design. The room was a black and lacquer-red room. Black vases held red flowers. In the four corners of the room were red statues of Chinese wrestlers posed on black pedestals. Valentine had paid for the whole room. The contents of it were her property. She had got rid of a great deal of the money paid to her in the buying of this rather wonderful interior, which had been photographed many times, and had been painted by a great Irish painter with Valentine lying in it on an immense black sofa, with her head resting on a pile of lacquer-red cushions and a little black pug sleeping beside her.

When Trever had shut the door Valentine said, "You want to discuss affairs with me?"

"First I want to tell you how my heart bleeds for you—"

"Yes, yes—thank you! And thank you for the flowers! Thank you! What affairs?"

"Do sit down, Val. And let me! I can't talk standing like this."

"Oh, very well." She sat down on the chair nearest to her.

"Have you dined?" he said, sitting down near her.

"No."

"Val, you must go home and dine, and—go to bed."

"Go to bed! I am going to act. Didn't you get my note?"

"Yes. But you can't possibly go on tonight."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be indecent."

"Indecent?"

"Yes, indecent. I—I'm awfully sorry to have to say it, but you force me to. Your child is dead, and isn't— isn't even—poor little kid, he's not even buried! How can you possibly appear before the public?"

"Oh; then you are not acting tonight?"

Trever's handsome face flushed. "What d'you mean? Of course I'm acting."

"Then you can be indecent but I mustn't!"

"I! There's no question about me."

"But I say there is. If it's indecent for the mother of a dead child who isn't, as you say, even buried, to appear before the public, it's equally indecent for the father to appear."

"This is unbearable. I won't stand it. I—I forbid you to say such things."

"Such things! But I am only saying what is true. Aren't you Brian's father? You have never denied it to me in all these years. You have never behaved like a father. But you have never denied that you are his father. Then how can you act tonight if I can't?"

There had come into her eyes full of sleeplessness a fierceness that startled him, that suggested to him an immediate necessity.

"You can't act tonight because it's too dangerous," he said, in an authoritative voice. "The public might hiss you."

"Hiss me! The British public! The British public hiss an actress because she has lost her only child! Have you acted all these years and know nothing about your own countrymen?"

"They would be outraged by your appearing before Brian's funeral. There might easily be a scene in the theater. I'm not going to risk it. You yourself asked for a fortnight's rest. We've had slips printed—"

"Slips!"

"Yes; saying that you can't appear tonight and that your rôle will be filled by Miss Carrington. We rehearsed her directly we knew."



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Valentine looked at Mark Trever, fixed upon him the tentacles of a woman's mercilessly seeing, mercilessly comprehending, mercilessly gathering up and coldly examining eyes. Tentacles! Yes, at that moment Trever felt that he was held by them, by tentacles of the eyes, unseen but physically experienced. Her silence seemed to him everlasting. But he was unable to break it.

"Yes?" Valentine said at last.

"Miss Carrington is ready to go on tonight in your place. I'm the managing director here. She will go on. Now—my dear girl—go home and rest. Don't bother about the theater. We'll keep the flag flying here."

"Oh!"

It was a sound like a long and deep sigh of dreadful understanding, and was followed by another silence during which those eyes full of sleeplessness and understanding never left Trever's face. But this time Trever broke it, was able to break it.

"Now, my poor girl—"

"Please don't call me that!"

"I don't know what you—I'm only—"

"Don't explain—please! Tell me something. Tell me—why do you think I wanted to act tonight?"

"Oh, well—why talk about it?"

"No—please! We must! You must tell me. Why?"

"Oh, well—it's natural enough."

"Yes? Natural—yes?"

"Well, no actress wants to give a big chance to another actress, especially if she's good-looking."

"No—no? And what else? Please tell me!"

"Well, if you must have it, I don't suppose you care for me to get all the applause."

"Oh!"

Those terrible eyes were still fixed upon him. And now they began really to frighten him.

"Now you must go!" he said, more loudly, with an attempt after bold authority. "You can't possibly act tonight."

"No; I can't act tonight."

"That's right. I knew you'd see reason. And after all, you've no need to be afraid. Miss Carrington's a fine girl with talent but she'll never cut you out. And as to me—"

"No, no! It's all right. I'm not afraid. Mrs. Blount!"

"Madame!" Mrs. Blount appeared, looking very grave and concerned.

"Please bring me my things. I'm going away."

"You're not going to act, Madame?"

"Of course she isn't! Of course she can't act at present!" exclaimed Trever. "Bring her things!"

When Valentine had put them on, and Mrs. Blount had retired to the dressing-room and shut the door, Trever said:

"And now go home and rest. And mind you, eat something. You're looking tired out and no wonder after all you've been through, my poor—" Her look stopped him. "I'll see you to a taxi, and—"

"Good-by."

"But I'll—"

"No—please." She went to the door, put her hand on it, then stopped and turned round. "I'd better tell you now."

"Tell me? What?"

"I shan't come here any more."

"What do you mean?"

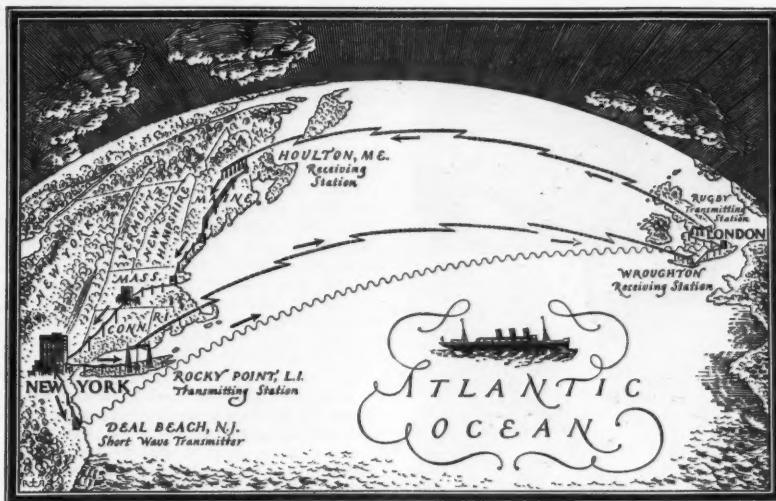
"I shall never come here again."

"Never—what do you mean? We've got a contract with you for five years."

"Yes, I know. But I shall never come here again." She looked away from him. Her eyes went all over the red and black room. "I shall never see this terrible room again—never!" Then she went out.

Trever didn't follow her.

When Dale reached Luxor he wired to Valentine. In his telegram he said nothing about leaving Egypt. But he packed up and quitted Luxor by the evening train. On arriving at Cairo on the following morning, he went at once to a tourist office to see about



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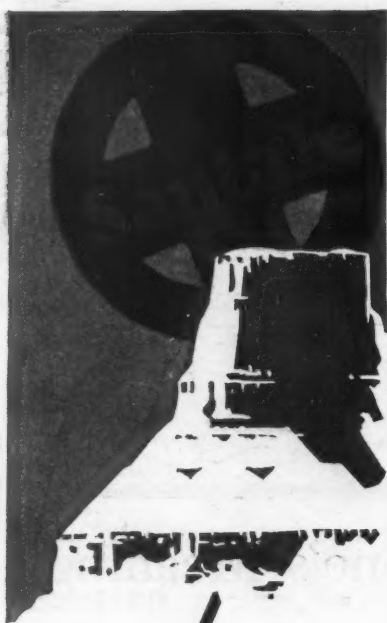
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the sailings to European ports. There was a ship to Trieste in three days. He engaged a passage on her, then returned to the hotel.

He thought that he intended to write to Valentine. But he didn't write to her. It was easy to compose a telegram of sympathy and friendship. But he didn't know what to put in a letter. For he didn't know how this death would affect Valentine.

When the three days were over he sailed from Alexandria. He expected to be in London within a week but that wasn't to be. On board ship he abruptly developed influenza, and when they berthed at Trieste he was so ill that the ship's doctor forbade him to travel any farther, and he was taken to the Savoy Hotel and put to bed. And there he remained for more than a fortnight.

At first he was too ill to read. But when at last he began to get better and was able to lie in a long chair near the window, he sent out a *chasseur* to buy him some English papers. He had a conviction that he would find something about Valentine. And he wasn't disappointed. In a column of theatrical notes there were two dealing with her.

With reference to the letter which I published last week from Miss Valentine Morris, stating that she had not left the London Playhouse, as was generally supposed, to take a brief rest after the sad death of her little boy, but that she had entirely severed her connection with that theater, and under no circumstances meant to return to it, I have received a communication from Mr. Mark Trever, who is of course the managing director of the theater as well as the principal actor in Mr. Constantine's play, "The Main Business of Life."

In this letter, which is too long to give in *extenso*, Mr. Trever states that Miss Morris has signed a five years' contract to appear in the performances at the London Playhouse, that she is legally bound to that theater, that she cannot appear anywhere else without the consent of himself and Miss Caroline Geean, who is backing the management, and that they confidently expect her to return as soon as she has recovered from the grief and exhaustion consequent upon her sad loss.

Immediately below this note was the following:

Since I wrote the above, and just before going to press, I have received this communication from Miss Morris, sent from Birchington-on-Sea where she is at present staying with her mother: "As persistent efforts are being made to induce me to return to the London Playhouse, I ask you kindly to announce in your columns that I have severed my connection with that theater finally. At present I have no plans. But if I reappear in London, it will certainly not be there." Meanwhile there are rumors that Mr. Constantine's clever play is likely to be withdrawn almost immediately.

So—the break had come at last! Valentine had released herself from bondage! How extraordinary! How wonderful! Dale was still very weak. As he laid down the paper he was trembling.

He lay back in his long chair by the window which looked out on the sea. Now he had something to go back to. Now perhaps he could write to Valentine.

He got up after two or three minutes. It was dreadful to feel so excited in mind and to be so feeble in body. He felt almost an old man, and terribly emotional. As he collapsed by the writing-table there were tears in his eyes.

What had happened in London after the death of Brian? What had happened to set the slave free? For Valentine was free. He knew that. The hand of Trever was no longer upon her. She was breaking a contract. There would probably be legal proceedings. If there

were, she must surely lose the case and would probably have to pay heavy damages. But she wouldn't go back to the London Playhouse, she wouldn't go back to Trever.

"I'll pay the damages!" Dale said to himself. "I don't care what they are. I'll pay them." I'll make her let me pay them."

And the ridiculous tears of influenza actually ran over his cheeks. But there was nobody there so it didn't matter. And he wrote his letter to Valentine, a terribly emotional letter, a letter full of influenza, perhaps, but full of heart too. And when he had finished it he went feebly to the French window, opened it and stepped out on to the big balcony beyond. The Adriatic was calm that day. He gazed over the steel-colored waters to Miramare on its point hanging over the sea. Evening wasn't far off. The sea, with its setting of land, looked dramatic to Dale. White in the pearly distance Miramare, seen in the vague, had become a dwelling for lovers, an ideal seashelter for romance, for hidden days with the woman one loved, for kisses exchanged by the wash of the sea, for the telling of beautiful truths in the shadows of trees by the sea.

"The span of our earthly deeds is as a dream."

Then let the dream at least be beautiful, tender, and touched with the light of sincerity.

"Where is my cynicism?" Dale asked himself. But at that moment there was nothing that jeered inside him, that looked on at his longing and laughed.

Nevertheless, very soon, he became aware that the little breeze which secretly ruffled the sea had the breath of winter still in it. And he went in and shut the window.

But now his room felt cold. He shuddered like one who had taken a sudden chill. All the exultation and excitement went out of him. A ghastly depression slid over him. He crept into bed and lay down.

And the pallor of evening faded quickly into the shadows of the night.

Miss Geean's big limousine, painted gray and black, with thin lines of silver, and a tiny winged boy in silver on the radiator, slipped almost noiselessly over the white roads of the Island of Thanet. A smart young man in livery with a peaked cap sat in front by the smart chauffeur. Inside, wrapped up in white furs, with her white Pomeranian beside her, Miss Geean sat alone, looking out at the bare landscape. Her round face looked hard, almost menacing, and in her half-closed gray eyes there was a weariness that suggested the approach of old age—not its actual presence, perhaps, but rather the sound of its footsteps.

Presently she lifted the speaking tube and spoke through it to the chauffeur.

"The name of the house is Lamorva, Mrs. Morris's house, Lamorva. It's one of a set of houses, in a private road right on the sea, called the Bungalows. Directly we get into Birchington you'd better ask where they are."

The chauffeur touched his peaked cap and sounded a soft chord as the car rounded a corner. The houses of Birchington came in sight and the gray, tumbling sea.

Miss Geean shivered under her furs and thought of the Riviera, of Italy. But there was the theater to attend to, a crisis to be faced. Receipts had dropped alarmingly at the London Playhouse, were diminishing day by day. Something very definite had to be done and done as quickly as possible.

In two or three minutes the car turned in through a gateway protected by evergreens and drew up at the back of a long gray bungalow.

"Is this the house?" asked Miss Geean.

"Lie down, Dixie!"

"It's got 'Peru' on the gate-post, Ma'am."

"Peru! That's not the name. I'll get out. You're not to come, Dixie! See that Dixie keeps quiet, Linn."

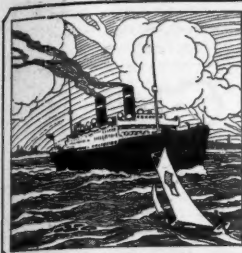
"Yes, Ma'am."

Miss Geean slipped down, keeping her hands in a wide, loose muff of white fur.

"I'll find it."

The Bungalows stood in a row. But there

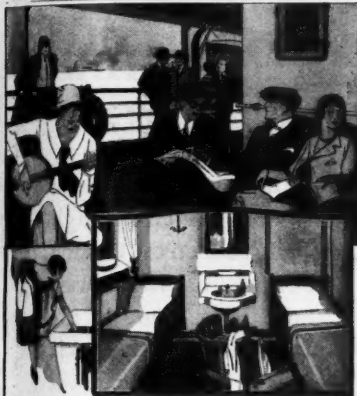




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were only a few of them. Beyond Peru was Arrivabene, beyond Arrivabene, *Mon Repos*.

What a marvelous car that was standing before the bungalow on the other side of *Mon Repos*! Miss Geean looked at it with the appraising eyes of one who always knew a good thing when she saw it. There was no chauffeur in the driving seat.

"Lamorva!"

Miss Geean's usually smooth white forehead puckered in a frown. But perhaps it was Valentine's car, a wild new purchase of hers. If not, there was someone calling upon her.

"It's someone from London, from the theaters!" Suddenly Miss Geean knew that. "Someone's come down to try to get hold of her. That's what it is!" And as she pushed the electric bell she stared at the yellow car.

In a moment a maid came.

"Can I see Miss Morris?"

"I'm very sorry, Ma'am, but Miss Morris is engaged. She's not seeing anyone today."

"Except—him!" thought Miss Geean.

"I'm a very intimate friend of Miss Morris. I've come all the way from London to see her. I'm sure she won't send me away. Just give her this card. Wait! I'll write on it." She wrote on her card:

"Valentine, dear, you can't send me away. I've come all the way from London. I won't keep you long. But I'm cold. Do give me a cup of tea. I'm going on for the night to Lord Kemton's house at Broadstairs. Carrie."

"Please give that to Miss Morris."

"Very well, Ma'am."

The maid went away. At last she came back, from behind a thick green curtain which shut off the interior of the bungalow.

"Please to come in, Ma'am. But Miss Morris is very sorry indeed that she can only see you for a few minutes, as she's very particularly engaged today."

"A warning flag hung out for me!" Miss Geean thought grimly as she walked into the house. "Valentine doesn't know me yet."

"Please to come this way, Ma'am."

The maid went past a door which Miss Geean felt "in her bones" was the door of the drawing-room, and showed the visitor into a little green room lined with books, looking out not to the cliff garden at the front of the house, but to a shrubbery at the side, which divided Lamorva from the next bungalow.

Hearing a door click behind her, Miss Geean turned round and saw Valentine.

"Valentine darling!"

She went up to Valentine but not impetuously—very quietly, took her hand and leaned forward and upward to kiss her. And after a brief instant of—surely—hesitation Valentine allowed the kiss to happen.

"I know you're engaged. But I had to see you. It's so important."

"Why—important?"

"How can you ask that, after all that has happened between us?"

"Sit down, Carrie. Sit here by the fire. Tea is coming."

"It's so quiet here. Not a sound. What do you do all day?"

"Walk—think—remember—wonder why."

"You can't stay here."

"Why not?"

"Valentine dear, I've always considered you a most honorable woman."

"Honorable?"

"Yes, a woman of your word. You're not going to prove to me that I am a fool, a woman of no discernment, no judgment?"

"Are you here to talk morality to me?"

"There may be morality even in business."

"Then you have come to talk business? Oh, here is the tea. Put it here, Marsh."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Which is it to be, Carrie, morality or business? Do help yourself to everything."

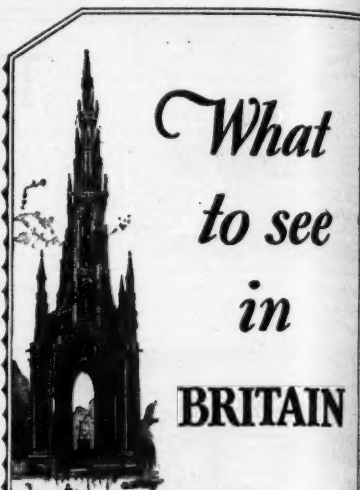
"You must come back to London," said Miss Geean, with great decision.

"Perhaps I shall, presently."

"No—now."

"If I did, how would it matter to you?"

"How? The theater—"



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"Yes, I know, and I am sorry. I don't like to break my word. But I must do it."

"Why?"

"If you don't know why, I can't tell you. I can never tell you."

"Is it on account of Miss Carrington? Because if it is—"

"Miss Carrington!" Valentine's pale face, which till now had been stamped with a curious rigidity, changed. Her eyes flashed with apparently irresistible irony. An expression that seemed mingled of bitterness and pity combined altered her pale lips. "Did he—" she began. But she stopped short and said, after a pause: "Very well! If you think that, let us agree together that it is only because of Miss Carrington. Yes, yes!" Valentine added, as if speaking to, and for, herself. "Miss Carrington, of course! It is always—Miss Carrington who makes us change our lives, isn't it? Or it is always thought to be. And it's better not to disturb these impressions, much better not."

But there was an expression of wonder, contradicting her words, on her face as she sat looking at Miss Geean, of a wonder with depths in it, surely unfathomable depths.

"Valentine," Miss Geean said, after an uneasy pause, "I don't understand you."

"No; perhaps not."

"What happened between you and Mark on the night you left the theater?"

"But he has told you!"

"But I want to hear *your* version."

"Mine? I have no version! Believe what he told you."

"But I don't believe it."

"Surely a leading actor is incapable of lying to a woman!"

"Valentine," said Miss Geean, with a sudden inflexibility of voice and manner, "I wish I could get you to realize that this is a very serious matter."

"For me? I dare say it is, or will be."

"And for *me*! I have put my money into the London Playhouse, taken a lease for five years, because I had your promise to stay with me there, your promise embodied in a contract."

"Carrie, there are things one can't do. I can never go back to that theater."

"But what is the mystery? You have had a disagreement, a quarrel even, with Mark Trever. That's obvious. But—"

"Not a disagreement! Not a quarrel! Don't use such poor, petty words."

"Then *what* has happened?"

"Carrie, everything has happened."

"Everything?"

"The irreparable has happened. Doesn't that include everything?"

"I don't know what you mean. I am really not a fool, Valentine, but we seem to be speaking different languages today. You are up in the clouds and I'm not. You and Mark Trever have had some very serious misunderstanding. That's evident. But why should I be the victim of it?"

"I don't want you to be. Find another actress who draws money and forget me."

"Forget you? Aren't we still friends?"

"Are we? Carrie, what is your intention?"

"My intention?"

"What do you intend to do when you find that I cannot come back to that theater?"

"But you will come back. You are coming back. I know how it is. You have had a great shock. You are not yourself and—"

"It is because I am myself that I shall never go back to your theater, Carrie. I could only go back there if I ceased to be myself."

"Do you quite realize the money side of this matter?" said Miss Geean, after a silence.

"I haven't thought much about that, but of course I shall be a heavy loser."

"And that doesn't trouble you?"

"Money is really so unimportant in comparison with the things of the—"

She



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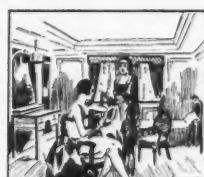


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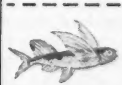
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glanced at Miss Geean and checked herself. Then she added, "With the fragile, delicate things which can be so easily injured or ruined. I don't want to talk about money."

"You may not want to talk about it, but if you don't carry out your contract with me, you'll certainly have to think about it."

"Why?"

"Because you'll find yourself in financial difficulties—I should think."

"I'll manage somehow."

"But I am a heavy loser by what you are doing. Do you realize that? Since you left the theater the receipts have fallen continuously; unless you come back at once we shall be obliged to take the play off."

"It's a vile play. I have always hated it. But I am sorry you are losing your money."

"You don't seem very sorry."

"I am sorry. But you are so rich, Carrie. And I put so many things before money."

"I may be rich, but that's no reason why I should want to lose money. If you don't come back, and at once, Valentine, you will be a robber. You will rob me of thousands of pounds. I was making a steady profit of five hundred pounds a week, and now—"

"I can't talk about money!" said Valentine desperately, getting up.

"You are always very willing to spend it. You deny yourself nothing. Your house in London, this house here, that marvelous new car of yours—"

"What car?"

"The one standing at the gate."

"That isn't mine."

"Oh, I supposed that it was."

Miss Geean waited. Valentine said nothing. She was standing by the fire, looking sad, haggard, supremely detached.

"Anyhow," Miss Geean continued, "whatever you want you always manage to get—"

"Please, Carrie, don't talk of all that. You don't understand me. It's true that when I have money I spend it too fast. But I have endured poverty and if necessary I could endure it again. I'm not one of those who refuse to be poor."

"Well, I am!" said Miss Geean, with biting emphasis. "I have been poor, too. But I am not going to allow myself to be made poor again. No thank you! You must fulfil your contract. You must come back to the theater."

Her face had set into grimness now. Looking at it, Valentine remembered Dale's startling assertion that Carrie was old. And suddenly she knew that Dale was right. The dusty corners, the worm-eaten boards, the broken windows, the peeling woodwork in that House of Life were illuminated suddenly for Valentine by the glare of the lamp of avarice.

"I cannot allow you to ruin me for a mere caprice, Valentine. I am fond of you. I admire you. I have done my very best to help you on in your career."

"Oh, no!"

"You deny that! When I took one of the finest theaters in London merely—"

"Carrie, let us stick to the truth if we are to speak of this matter. You took the London Playhouse to make money out of me—oh, quite legitimately! I'm not blaming you. You are a business woman, and a very clever one. Why shouldn't you use your business talent to make money out of me? But you didn't take the theater for me. You took it for yourself. If you had cared in the least for my career, you would never have insisted—or got Mr. Trever to insist—on my appearing in that vile play of Constantine's."

"I deny that it's vile."

"Oh, Carrie! You who once said that you hated the screech in art."

"We must give the public what it wants if—"

"I know! If we are to make money. Well, I've done with it! I'm free of it, free at last!"

"But you are not free. You are bound to me and I shall hold you to your contract. Now—sit down again, please, Valentine."

"Very well!"

She sat down, still with that strange air of

detachment. Miss Geean took hold of her wrist.

"I want to prove to you how much I value you, Valentine. I want to prove my friendship to you."

"But—"

"Listen to me! You say you are ready to be poor again, and perhaps you really think you are. But I know you aren't. Don't deceive yourself. Your tastes are all luxurious. You love comfort. You love beautiful things. You hate to have to deny yourself anything. Even now you have debts. I know it. Never mind how—but I know it. You can't afford to break with me, and anyhow I'm not going to allow you to break with me. But as you and Trever have come to loggerheads, and you won't give in, I'm ready to show my friendship for you in a way you can't mistake."

"Yes? How?" Valentine asked.

"By eliminating Trever."

The vagueness went out of Valentine's face and manner. "By eliminating—I don't understand. What do you mean? How can you eliminate Mark Trever?"

"If you'll come back I'll undertake that Trever shall leave the theater."

"But you've got a contract with him."

"Certainly I have."

"Then—"

"Aren't you breaking a contract?"

"Not for a material reason! I have—I have a reason—"

"That you could explain in a court of law? Valentine, I mean to carry this thing through one way or the other. I'm accustomed to succeed in what I undertake. Whatever happens you are going to cost me money, a lot of money. But I would rather pay and keep you than pay and lose you. If you'll come back, I'll bribe Mark Trever to go out of the theater. But in return you must sign a new contract with me—that's only fair, since I shall be making a great sacrifice."

"It's a sacrifice I shall never allow you to make!" said Valentine, releasing her hand with force. "I will never profit at Mark Trever's expense."

"I tell you I'll bribe him. He'll do anything for money—like other people. You are worth far more to me than he is. I always suspected it. Now I know it. But I made a false step on the night that you quarreled with him."

"Please—Carrie—I didn't quarrel with him. Don't use that poor, vulgar word."

"Well anyhow, that night. He didn't wish you to play. I did. I told him your playing that night would be a marvelous advertisement for the theater. He said the public would be shocked, and a lot of nonsense. And I was fool enough to leave the matter in his hands. Of course my instinct was right. But it always is right in matters of business. You can trust yourself to me."

"No! No! No!" Valentine got up again.

"No! I can't! I won't!"

"What is it?" said Miss Geean, getting up too.

"What is it? I can never explain, because if I did you couldn't understand. Carrie, I can't go back to you. Even if Mark Trever were not there I couldn't go back to you. Not now. Not after today!"

"Why? What has happened today? I've offered you the theater on a velvet cushion. What more do you want?"

"I want nothing from you, Carrie, nothing more. You have always been very kind and good to me. You believed in me when scarcely anyone else did."

"When no one else did!"

"That's not true. Martin Dale believed in me."

"Psh!" said Miss Geean, with a pale sneer. "He believed in you for a particular part. I saw your lasting value as a public performer. I was willing to bank on you. I have banked on you and now I can't allow a silly quarrel between you and Trever to—"

"Carrie, please stop!" Miss Geean stood looking at Valentine in silence with hard, obstinate eyes. "I've had no quarrel, as you



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will call it, with Mark Trever. I shall never be his enemy. I wouldn't do him any harm for the world. What has happened between us wasn't a quarrel. A quarrel can be made up—as they call it. What has happened between us can never be made up. We are divided forever by a gulf—a gulf of feeling, I suppose it is. And we can never cross it, either of us.

"Carrie, I came back to the theater that night to act, after saying I couldn't, because I felt that if I didn't do something, force myself to do something, to work, I should break down utterly, perhaps go mad. The reason was that I only found out how I loved Brian after he was dead. And I was desperate. And so, for fear of myself, I came to my work. And he—Mark Trever—thought, and will always think, that I came because I was jealous of him, jealous of him with Miss Carrington, and jealous of him with the public. I didn't explain to him, because I knew he hadn't the power to understand. And I thought that you—but perhaps you can! Do you understand? Do you understand why I must break away, why I can't go on acting with Mark Trever?"

"Very well. Then, as I said, I'll get rid of him and you shall act in the play with another man."

"Carrie, I can't come back to you. I never will, never."

"You must, you shall."

"No."

Miss Geean looked into Valentine's eyes for a moment. Then she said, "What about my money? How do you mean to compensate me?"

A strange blank look altered Valentine's face. "What can I do? What do you want me to do?"

"Over this play of Constantine's I shall probably lose at least sixteen thousand pounds at the lowest computation."

"Sixteen thousand pounds?"

"Yes. My average make so far is at least two thousand a month when you and Trever have had your shares. There was no reason whatever why the play shouldn't have run another eight months at least. I should have stood to make about sixteen thousand pounds. Then there's the rest of my lease of the theater. I've got it for five years as you know. Without you I should have to get rid of it. Mark Trever's no earthly good to me except in combination with you."

"You want more than sixteen thousand pounds from me!"

"I don't want anything from you if you'll come back."

"No—no."

"Very well. Then I ought to have sixteen thousand pounds' compensation. I won't ask anything for losing you after the run of Constantine's play would in the natural course of things be over. In that I'm treating you generously."

"Yes, yes." There was still that blank look on Valentine's face. "Sixteen thousand pounds," she said in a dull voice.

"You hadn't thought out the money side of the question, had you?"

"No; I hadn't."

"I knew you hadn't. I knew if you had you would never have behaved in this way, have left me in the lurch like this. You hadn't realized what my loss would be if you left me."

"I can't come back. Indeed I can't." There was a sound of desperation in Valentine's voice. "Whatever happens, I can't come back."

Miss Geean seemed to hesitate. She looked grim, almost menacing. Then some process of thought evidently obtained in her, and her face changed, looked more as it usually did. "You've been through the mill, haven't you?" she said. "Well, I've been through the mill, too, in a different way, in America. I don't talk about it over here. It's a long time ago. But I haven't forgotten it. I was a poor child, in New York. I wasn't quite a child of the streets, but I very nearly was. Squalor was my portion." She stroked the big muff gently with a useless-looking hand. "I got



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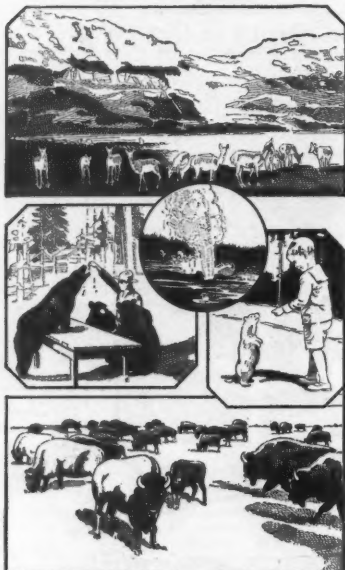
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out of it by my own determination, my own will power. I did it all; willed it, did it. D'you care to know how?"

"Yes."

"I made a very old man, very old, and very, very rich, enormously rich, love me; not in a paternal way, you understand. I lived with him for five years. When he died he left me everything he had. Since then I have added to my fortune. There you have my history in a nut-shell. Perhaps you wonder why I should bother to tell it to you."

"Why?"

"Because I do really like you. And I want to warn you."

"Warn me?"

"Yes, not to cherish high-flown, wild ideas about life. You said just now that you were not one of those who *refuse* to be poor, and I told you I was one of those. A poverty-stricken life isn't a life at all. I have been poverty-stricken. You don't know the value of money, what a precious thing, what a life-giver it is. You talk as if it were nothing."

"If you stick to me, I'll make your fortune and add to my own. If you leave me, what's going to happen to you? You'll lose your salary, your share in the profits of the theater, and if you're honest you'll have to pay me sixteen thousand pounds. If you're not honest, you can refuse to pay me. Then of course I shall be obliged to sue you for compensation. What the law will give me I don't know. Not sixteen thousand pounds, I dare say. Still, I shall get considerable damages, I'm sure. And the costs will fall on you."

*Campion is, as Valentine has said, a wolf man, yet he is subtle and cautious—and never more so than when, in the May Instalment, he changes the course of Valentine's life*

## Booze (Continued from page 35)

goes to assist certain candidates in the coming Cicero election and in return was to receive *carte blanche* to the village.

The election turned out as scheduled and a few weeks later the town was wide open, with Torrio at the door, and Cicero became famous actually overnight.

Three great gambling-houses flourished. The money rolled in in such quantities and the demand for beer was so great that a brewery was purchased, then another, and another. An army of truck drivers and beer peddlers was employed and the business around Cicero grew like a giant mushroom.

"We were all making money," Scarface Al Capone explained to me. "Then Dion O'Banion got the big head. He decided he was just as big as Torrio and began working himself up with the trade and the coppers. He'd pay a copper one thousand dollars where we'd been paying one hundred dollars and he'd make deals without asking Torrio and finally he crossed Torrio; and when we called him, he said, 'I'm going into business for myself and I'm taking my mob with me.' And he left, but we got more fellows and went right on."

Dion O'Banion chose his old North Side neighborhood. He and his gang grew rich beyond their wildest dreams. All of them were under thirty, and most of them were "slickers." They wore eight-carat diamonds and lolled in limousines and went to the smartest places to dance and dine. Their wives, or best girls, wore thousands of dollars' worth of jewels and furs. It is almost impossible to exaggerate how free money was. When one of this North Side crowd was thrown from his horse in Lincoln Park and killed, he left more than a million dollars—his share of the profits of supplying Chicago with liquid refreshment for a brief eighteen months.

Now that Torrio had shown the way in Cicero there were many wildcat gangs of hoodlums—as they call themselves—ready to profit by the big idea. One of these was the Genna gang of Italians on the near West Side, headed by the six Genna brothers, who were friendly

Either way, you'll be practically ruined. And all for a question of feeling."

"I think questions of feeling are the greatest questions—the only real questions, perhaps."

"What nonsense! I gave my youth to a very old man. Do you think I have regretted it? Never! Not for a moment! I saw clearly into life. You don't yet. Clever people like us ought not to consent to be poor, because they can't be happy poor—not worth-while people. Poverty's a strait-jacket. We can't wear it. You've tasted luxury. You've tasted ease. You've eaten of the fruit of beauty. You can't give them up. But even you can't shoulder a load of debt, such as you'll certainly have to shoulder unless you come back to me without sinking under it."

"I can't come back. I can never come back."

"Very well. Now I must go."

"I'll compensate you. Somehow I'll manage it. I'll compensate you."

"I leave it to you." Miss Gegan held out her hand and Valentine had to put hers into it.

"You're being terribly foolish," she said.

"I can't help it. I can't help it."

When Miss Gegan was out in the cold sea wind she looked again at the marvelous yellow car standing at the back of the bungalow.

Was Valentine being terribly foolish after all? Perhaps there was a man in the drawing-room who was willing to make her safe from poverty, who was willing even to pay Miss Gegan her sixteen thousand pounds.

But was Valentine like that?

"Kingsford Hall, Broadstairs," Miss Gegan said, getting into her car. "Hello, Dixie!"



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opened fire, this time hitting Torrio three times in the face and chest.

Torrio was under sentence in the Federal Court at the time but was out on bail, so as soon as he was able to be moved from the hospital he enjoyed the safe seclusion of the Waukegan jail. A year later, when he had finished his sentence, he immediately left for Europe, willing his holdings together with their dangers to Scarface Al Capone.

During the next two years—1925 and 1926—the rival gang leaders, Scarface Al Capone and Hymie Weiss, lived like prisoners, surrounded day and night by armed guards. Every few months there would be an unsuccessful attack upon one or the other of them.

The rank and file were not so fortunate. Hardly a week passed that some saloon-keeper or minor member of one or another gang was not shot by men passing in a big car, or found dead on a lonely road. The automatic revolver had been replaced by the sawed-off shotgun and the shotgun by the deadly machine gun.

"They're hard to get," Capone told me, speaking of the Thompson machine guns. "They shoot four hundred and fifty shots a minute, but can be fixed to shoot one thousand five hundred by putting a bigger drum on them. You can't buy them without showing that you're a police officer or something. The easiest way to get them is from a bank guard."

"Taking a man for a ride" became the popular method of disposing of enemies. The victim would be lured into an automobile by a friend or kidnaper while walking on the street, carried out to the city limits, shot and often tortured inhumanly and the body thrown out.

Almost a hundred men "went for a ride" in eighteen months and only a few were ever arrested or indicted, and not a single one convicted—so safe was this method of killing.

However, these killings were all business propositions and there remained still the big murders of vengeance undone after eighteen months of waiting. Twice Scarface Al Capone escaped assassin's bullets literally by a hair's breadth. Once when he was being driven home to see his family—his car preceded by three limousines loaded with his own men and followed by two more—a car filled with North Side men cut in front of his car at a traffic stop-sign and emptied a machine gun into his car. The car was riddled with bullets, but he was not even scratched.

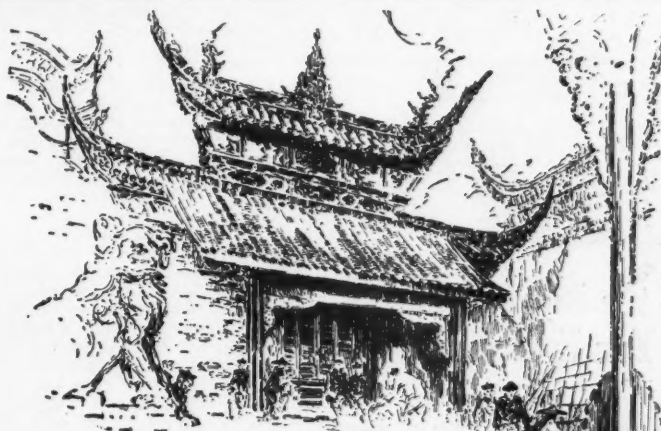
The killings went on for more than a year, arousing comparatively little indignation among the decent citizens who felt it was "all right as long as they killed only each other." But one spring morning Chicago picked up its morning paper to learn that William McSwiggin, a young Assistant State's Attorney, had been found lying in the road in Cicero riddled with machine-gun bullets, and that beside him lay the bodies of two gangsters who were members of the Spike O'Donnell gang.

There was much speculation as to the reason for his murder. Some said McSwiggin was helping the O'Donnells double-cross Capone by accompanying them to saloons where they solicited the beer trade and showed Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin as their "protection." It was said that a carload of machine gunners overtook their car at a soft-drink parlor and killed his betrayers.

There were many other stories and the city wondered why a man vested with the office of a public prosecutor should have been spending the evening in the company of gangsters. The following is, I believe, the true story.

A few days before McSwiggin was killed, a car containing Hymie Weiss, rival leader, with four men whom Scarface Al had always considered loyal to him, drove into Cicero and opened fire upon the car in which Capone was driving. He escaped, but he got a good look at his attackers and was surprised to see the men he trusted assisting his arch-enemy Weiss in an attempt to kill him.

The next Tuesday his scouts reported that the same five were again in Cicero. A few minutes later a car sped out to meet them and when it slid away into the night three



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of the five were dead. When the bodies were identified one was found to be not Hymie Weiss but Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin—killed because he was mistaken for the North Side chief.

"I paid McSwiggin and I paid him plenty and I got what I was paying for," Scarface Al Capone told me when I asked him for his version of the McSwiggin killing. "Of course, I didn't kill him. Why should I? I liked the kid. Only the day before he got killed he was up to my place and when he went home I gave him a bottle of Scotch for his old man."

Several times during these hectic months Capone was almost killed. Angered at their failure, the North Side crowd together with the leader of the South Side gang, who is credited with being the cruellest killer in the city, took Capone's private chauffeur "for a ride." He was tortured brutally, shot to death and his body thrown into a cistern on a lonely road—to be found two months later.

And a few days later, when Hymie Weiss, leader of the North Siders, with Schemer Drucci, his first lieutenant, and their adviser—a man connected with the State's Attorney's office—were driving on Michigan Avenue on a bright sunny afternoon, a car drove up and two men fired into their midst. Weiss and the third man ran into the building but Schemer Drucci shot it out with his attackers until they withdrew.

Scarface Al then sent word to the North Side that he was ready for peace if they were.

"Tell Scarface to put those two hoodlums who attacked me yesterday 'on a spot,'" Weiss answered. "After we've killed them, we'll talk peace."

"Scarface wouldn't do that to a yellow dog," the peacemaker told them.

"Then we'll get him and those two fellows—and you, too," Weiss answered, and the next day in the full light of noonday sun, eleven limousines drove slowly past the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero and laid down a sheet of machine-gun fire that peppered the old wooden building as if it were made of paper.

Scarface Al was sitting at a front table in the main floor restaurant but not one of the hundreds of bullets that came hissing through the air touched him. Thirty automobiles parked in a vacant space beside the hotel were riddled. A woman guest of the hotel was struck in the eye. Her little boy was shot in the head and miraculously escaped with a scalp wound.

Their daring coup had failed and the rival gangs knew that while Scarface Al lived they could never control all of Chicago.

The popular belief is that the scars which gave Capone his sobriquet are mementoes of a knife fight years ago in his café in Coney Island. That story, it must be admitted, lends a sinister cast to the picture of the man. But, as he told me himself, the two white lines that run across his left cheek are the honorable scars of battle left by shrapnel in the front-line trenches of France. He was a member of the famous Lost Battalion of the 77th Division, and spent eight months in France.

He is a quiet man of few words. He is only twenty-seven years old, but as he remarked with a grim smile, "It isn't the years I've lived; it's the distance I've traveled." No one would guess him under forty.

About the time that the machine-gun attack upon Cicero failed, Hymie Weiss was busy aiding the defense of Polack Joe Saltis, his South Side chief, being tried for murder.

The jury was being selected and at the close of the first day in court, Polack Joe Saltis's lawyer, W. W. O'Brien, and one of his men, drove to the florist shop (where O'Banion, old North Side leader, had been killed, and where a second-story flat provided the "office" of the mob) for a conference with Weiss.

Their cars drew up simultaneously in front of the flower shop, across the street from the Holy Name Cathedral, and just as O'Brien, his assistant, Weiss and his body-guard started to enter the florist shop a machine gun began its monotonous rat-tat-tat from the second-story window of the house next door, pouring

its avenging stream of lead into Weiss even after he had fallen to the pavement dead. A shotgun from the same window spluttered its own contribution and O'Brien, the lawyer, stumbled a few feet and fell. His assistant, riddled with two-hundred bullets, sprawled on the steps of the cathedral dead, and the fourth man escaped a similar fate by dropping at the first shot, being hit only once in the foot. A closed car, like a phantom, drove slowly past the shop and a machine gun protruding from its window sent another stream of fire into the dead Hymie Weiss.

It was a hushed and fear-stricken Cicero that I entered three hours later on a visit to Scarface Al Capone, king of the rival gang. The most spectacular killing in all Chicago's bloody feud was looked upon as a signal for swift and terrible vengeance. I was carefully questioned and searched for a gun before an envoy, who came down to escort me, led me up-stairs to the room where Capone and two trusted men were awaiting me.

"Hymie was a good kid," Capone said quietly. "He might have been alive tonight instead of on a slab in Sbarbaro's morgue, but he wouldn't listen to me. I told him I wanted peace and he wouldn't take it. Instead, he came out here and shot up the town—and the day he got killed. Now if any of his mob that left wants to make peace with me, I'm ready. Tell them that, will you?"

I told them. In the strangest interview I ever wrote, I told the North Side crowd that Capone was giving them their last chance. That he didn't want to die. That he believed there was enough beer business for all of them and that if the killings kept up, the "business" that he, and they, had worked and fought for would be left to other hands while they lay in morgues and their families wept.

After Hymie was buried, they accepted his offer. A meeting was arranged between Capone and the North and South Side leaders. Incidentally, a captain of police acted as sergeant at arms and held the guns during the conference. And when it was over, the bootleg chiefs shook hands.

"It was just like old times," Scarface Al told me a few minutes later. "We talked about the old days when we were all in one happy mob together and we agreed that from now on whenever anything comes up that makes us mad, we'll call up the other fellow and talk it over. They're going to stay on the North Side and I'm going to stay in Cicero and if we meet on the street, we shake hands and say hello, and everything's dandy."

Everything is dandy. What is left of the hopeful band who started in the "racket" seven years ago goes quietly about its business supplying liquor to a thirsty city.

"The dead are dead. Long live the living," is the motto of the brotherhood and the power behind the bootleg king's throne murmurs a fervent "Amen."

The only fear—except each other—they know is the Federal Government: they feel that they have enough friends to make the city, county and state theirs. Their contempt is colossal.

"There's one thing worse than a crook, I think, and that's a crooked man in a big political job," Scarface Al said to me. "A man that pretends he's enforcing the law and is really making dough out of somebody breaking it. Even a self-respecting 'hood' hasn't any use for that kind of a fella—he buys them like he'd buy any other article necessary to his trade, but he hates them in his heart."

So the merry game goes on. The profits to everyone who touches the dirty business are staggering.

"Thirty millions a year is paid for protection in Chicago alone," Federal District Attorney Olsen said in his final report to Washington. "The bootleggers did \$100,000,000 worth of booze and vice business last year and canceled checks and other evidence prove that \$28,000 and \$30,000 checks made payable to public officials and fixers were a common thing."

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